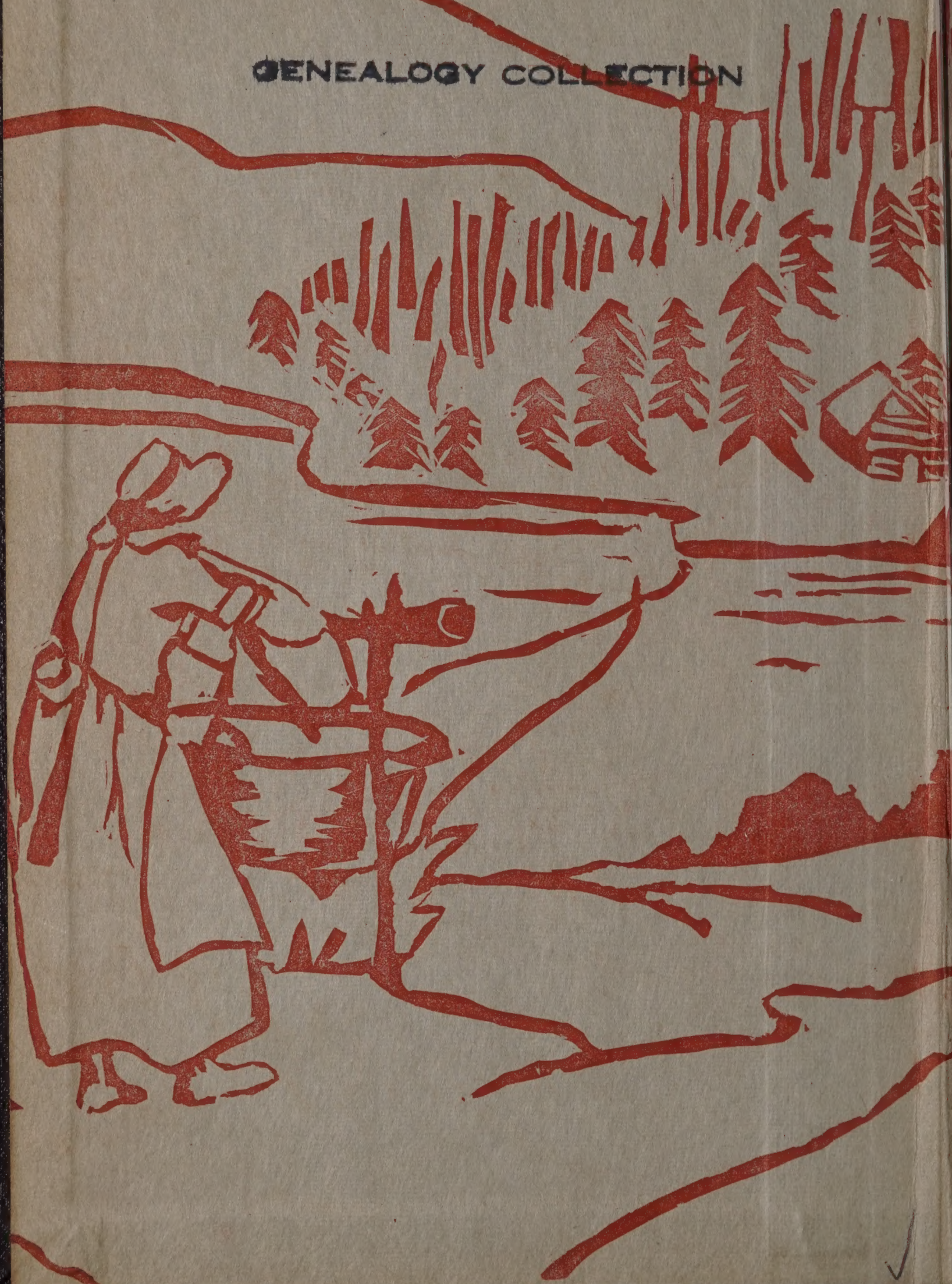




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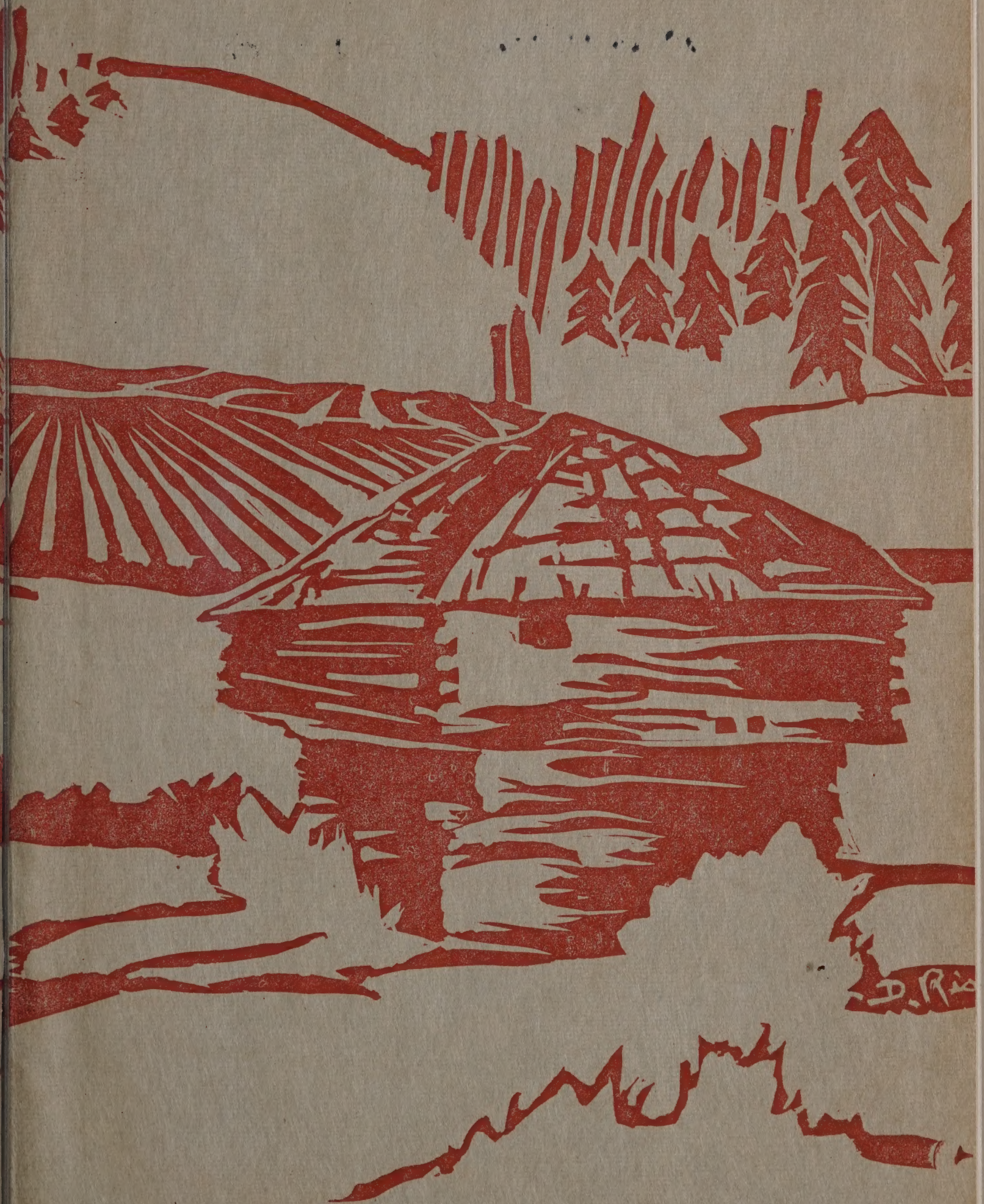
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**CENTRALIA:**

**The First Fifty Years**

**1845 - 1900**

**The Donation and Homestead Period**







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CENTRALIA  
The First Fifty Years  
1845-1900

COMPILED BY  
HERNDON SMITH  
FROM MATERIAL WRITTEN BY STUDENTS IN HER  
ENGLISH CLASSES AT CENTRALIA HIGH SCHOOL

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY IVAN G. SCATES

PUBLISHED THROUGH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE  
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CENTRALIA: THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS  
(1845-1900)

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TO OUR PIONEERS  
AND TO THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN  
WHO HAVE SUPPLIED THE BRIGHT THREADS OF OUR STORY  
FROM THE VIVIDNESS OF THEIR OWN MEMORIES—  
WE DEDICATE OUR BOOK

*Paterson 1890*



## FOREWORD

"The Pictorial and Anecdotal History of Centralia and Environs" represents an interesting and intelligent professional enterprise which may well be emulated by many others—namely the collection of unique historical data peculiar to a particular locality. While some more formally minded historians and cartographers might regard such a history as a mere collection of trivia, one who enjoys a life-like history can regard such a point of view the pedantic prejudice of the formalist.

This valuable collection gives diverse and highly illuminating sidelights on practically all of the major historical episodes of the Northwest. It highlights and makes real many contemporary and historical characters of the region. It may well serve as a source book for some future historian pursuing a more comprehensive effort.

Modern education strongly emphasizes the study of one's own locality and community resources and "The Pictorial and Anecdotal History of Centralia and Environs" fits beautifully into this type of pedagogical approach. Nothing could be more sound psychologically than for the student to begin with the scenes that he knows best and expand his study of environments and events in an ever widening circle which will eventually encompass the globe.

I am very happy to commend to the serious consideration of those who are interested in curricular materials with a sound psychological foundation "Pictorial and Anecdotal History of Centralia and Environs."

Francis F. Powers

University of Washington  
November, 1941



## PREFACE

The parade and pageantry of the annual "Pioneer Days" celebration in Centralia is a colorful display of old costumes and customs. The Old Settlers Picnic at Borst Park, where the blockhouse stands, climaxes the week of festivity. There old friends exchange bits of "do you remember" about things that happened when their grandfathers and great-grandfathers were near neighbors only ten or twenty miles distant and plowed the prairie soil or made a home in the virgin timber.

One of the earliest settlements in the Pacific Northwest was near Centralia; yet the city and community had no written record of its past—not more than a single typed page of authentic history. This was what we discovered in the autumn of 1937 when one of my sophomore literature classes decided to write radio scripts about the past of our community.

How and where we found our material is a story that reflects the friendly cooperation of many agencies of our community, county, and state.

Surely this book could never have become a reality had it not been for the generosity and vision of Ray W. Edinger, publisher of "The Daily Chronicle," who surprised us one day nearly two years ago when he said, "I'd like to see that material you're gathering preserved. When you get it ready, I'll be glad to print it for you in 'The Chronicle'." Print it he did! From May to December, 1941, he devoted a double column on the editorial page of his paper to daily installments of our history. With characteristic foresight he saved the type—2,000 pounds of it—hoping that a book form might be printed which would give greater permanence to our story.

Just when we needed his help, Fred H. Cole expressed his willingness to print the book form, the style and arrangement of which are a tribute to the care and pride he has taken in publishing this volume of Centralia's history. Mr. Cole is quite a pioneer himself, having resided in Centralia for more than fifty years.

An understanding sympathy and an encouragement to depart from the accepted course of study in composition and literature classes has ever been given us by our principal, Leslie McIntosh, and our superintendent, Paul Furgeson, as well as the members of our school board—all have been generous in their allowance of special classes and a conference period.

Faculty members of our high school have also helped to foster the project. Certainly we could never have persevered without the enthusiastic support of Miss Ethyle Thomas who kept up our faith and hope each time when the going seemed the hardest. In fact, it is doubtful if our plans might ever have materialized without the maps she and her commercial geography class secured for us in the county engineer's office where they charted out the local donation and homestead claims. As a result of the assistance of Miss Thomas and her students, especially Clarence Potter and Gerry Dyre, we obtained the first accurate list of the early settlers of our community. Miss Thomas was also a delightful companion when on almost innumerable trips she used her car to drive us to interview early settlers we might not otherwise have reached.

Ivan G. Scates, photography instructor in our high school, through painstaking effort in the hundreds of hours he has spent copying the 350 or more pictures lent us by our pioneers, has given us the pictorial section of this book.

The students in Miss Grace Jackson's advanced typing class aided us materially and we are indebted to Miss Mayme Hollan for the work of her art students which illustrates this book and was also used for advertising.

For three years the National Youth Administration has furnished clerical assistants who have enthusiastically carried on the typing, filing, and other routine work. We feel especially indebted to Everett M. Capener, Lewis County Supervisor, for the splendid cooperation he and his young workers have given us.

Invaluable aid has also been given by KELA. For three months our local radio station included in its daily newscasts request for help, accounts of the progress of our work, and broadcasts of the short feature stories we wrote about our findings.

The factual material which gives truth and accuracy to our story was supplied to us by the friendly aid of librarians, and city, county, state, and even federal employees. For this we especially wish to thank the following:

Ronald Todd of the University of Washington Library, Miss Ruth Calkins and Miss Harriet Leitch of the Seattle Public Library Reference Department, Mrs. Alta Grim and Miss Mary Lee Hall of the Washington State Library, Miss Anna Koontz of the Chehalis Public Library, Mrs. Bessie Beall Barton of the Centralia Public Library, Miss Ada Wing of the Centralia High School Library, Ernst Bechly of the Lewis County Engineer's office, Miss Betty Bakken of the Lewis County Auditor's office, and Vernon Fear, Centralia City Clerk. Our thanks are also due Mrs. Barton and Mr. Todd

for being especially generous with their suggestions and writing articles about our project for publication.

Perry McCleary saved us many tedious hours of research among county records by cheerfully supplying us with material from his files at his abstract office. The Southwest Washington Pioneer Association permitted us to use their membership lists to make a card index of early settlers.

We are indebted to Dr. Francis F. Powers, Dean of College of Education at the University of Washington, for writing the foreword. We wish to express our appreciation to W. P. Bonney, secretary of the Washington State Historical Society, for reading the proof and checking historical accuracies. L. A. Kibbe of the Education Department of the Western Washington College of Education has encouraged us by his interest and his willingness to acquaint others with our work.

We have also been aided by suggestions from faculty members of the University of Washington—Dr. Charles M. Gates of the History Department, Dr. Max Schertel of the German Department, Dr. Curtis T. Williams of the College of Education, and Byron H. Christian and Robert S. Mansfield of the School of Journalism.

We also feel very grateful to the editors and staffs of many newspapers and periodicals over the Northwest who have been gracious indeed in giving publicity to our project, especially our own "Chronicle" and "Tribune," the Associated Press, the "Post-Intelligencer" and the "Times" of Seattle, the "Oregonian" of Portland, the "Washington Education Journal," the "Pacific Northwest Quarterly," the "Oregon Historical Quarterly," the "State Library News Bulletin," and the "University of Washington College of Education Record."

KIRO and its educational director, Miss Hazel Kenyon, have also given us substantial aid. We appreciate as well the many other agencies who have helped make our book a success.

The descendants of the early settlers themselves have furnished the incidents of life and color. They told us their stories, showed us their treasures, allowed us to borrow their pictures. They permitted us to copy the records in their huge family Bibles, the clippings in their scrapbooks, the faded entries in their diaries, journals, and account books. They also wrote their own recollections for us in simple beautiful words. When we corresponded with those too far away to be interviewed personally, without exception, they replied to each of our letters and many answers surpassed all we could have hoped for.

We wish to thank all of our early settlers who have aided us: both those whose experiences or material have been directly used in this book and the hundreds of others whose

contributions will appear at a later date in a second volume which will tell of Centerville and early Centralia. We especially wish to thank the following persons not acknowledged elsewhere in the text of this book:

George Ames, Charles Betts, Mrs. Madge Bissell, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Brotherson, Mrs. C. G. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buchanan, Mrs. Anna Burris, W. H. Cameron, Mrs. Alida Davis, Mrs. Charles Deichman, Mr. and Mrs. George Dysart, J. H. Dennis, Miles Dix, Mrs. Mabel Dressler, S. K. Dunning, Mrs. Ray Edinger, Vernon Fear, Mrs. John Field, Miss Ella Field, Mrs. Belle Fitzgerald, F. B. Fogelson, Mrs. William Frye, Mrs. William Guderyan, Mrs. Lee Gillingham, William M. Grafton, and Mrs. Lulu Graves.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Null, John O'Connor, Mrs. Melinda Peters, Mrs. Mollie Platt, Sidney Plummer, Mrs. W. I. Rector, Mr. and Mrs. Gottlob Salzer, Mrs. William Scales, Mrs. George E. Smith, Jim Springer, Mrs. J. Amor Stephens, Mrs. John Stephens, Mrs. Adam Taylor, Ed Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williams, Mrs. N. L. Witherow, Mrs. Ed Young, Mrs. Josephine Zumwalt, Mrs. Phillip Zurfluh—all of Centralia.

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Nevertheless, this material very likely would not have been gathered without the student historians themselves—more than a hundred and fifty of them in six of my English classes. During the four years my classes worked on the project, many of them finished up definite topics and are given credit for authorship in the articles they wrote for this book. A hundred or more others also made very important contributions, gathering pictures and material, making interviews, and

carrying on the other work of the project. Appreciation is expressed to:

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Those who are interested in the educational field would doubtless like to know how the project was carried on. Before the idea of actually writing a history materialized, junior classes in public speaking and literature and sophomore groups in composition utilized the material they had found to produce an assembly program for State Admission Day, to do research into the history of our high school, to write and produce fifteen-minute local history broadcasts on our local radio station KELA and, with the help of the pictures copied by Mr. Scates, to make an historical film strip.

After we had been working on the project for two years, members of a tenth year composition class decided to spend a whole semester writing the history of our community. Each student had two topics, an early family and an industry or institution of the town. The first half of the semester was spent gathering material, the students using class and study periods, noons, and after school hours for interviews, the second half in writing up our findings.

This class made field trips to the county seat for records in the offices of the county engineer and county auditor and files of old newspapers in the Chehalis Public Library. Another trip by school bus to the State Library at Olympia enabled us to use census reports, business directories, files of "The Columbian," "Pioneer," and "Pioneer and Democrat."

Under the direction of Miss Gertrude Moody of our English Department these students, two years later, used the material they had collected in presenting their commencement program.

N. Y. A. workers made five copies of all written source material including newspapers, clippings, letters, and journals, thus relieving the students of the labor of copying and insuring the borrowed articles a minimum of handling. The students used two sets; the others were filed and indexed under classified headings. We also made three other files which proved valuable: information about the pictures loaned us, interview notes, and an index of the topics in the bound copies of "The Centralia News" (1887-1891) at our public library.

The next year another sophomore composition class spent nine weeks on the project. Later a special class, made up for the most part of junior and senior students who had previously worked on the history, devoted a semester to assembling all of the material and writing it up in an interesting style.

We utilized the theme idea to give character and unity to our articles. Frequent direct quotations in the actual words of the person interviewed also lent variation to the personal reminiscence type of narrative. We tried to give character and individuality to our early settlers; and attempted to be chroniclers not of facts alone but of simple incidents as well, depicting the little happenings in everyday life as well as occasional days of fun and celebration.

Many of our early settlers have passed away since they told us their stories. We are happy indeed if what we have recorded here will serve to keep alive their memory and help us remember the courage and fortitude of the founders of our community.

Centralia High School  
April, 1942

Herndon Smith

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by Dorothy Mae Rigg

# CENTRALIA: THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

## CHAPTER I

### THE FRIENDLY CHEHALIS

BY DOROTHY MAE RIGG

Many, many years ago when there were no Indians, and dogs were supreme on this earth, there came many lean years. No deer were to be found, and it was very cold. All the chipmunks of the forest and the hares of the prairies had to hunt very hard for something to eat. Many of the dogs died.

But following the lean years came years of plenty. The camas, like blue clouds, lay over the prairies, and near the river elderberries hung in drapes, some red and some blue. The deer grazed in droves eating tender green shoots. The dogs were so thankful that they held a great feast that lasted for many weeks. In joy they stood up on their hind legs and danced so long that they became used to standing on their hind legs. They liked it. They walked on their hind legs all the time, and then—they became Indians.

How this story must have pleased the little Chehalis Indian boys and girls as they listened during some long winter evening to an elder of the tribe weave tales inherited from their fathers. The strange characters must have seemed to come alive and dance in the dying line of fires down the center of the long dark room that formed their "kleesk-wh" or winter house.

The Pacific Northwest winters were wet and cold but the split cedar kleesk-wh which housed several families kept its inmates warm. Here they often heard stories such as the one above, which an old Indian klootchman related to Emeline Roundtree, the first white woman on Grays Harbor. She passed it on to her daughter, Mallie Ward, who told it to me.

The Chehalis Indian boys and girls always lay down to hear stories. Their elders knew that one is likely to become hunched over while listening, and the Indian mothers and fathers said, "We want our sons and daughters to have straight, strong backs."

The Chehalis gave excellent care to their bodies and often lived to be ninety years old or even older without becoming decrepit. Nevertheless, they did not have the splendid build of

the Eastern Indians. Time spent in canoes caused the arm and shoulder muscles to be overly developed from constant use of the paddle, and the legs to be bowed. An Indian never walked when he could travel on horse or by canoe. This was not a sign of laziness. Travel on land, through the dense forests broken only by the gravelly prairies, was practically impossible. Hence, the tribes always lived near a river, as it afforded them not only a way of transportation, but also a source of food. Later the settlers named many rivers for the tribes living along their banks, for example, the Nisqually, the Cowlitz, and the Chehalis.

Centerville, later to become Centralia, was to spring up near where the Skookumchuck joined the Chehalis River and within the rightful area where the Chehalis Indians roamed. Thus, this account will be confined to the customs and legends of that tribe.

The Chehalis are really two distinct groups—the one living on the upper part of the Chehalis River, the other on the lower. The Upper Chehalis, moreover, was subdivided into four groups, the one dwelling in the vicinity of Centralia being called the "Quiyaish"—the name also applied to the language of this division.

The Upper and Lower Chehalis groups fought continually back and forth over their boundary, the Cloquallam River, until finally a great battle took place with the result that the Upper Chehalis Indians gained supremacy. Mutchton (Silas Heck), grandson of the chief of the victorious tribe, gave me this account of that battle.

Perhaps 300 years ago, the Lower Chehalis warriors met those of the Upper Chehalis in a great war in the region of the Chehalis River near the present site of Oakville. Previously, each side had held a conference to select its most capable chief as leader. The war lasted a very long time; many lives were lost. But neither side would give in. At last they met for what proved the decisive battle of the war. Before each warrior, slaves carried a great war shield at the top of which was a notch. Over it the fighter took aim and shot his arrow. During this battle, the Upper Chehalis leader took careful aim for the notch above the shield of his rival chief. He waited until his adversary peeped over the top—then his bow twanged. The arrow found its mark. The Upper Chehalis warriors pressed their advantage. They declared themselves the victors and claimed sovereignty over the land and councils of the Lower Chehalis. The many arrow heads still to be found on the banks of the Chehalis River are mute reminders of that great battle.

The Upper and Lower Chehalis Indians recognized as

their united territory all of what is now Thurston County and parts of Lewis, Pacific, Grays Harbor, and Mason counties. The northern boundary was from Mud Bay, where Olympia, the state capital, now stands, to Shelton, then to the head of the Satsop River. The southern boundary was the lower edge of Jackson Prairie. The Satsop River marked the division between the two groups.

The Chehalis, like every other tribe of the Pacific Northwest, had two class distinctions—the freeborn, or members of the tribe, and the slaves. The former were the royalty. Their heads were pressed in babyhood to distinguish them from the slaves.

The word chief did not apply to any one man who ruled the tribe, as was commonly believed; but rather, it might refer to any freeborn adult male member or head of a household, whose acts had proved him to be brave, strong, and a good warrior—one worthy to sit in the council and help govern the tribe. The chiefs were usually older men of the tribe, no one of whom had a greater voice in its governing than another. Whenever a question came up—a raid on a near-by tribe, a peace treaty—the chiefs would decide on the time and place of the council meeting. There each chief would give a long talk suggesting his idea of the plan of action. Following this, all the chiefs of the council fire chose the man they thought best fitted to lead. Not until all had agreed on the chief thought to be most capable, would the council disperse. The word of a leader thus chosen was law. After the emergency was over, this leader automatically became merely one of the chiefs of the tribe. Due to the fact that the white man usually came into close contact with the Upper Chehalis only during such an emergency, he came to the erroneous conclusion that a chief was the permanent leader of the tribe.

The slaves were usually captives taken in wars, although the largest part of them were born into slavery. They were bought and sold between the tribes and, along with ponies and mountain beaver skins, were considered a very valuable medium of exchange. Each slave or "she-ach-cain" was purchased to do one special thing—perhaps to help with the task of gathering food in the summer time or to take care of the "royal" child throughout its life. The slave was put to death if harm came to his charge.

If a well-to-do chief had a new-born child, he would purchase two slaves, preferably a man and wife. The woman would see to the child's every want while in the house, and the man would follow and care for it out of doors. As in the old South, the child would probably grow up with the

slave children for playmates. Mutchton (Silas Heck) and his brother Yuanam (Peter Heck), of the Upper Chehalis Tribe, remember that they had two such slaves who cared for them.

Flattening the heads of the babies who were freeborn was a common practice with all the tribes west of the Rocky Mountains. The child was strapped to a board padded with moss. Another board, also padded, was hinged to it and held in place on the baby's forehead. Pressure was increased slowly, the child being taken from the board only at short intervals. The soft bones, as yet undeveloped, yielded to the pressure and a ridge on the forehead from ear to ear resulted. This practice was discouraged by the early settlers and it is not, of course, practiced today.

The Upper Chehalis called an Indian of any tribe "elaumsh." Their word for a white person was "poston," for according to Silas Heck, the first persons with white skin that the members of his tribe saw, were traders who said, "We come from Boston." The tribesmen, unable to say the unfamiliar sound "b", substituted "p". So Boston became "poston". The Chinook jargon similarly names the white man, a Boston man.

The word "siwash" is also from the Chinook, or jargon, and probably came from the English word "savage" or the French "sauvage."

The members of the local tribe lived in small groups along the rivers and intermarried back and forth. When a tribal council was to be held, the chiefs attended; but otherwise, each division seemed rather independent.

One group of the Upper Chehalis had permanent or winter homes north of Centralia on Fords Prairie. This location they named "tasunshun," meaning "resting place."

The long and narrow "kleesk-wh" or winter home was built from crude boards of hand-split cedar. Several families would reside together in these dwellings, often 40 by 60 feet, two sharing each fire. The Indian designated the size as a "five fire house" (ten families) or "six fire house" (twelve families). Two holes, one at each end of the building, served as entrances and were connected by a dugout runway where the fires were built. Paralleling the sides were two dirt-filled levels, braced with short cedar slabs. One rise served as seats, the other for bed space. From the rafters hung their smoked stores.

The other split cedar buildings, or long houses, as the early settlers nicknamed them, were used for holding council or potlatch.

The winter house and the long house were really works of art when one considers the primitive stone implements used in their construction.

Silache, the great-grandfather of Mutchton and Yuanam, was a skilled carpenter and made many of these houses built of split cedar boards. They told me how it was done. Choosing a tall cedar tree the Indian workmen would fell it, using stone chisels and fist hatchets. As the girth got smaller from constant pounding, the tree fell in the direction in which it leaned. After measuring the log for the length of board desired, the second cut was made in the log with the same stone tools. After stripping the trunk and peeling off the bark, the workmen first drove three or more elk horn wedges side by side in the end and then inserted similar wedges in the side as well, widening the split by inserting cedar limbs. The process was repeated to secure boards of the desired thickness. After being again split for the necessary width, these boards were used for the roof and sides as well as for the "door" and bed rise of the interior. Small lopped fir poles tied together with willow twigs formed the ridge poles and rafters. The long split cedar slabs were selected for the roof and the shorter ones for the sides.

The women and slaves gathered moss and chinked up the cracks to repel the wind and make the interior protected and warm. At each end of the kleesk-wh was a round hole about a foot and a half from the floor and about two feet in diameter. Over each, a cedar slab was suspended by a rope of twisted hazel. This was the door and doorway. To enter or exit, one must put the foot forward, then lower the head and go through. If this process was not observed, the user of the door was most likely to get stuck in the opening.

Mats of woven cattail rushes (called klus-kwis in Chinook or jargon) were placed on the ledges. On the first rise the women sat to cook the food and tend the fires always kept burning during the winter. Robes of skin, preferably mountain beaver, formed the covering of the beds on the second rise. Above, was the store house. From the rafters hung smoked elk, deer, and salmon, strings of dried camas, and baskets of dried, smoked berries. The smoke that ever rose to the holes in the roof kept the food constantly smoked and preserved. The cedar slabs which covered these vents in rainy weather might be pushed up from below by using long cedar poles.

With the coming of spring, the elaumsh put their klus-kwis mats, baskets, robes of beaver and bear, bows and arrows, and stone implements in their canoes and untied the twisted hazel ropes and let the roof of the kleesk-wh down. All summer long the sun shone in on the interior and purified it while its winter inmates were off until autumn to hunt, fish, dig camas, and pick berries. Up the Chehalis River and its tributary rivers and creeks they paddled to lay in their winter's supplies.

During the summer, the tribe lived in easily moved teepee-like houses, made of klus-kwis mats 30 or 40 feet long wrapped around the slanting poles so that the higher side provided an entrance hole. These cattail mats were often woven so tightly that even in the most severe rain storm the occupants were kept dry. The fire, which was built in the center, did not burn the structure even in the driest weather. An Indian requires but little fire—he is temperate in this as well as in other things.

Some of the tribe went to Mud Bay to dig and smoke clams and goeducks. Great, blackish, rock-like lumps of them as large as a man's two fists, the kloodchmen stored away in huge baskets.

Some went every year to the falls (Rainbow Falls) on the Chehalis River just below Dryad. Here, using their hands or long poles, the elaumsh picked the eels off the rocks, skinned them, and smoked them on racks over a low fire of alder wood.

Up Elk Creek, a tributary to the Chehalis River, they found large bushes of red elderberry, considered a royal dish, and eaten by only the chiefs. None of the others dared to feed on them. "Even now I never eat the red elderberry. I suppose I'm afraid I'll be punished," Mutchton (Silas Heck) jokingly said in explaining this taboo. "I'm not a chief."

Camas, one of the principal foods of the Indians, is an edible bulb, a species of hyacinth. The elaumsh sometimes ate it raw using it as bread after beating into a pulp, and drying it in cakes. If they cooked it, they dug it when the first green shoots appeared. When preserved for later use during the winter, they dug the bulb as soon as the plant was through blooming, strung it (much like our garlic), smoked it, and hung it from the rafters of the kleesk-wh. Boiled skunk cabbage they also considered "delicious" if used just after the first shoots showed in the early spring. The wild strawberries and blackberries, the elaumsh picked and dried, and salal berries as well. The Indians used many other plants growing on the prairies and in the forests. It would be impossible to name them all, but they have a name for every one that grew in this region.

When the Indian speaks of dried berries or meat, he means smoked. Strawberries dried in the sun would soon spoil. But by building a low fire and heaping green alderwood on it, he was able by this dense smoke to preserve berries and meat in a short time. Although the Indian knew this art of curing meat, if pressed by hunger, he did not object to eating rare meat. In fact, very rare, if no fire was available.

Seemingly, the Indians were our first conservationists. Game abounded but they killed only what they needed and used all of their kill. Waste nothing and there would be enough for all was their idea. To waste was a crime and might

mean punishment from Sahalee Tyee, "the great chief above."

The roots of religious instinct were buried deeply in the Chehalis Indian. His legends, tamahnawus, and customs centered about his belief in spirits. The fear of arousing their wrath was always a great impending danger. That the Indian never knew when he might be violating some unknown taboo is illustrated by this legend, Mutchton (Silas Heck) told me about Mt. Rainier:

"'Tacoman' our tribe called the mountain, which means 'the fountain'. A lake was believed to be between the three heads of the mountain. There were shells all around the rim of the lake. Long ago one of our tribe climbed up to the lake. It was nice weather and he climbed and climbed; I don't know for how many days. He gathered shells from the border of the lake and after he had rested, started down again. As he was descending, it began to rain. The farther he went, the harder it rained. He decided it must be the shells that caused the rain. So he threw some away and continued to come down. Then he threw more away and more and more. When he had thrown his last shell away, the rain stopped."

"Tamahnawus" is the word exemplifying the Indian's practice of his religious beliefs. Especially in the burial customs, the tamahnawus was evident where his frightening away of the evil spirits played an important part. With it, his customs are closely interrelated and can scarcely be separated. This ritual, observed when the young Indian boys attained manhood, was a part of the native tamahnawus.

At the age of twelve, the Indian youth went into the forest by himself with no weapon save, perhaps, a flint knife. In this test of his bravery and endurance he had to protect himself and secure his own food. In his wanderings he prayed to Sahalee Tyee for a revelation of his guardian spirit which might be anything in nature that represented strength, endurance, or courage. It might be a tree, a bird, or an animal. After he had found his guardian spirit, he must always keep it a secret. Upon returning to his tribe, he was a man.

The Indian did not believe that food alone would give strength, but that a greater spiritual strength was to be gained through the careful observance of his native customs.

Sophie Machell (Mrs. Silas Heck), who was born in a five-fire house of the Cowlitz Tribe, explained to me that Indian women were strong and had great endurance because of the ritual followed when they came into womanhood.

"My mother," she explained, "had beautiful black hair and good strong eyes when she died at the age of 89. She could sit up five successive days and nights taking care of the sick and never tire. But all of this," emphasized my narrator,

"was due to the fact that she had carefully observed all the tribal ceremonials in her youth.

"When my mother approached womanhood," Sophie Machell continued, "she was taken to a little house made of klus-kwis mats. Two old women attended her. They seated her on a bench covered with soft moss. She must not stand erectly; she must not touch her hair, eyes, or skin. She wore a buckskin cap to cover her hair and was provided with a little comb which she must use if she needed to scratch her hair or skin. She must not look up, but always down.

"For five days and nights she must stay in the little klus-kwis house, eating no food and drinking no water. She could only rinse her mouth with water, not swallow a drop. For five days and nights the old women guarded her to see that she did not sleep.

"During this time they taught her everything that she must know for the rest of her life. She learned to make baskets so small that she could make five in a night. She learned to chew the red alder bark to make dye for the basket grasses. She learned to weave into the baskets the wedge-shaped design showing the southern flight of wild geese. What she learned then, she learned forever."

For recurring intervals of five days and five nights for a period of five months, Sophie Machell's mother returned to the klus-kwis shelter. At the end of that time, her clothing and the klus-kwis house itself were burned. She had attained her womanhood. She might then marry the favored one who had purchased her with horses, slaves, and beaver skins.

The Indians had many legends of a religious nature. These each child learned to repeat word for word, and in turn passed them on to his children. Sometimes he listened several successive nights to one long story. Others were shorter but each one had a moral or explanation embodied in it.

When boys, Mutchton and Yuanam learned the stories of their tribe. They told me part of the legend of how "Sun" became the "Moon." The Indians believed that every living thing was once a human being; and superior to all was Sun, which we see in the night sky, and call the moon. He it was who judged their goodness, usefulness, or wickedness, and, accordingly, gave them their present forms.

### HOW SUN BECAME THE MOON

The gentleman of the horns and tail (Satan) was fishing one day. He took the lights of the fish to see if he could make two girls. Soon he heard girls' voices and laughter and knew he'd succeeded. The girls grew up and he wanted to

marry one of them. They were insulted and ran away.

The girls passed where Sun was being tended by its grandma, Pheasant. The baby was in a swing made by tying a rope to each end of a blanket and attaching it to two trees. Far out the child swung; then back. The two girls passed by and saw the baby. They felt they really must have it.

They fixed a piece of dead rotten wood the same size and same weight as the baby. When the baby swung toward them, they snatched out the child and put the rotten log in the cradle without missing a swing as old lady Pheasant swung the cradle back and forth. The old lady was blind so she couldn't see the child was gone. Soon she began to sing, "Baby smells like a piece of rotten wood." The mother was out in the prairie digging camas and heard it. She ran to the cradle and found the rotten log.

The old lady said, "Never fear, we'll catch them." They went west and the mother saw the two girls against the light just crossing the prairie. Old lady Pheasant put down a piece of thong and it drew them together and the pursuers were just about to reach the girls when they disappeared into the woods. Across five prairies they chased them. They were just about to catch the girls on the last prairie when they gained the woods and disappeared.

Old lady Pheasant went back to the swing and took the moss where the child had been lying and squeezed it and made it into a child. They raised it, but it was a half-wit. They named it Moon.

Years afterward, the people decided to try to get the stolen child back; and the Blue Jay and Bear went, too. They got to the edge of the woods where the earth and sky were bumping against each other. Nobody could get across. Everyone tried to jump it. Then they turned to Blue Jay, a kind of braggart, and they said, "You try it, old man." "Ka Ka Ke", he said and jumped around. "He He," he scolded them for suggesting it. And he jumped to the other side.

After walking for a long time, he came to a house. He peeped through the door and saw the child, now a grown man, scraping the hair off of a deer hide with rib bones. He broke one and then took a new one. With each scrape he broke one. He broke five, then he said, "It must be Blue Jay looking in at me." And he threw the last bone over his shoulder and it hit Blue Jay and knocked the old man out. He brought him in and asked what he wanted. Blue Jay said, "You've been lost a long time and you must get ready and come with me."

But Sun had children, many of them by this time, and he didn't want to leave them. He called Sucker and Chub then, and he told his children always to be gentle and he said

to Sucker, "You will find your living along the sloughs. If someone is hungry, he will salt you and eat you and thus you will serve mankind." And he said to Chub, "You'll be sought with a dip net and you'll always be getting caught, but you'll be of service to humanity." And he said to Cedar, "You will split easy and be of service." And Sun had the power to change people.

He came to his brother, Moon, the half-wit that was made of moss. He was across the river fishing and was catching dog fish. As he would catch one, he'd pull it off and swallow it. He was swollen out with a big belly—just a glutton! Sun called, "Why don't you come over and take me across?" But his brother only mocked his voice like an echo. So he went over and took him by the feet and shook him and shook him and shook all the dog fish out, and he was a better person for it.

Then he said, "You travel by night and I will travel by day." The younger brother made one trip across the sky, but he didn't like it. He said he saw dark places below and it scared him. "I don't want to go in the night any more."

It was time for the day to be light, so Sun was to go across the sky. But the older brother was powerful. He went a little way and he burnt everything. He was tender-hearted and didn't want to burn anything and he came back in a hurry and said, "I am too strong. You must go in the day and I'll go in the night for I must not ever hurt anyone." So that was how Sun became the Moon.

\* \* \* \*

Yuanam's mother was of the Upper Chehalis. She told him how Toad's daughter came to be on the moon.

There was a plug growing on top of a stump. It was covered with pitch and it looked like the hat of a person. And Grandma Pheasant let Sun wear it, and it stuck and he couldn't pull it off. He promised to marry anyone who would help him pull it off. Toad's daughter said she would take it off and they laughed. But she did it. And every night you can see Toad's daughter in what you call the moon. That made it the law that a good-looking man should marry an ugly wife.

And Mutchton added, "Whenever you see a man who isn't a 'Sunday boy', he's usually married to a beautiful woman. Because that was the law after what you know as the moon married Toad's daughter."

\* \* \* \*

Mutchton (Silas Heck) also told me this story of how fire became free:

This is a story of the Upper Chehalis told me by mother. It's a wildcat story. It's about a time when people couldn't

make fire like we do now. There were no matches and fire was guarded and always kept burning for if it went out, it had to be made again by rubbing sticks together.

The wildcat had four brothers and the fifth was a cougar. They left him home while the others went hunting. His duty was to watch the fire. "Don't get careless, little brother. Keep the fire up," they would say.

Once when they were away, he forgot; and the fire went out. So he looked around for a place to get fire. He looked all over the harbor and he saw smoke coming up behind the J. R. James Rock. He went to the place where he saw smoke rising, but some sort of animal was guarding it.

He wanted fire, but he couldn't get it. He made himself into a bird and he flew into the house, but the animal recognized him. He made himself into a fly and flew into the house, but the animal recognized him. He made himself into a cinder, a white one that rises from the fire, and he came in and settled down on the fire and the animal didn't see him or recognize him. And he took a little piece of fire and floated out of the house with it.

While he was traveling home, he placed the fire on his forehead and it burned. So he placed it on his right side and it burned. He placed it on his left side and it burned. He put it on the end of his tail and the fire burned it to a stump of a tail. The wildcat ever since has had a stump of a tail, a wrinkle in his forehead, and a wrinkle on each side of his body.

When he came home, he started the fire. But his brothers came back and they said, "You let the fire go out."

The animal came and said, "Someone from here stole fire from me."

They knew there would be trouble and the cougar asked the animal if he wanted to play a kind of game. He said, "We've got to play a game. Jump in the tree." The animal jumped up in the tree. The cougar said to the wildcat, "Every time I throw down a piece of the animal; burn it. Every time he throws a piece of me; set it to one side."

And the cougar pulled off strips of the animal and the wildcat burned them. The animal pulled off parts of the cougar and the wildcat set them aside. And they tore each other down to their vital organs. The animal reached over to get the cougar's liver. He threw it down and the wildcat tossed it in the fire. The cougar tore out the heart of the big animal and it died. The cougar put his body together again, but his liver was burned. The cougar has had a black liver ever since.

He said to the wildcat, "You will have to shift for yourself. When we go hunting, you will follow after. And we

will bury what we kill and you will stay there and dig it up and eat it."

And the cougar passed a law that fire was going to be free. If fire was out, then fire was to be free; and people could get it from a neighbor.

\* \* \* \*

For many years the Chehalis lived in peace and practiced their tamahnawus. There were no white people in this country. But one old man and his wife saw that in the future all things were to be changed. They told the elaumsh, but they laughed. They thought the old people crazy and would not listen.

"There will be elk around you," the old people prophesied, "many elk around your house and they will be gentle. There will be bear, too. You will be able to kill them whenever you wish. But the elk (cows) will have but two horns, one on either side of their heads; and the bear (hogs) will dig roots to eat. There will be other human beings who will come with them; those with white skins. They will make large fires inside their houses to warm themselves, but their houses will not burn. Round hard baskets they will put on the fire, but they will not be burned up. And this way they will cook food, and not with hot rocks. They will use slender sharp bones to pull holes up (needles and thread). Everything you will have, you will get from them."

These old people long ago saw the change the postons or white men would make, but the elaumsh thought them crazy and did not listen.

The first white people who came were the explorers. The Chehalis Tribe called the French people "Wholton," meaning "the people that floated away". "For", they said, "these people were here when the flood came and were carried away by the high water." The elaumsh were not surprised when they saw the Frenchmen come into their land as hunters, traders, and trappers. They had known that "the people who floated away" would come again.

This is the account of the first white settler remembered by the Upper Chehalis Tribe as it was told to me by Yuanam (Peter Heck):

"My Mother told me about little 'village' Sequah, where Dobson's Hop Yard is today, just outside Chehalis on the Ocean Beach Highway. Once white man came with pack on back. Indians welcomed him and said in sign language, 'You can make little house here and stay.' So he did.

"He didn't want for anything. But in the middle of the winter he had no more food. All was gone. He didn't know what to do. Very hungry! He thought to himself, I go see

neighbor Indians. But they are dirty, he thought. I can not eat food they have. But he was very hungry. He went and knocked on door and showed them by signs that he was very hungry. He pointed to food then to his mouth. Indian understand. Give klootchman (wife) sign to cook food for man. Klootchman take dry meat, scrape off all smoke and soak, then boil it. The man was scared to eat it; but he have to eat, he was so hungry. Woman get dry berries. Very sour, but good. Dried salmon tasted good.

"Then they gave him dried salmon and meat to take home. They said to soak it in river all night and in the morning scrape clean and then boil. He then used to it, and liked it. Salmon eggs dried he liked. So he lived on Indian food and got strong.

"When spring came, man said to Indian, 'I go back to Portland to get groceries.' In a month, maybe more, Indian see him come back with pack on back. Indian told him, 'If you know how to use land, make little garden.' So white man he make little garden. Planted carrots and such seeds he brought back with him. In fall when he got harvest, he gave back to Indian and Indian treated him good."

This friendliness was the attitude of the local Indians toward all of the first white settlers. Small wonder this tribe was termed the "friendly Chehalis" in all of the early accounts.

And soon more postons or Boston men began to come, people who did not understand the Indian's custom of merely using the land and not possessing it.

On a small prairie near where the Skookumchuck joins the Chehalis River, Centerville, later to become Centralia, was to spring up. But centuries before George Washington, its colored founder, built his log cabin there, a branch of the Chehalis Tribe had used this prairie for their permanent or winter homes. They lived near the ford at the mouth of the Skookumchuck River. From it, they took their name—Tuaoton, which means in their language, "a cross in the river."

The small stream (China Creek) which diagonaled through the little prairie overflowed its shallow banks making dark, wet soil where the skunk cabbage bloomed in the early spring. The Indians appropriately called this prairie swamp "Muckla".

The small prairie containing Tuaoton and Muckla was prominent in the history of tribal and intertribal councils of the Upper Chehalis. Here their chiefs once met those of the Nisqually Tribe to ask justice for the murder of one of their members. An indemnity was demanded and paid. Thus an intertribal war was averted.

Here, also, the Chehalis met and listened to the freeborn of the tribe. They listened to the arguments of Mutchton's

great-grandfather, Silache, until he had persuaded each of the warriors of the necessity of making a raid on the Snohomish Tribe. Then they chose Silache, he who had convinced them, for their chief or leader.

Such was their custom in the days before the land of the little prairie, where were Tuaoton and Muckla, was taken from the elaumsh by the postons who had tame deer with two horns and bears that rooted in the ground; before the Friendly Chehalis, known as Tuaoton, were forgotten and the swamp called Muckla was no more. For the town of the postons, Centerville, later to be known as Centralia, sprang up and grew and covered the little prairie.

## CHAPTER II

### FROM PRAIRIE SETTLEMENT TO CITY PROGRESS

BY DONNA TISDALE

Across two thousand miles of our nation there once stretched a winding trail over which entire families and communities trudged in search of a dream. "On to Oregon, the promised land!" urged Jason Lee. "To Oregon where land is free and plentiful."

Others took up the cry "On to Oregon"; and the people came on foot, on horseback, with small canvas-covered wagons sheltering their only possessions. Running, walking, limping—on to Oregon, the land at the end of the trail, the land where the dream of a nation would come true.

As early as the spring of 1844, Col. Michael T. Simmons started from Missouri as part of a group of 300 under Colonel Gilliam. Simmons founded Tumwater, the first American settlement in the northern part of the Oregon Territory across the Columbia River. George Waunch, a member of his party, settled just north of what is now Centralia.

Each year saw more immigrants attempting the six months' journey by ox-drawn wagons to the new region settled by Waunch. By slow degrees they reached the North Fork of the Platte; then Fort Laramie; Independence Rock, a sort of immigrant register where names were printed in paint or tar; the Sweetwater River; and, if spared from Indian attack, the steep ascent of the Rockies and the even more hazardous descent. The journey down the tortuous Snake, then Fort Boise, Grande Ronde Valley, Fort Walla Walla, The Dalles—quickly they are named; but slowly they were reached as the wagons moved onward toward Oregon City. Then northward across the Columbia the immigrants went, and up the Cowlitz River in scows—large, flat bottom boats drawn against the current by means of ropes, to Cowlitz Landing (just below the present Toledo). After reassembling their wagons and following the route of the Simmons party across several prairies and through the intervening stretches of timber, they arrived at their destination—the three prairies of this vicinity, Waunch, Fords, and Indian or Black George. The settlers chose this open land so that they might build log cabins, plow their land, and pasture their cattle with the least amount of effort.

The government offered land grants of 320 acres to a single man and 640 to a man and his wife. These large tracts, settled before 1850, are designated as donation claims to distinguish them from the later homesteads of 160 acres granted in the 1860's and 1870's. Some 160-acre tracts, however, issued between 1850 and the enactment of the Homestead Law of 1862 were also known as donation claims.

Across the Skookumchuck River and north of what is now Centralia lay a small natural clearing. It was on this prairie that George Waunch, the first settler in this locality, built his rude log home in 1845.

Northwest of what is now Centralia, lay the open land now known as Fords Prairie. There in the next year, Sidney S. Ford, Sr., took a donation claim of 620 acres for himself and Nancy, his wife. Arriving with the Fords, Joseph Borst settled on a neighboring 320 acres to the south.

In the next few years, three other settlers took land claims on Fords Prairie—J. K. Lum, to the north of Borst; Charles Van Wormer to east of Ford, and Patterson F. Luark to the north.

On a third prairie, called Muckla by the Chehalis Indian Tribe and Indian Prairie by the early settlers, were located the three claims of James C. Cochran, William Holmes, and Noah Kritzer, all of which now comprise practically the present area of the city of Centralia. Mr. Cochran and his wife, Anna, took out their claim of 640 acres for the negro they had raised from infancy — George Washington — later the founder of the city of Centralia. Holmes filed on 320 and Kritzer, on 160 acres. Later, in honor of its colored first settler, most of this land was called Black George Prairie.

In the meantime, on August 29, 1851, settlers from north of the Columbia had convened at Cowlitz Landing to petition that the new region north of the Columbia River should be a separate territory. A year later, on October 25, 1852, a second convention met at Monticello, now known as Longview, to send a second memorial to congress asking for separation from Oregon.

Then on March 2, 1853, Washington Territory was created. Isaac I. Stevens was chosen as the first governor. Scarcely, however, had the new official taken office when a major problem faced him—that of making treaties with the Indians. Many of the settlers had by now fulfilled the government requirement of five years' residence on their land. They now demanded full title to it. The land, however, belonged not to the government but to its original possessors, the Indians. Then followed treaties and attempts at treaties between the two races; and before the land could be declared officially the white

man's, the Indians had risen in revolt—first east of the Cascades and then to the west in the White River Valley. Tales of death and torture aroused the settlers. Local residents erected a stockade on Mound Prairie, naming it Fort Henness. And into the half-finished fortress rushed thirty families, many of whom stayed within the protection of its gates for a year and a half.

Sidney S. Ford, Sr., re-enforced his dwelling into a regular fortress. He became Indian agent and tried to pacify and disarm the members of the local tribes. His sons, Sidney, Jr., and Thomas, headed companies of both settlers and friendly Indians. Near the Chehalis River on the property of Joseph Borst, the government built a blockhouse later known as Fort Borst.

Gradually then, the families returned to their farms. There had been but one death in this locality during the uprising of 1855-1856, that of an Indian, treacherously murdered at Fort Henness.

The next ten years was a period of gradual development. The original trails were widened into wagon roads; a ferry was built on the Chehalis River at the Borst place. Stage service was inaugurated; mail service was improved. The number of circuit riders increased and there were more frequent religious services. Families gathered more often for barn raisings, quilting bees, singing schools, and dances.

Memorable especially at this time were the "hard winters" of 1861 and 1862 when the Chehalis River froze to a depth of two feet and snow stayed on the ground until April. Herds of cattle died for lack of food, having little forage but the bark of maple branches. For years their skeletons were to be found in gullies of the bottom lands.

The close of the Civil War brought a new influx of settlers, many of them ex-soldiers who wished to apply their years of service in the Union Army toward the residence requirement of a homestead. One hundred and sixty acres the government offered to settlers who would reside for five years and make required improvements, time served in the army being accepted in lieu of residence. Others took pre-emption claims, purchasing government land for \$1.25 an acre. So by ox team, by boat, and later by railroad came the homesteaders who took up timbered lands and brush farms and cleared their holdings and established their homes.

Around the Waunch claim, settled the Joseph Remleys to the south, John Shafer to the west, and the Michael Guderons, Chris and August Sewall, and August Hilpert to the north. On Fords Prairie the Joseph Phelps located west of the Luarks, the William Hagars and Herbert Davises east of the Lum claim,

and Ferdinand Chable across the Chehalis River from the Borsts. Gottlieb Schwader occupied the land across the Skookumchuck to the northwest of the Holmes holding.

New homesteads were also established about the Washington claim. To the east, William F. Bryan, a colored man, and his wife, Jane, settled on land that extended up the steep grades of what is now known as Seminary Hill. Directly to the south, Lewis Carruthers, another colored man, located; and south of him, John McElroy. While to the southwest were the James Holbrooks and the Allreds—Jesse, Cyrus, and Solomon. To the east of the Kritzer property, the J. C. Ready family and David C. Kier homesteaded.

Shortly after, the three main valleys that lead out of the natural center where Centralia is now located were also opened to settlement. The Joseph Ingalls, Edward F. Dixons, Nathan Bannisters, Joseph Whalings, John Stephens, and many others in turn went up the long stretches of Lincoln Creek, a stream that empties into the Chehalis near the Ford holdings. To the southeast, the John McAtees and also the Joseph Salzers with seven grown sons settled in the valley now named for the latter family. To the northeast, the Theophilus Hanaford family located near the head of the creek which bears their name. Then in the stretches of the valley known as the Big and Little Hanaford followed the C. P. Andersons; Joseph Shimeks; J. P. McElfreshes; William Packwoods with their two sons, Elisha and Rufus; and Lorenzo Kratz.

New owners were also taking over the old donation claims. The Robert Browns bought out the Luark; Henry Barnes, the Kritzer; James Tullis, the Holmes; John Buchanan, the Van Wormer.

Previously, the social interest of the local settlers had been drawn toward Grand Mound Prairie for patriotic celebrations, singing schools, territorial elections, and religious services.

However, on the Borst claim to the south of the family residence, a tiny community had grown up at the junction of the Chehalis and Skookumchuck rivers. There, Fort Borst had been built and the ferry installed, connecting the Military Road that ran in front of the Borst house and joined Fort Steilacoom and Fort Vancouver. On the west banks of the Skookumchuck near the old ford in the river, H. Coats built and operated a small store. Beside it, Henry Windsor, who was connected with the stage line operating on the Military Road, built a small inn, known as the Windsor House, for the accommodation of stage passengers. For a time in 1863, even the local postoffice with William Donk, ferry owner, as postmaster, was located in this little settlement. By far the

most imposing structure of this group of buildings, nevertheless, was the Borst residence itself. A large white house with a balcony and green shutters, it was quite the most pretentious residence between Forts Steilacoom and Vancouver. This house still stands, the only one of the group to remain on its original location.

As long as travel was by stage and along the Military Road, this settlement continued to flourish; but with the advent of the railroad in 1872, attention became focused on the Washington claim.

Where the new railroad line crossed Black George Prairie, Isaac Wingard built a one-story frame building which served as a residence, store, postoffice, and hotel. In 1873, Clanrick Crosby, Jr., established a store to the south; while in the next year, the Joseph Young family bought lots diagonally across from Wingard and built the Pioneer House, a larger hotel, the Wingard's claim to hostelry being an attic for the accommodation of travelers. These three buildings were clustered around what is now the intersection of Tower and Main streets.

George Washington determined that he would lay out a town known as Centerville around this nucleus. The new town was four blocks square, extending north and south from Locust to Magnolia Street and east and west from Pearl to Diamond. The five streets running in the last-named direction paralleled the railroad, East Front, now no longer in use, being directly east of the tracks, while West Front was the name given the present Tower Avenue.

In a year, the population was fifty persons. By 1880, seventy-eight had located in the town limits. By 1883, the name Centerville had been changed to Centralia; by 1886, the population had grown to 325 and town government had been established in the form of a board of trustees.

In 1889, a boom was experienced. In one year the number of residents increased from 700 to 3,200. Plans were made for Centralia to be the radiation point of five railroads. Coal mines were being developed and more than ten lumber and a score or so of shingle mills were in operation in the immediate vicinity.

Prices of local real estate soared; new additions were platted and added to the city. A hundred buildings were under construction at the same time. The city of Centralia was incorporated by the state legislature. Municipal improvements included a sewer system, water works, telephone service, and a street car line. Two large schools and a seminary were built. There was even the possibility of locating the state capital in Centralia. The population at this time leaped to 5,000,

Then came the crash of 1893. Eastern capital was withdrawn. Railroads ceased building. The mills shut down. People left the city as quickly as they had come. For more than six years the town was as if dead. Cattle were stabled in first floor of the partially-completed Hotel Centralia. Lots in the fashionable residential section of the north end sold for a dollar apiece.

Just before the close of the century, however, business revived. Centralia took on new life and began the 1900's with a population of 1,600. No longer like a cock-sure inexperienced boom town, it grew more deliberately and on a more solid foundation. Gradually during the twentieth century it became what it is today—the Hub City of Southwest Washington.

But it is to the past and the nineteenth century that we return now to become better acquainted with the forces and personalities that caused our vicinity to prosper and our city to come into being. The first consideration therefore will be the Donation and Homestead Period, extending from the middle 1840's to the early 1870's.

## CHAPTER III

### EARLY TRAVEL

BY BETTY ELLEN BENEDICT

Edited with Additions by Dorothy D. Canfield

Indian trails formed the first travel routes through the present city of Centralia and its outskirts. One, to avoid winter floods, led high over the hills to the east.

Charles Wilkes, an American naval officer, in his survey of this region in 1841, said that this trail, which climbed the southern slopes of what is now called Seminary Hill, went up a grade so steep that steps had to be cut in the hillside so the horses could get up and down the muddy incline.

Travel along the densely-wooded hill route offered other hazards as well. Sir James Douglas, assistant to Dr. McLaughlin at Fort Vancouver, after a horseback trip over it in 1840 declared that there was a well-marked trail from Cowlitz River to Puget Sound, but an advance party of six axe men was required to remove the fallen trees.

A second trail was used by the aborigines for summer travel. It left the heights southeast of the present city and crossed the open or prairie land familiarly known to early travelers as Indian Prairie, an area now included in the city limits of Centralia, and so on across to the two mouths of the Skookumchuck, called Tuaoton by the Chehalis Tribe, meaning a cross or ford in the river.

George Waunch became the first settler in the vicinity of Centralia, and the Colonel Michael T. Simmons party, with whom he penetrated the dense timber from Cowlitz Prairie to the Sound, is credited with opening up the first wagon route into this locality. Waunch, who was a member of the advance exploring party, seems to have stopped off at the prairie which now bears his name, so that he was not actually one of the group who labored fifteen days to clear the wagon road. This undertaking is said to have been accomplished by having the men go ahead and swamp out the logs and brush. The women, children, and equipment were moved forward each day as the work progressed, and the party finally reached Budd's Inlet at the mouth of the Deschutes, where Simmons founded the town of Newmarket, now known as Tumwater.

Thus, in October, when the low lands to the south of the present city presented the least hazard, the first wagons crossed Indian Prairie, now Centralia. In the next year, the party of Sidney S. Ford, Sr., which included Joseph Borst, followed the wagon road of the Simmons party when they settled on Fords Prairie northwest of the present city.

Travel routes to this locality were recorded as early as 1852 when "The Olympia Columbian" of December 11, announced:

"Routes and distances (as established by common consent) from Portland, and northern Oregon—via the Columbia, Cowlitz Rivers and Puget Sound, etc.

"From Portland to Ranier (on Columbia) 45 miles; from Rainier to Monticello [now Longview] (on Cowlitz) 2 miles; from Monticello to forks of Cowlitz River 19 miles; from Forks to Warbassport, Cowlitz landing [below Toledo] 12 miles; W. to Esq. J. R. Jackson's [Jackson Prairie] 10 miles; from Jackson's to S. S. Ford's [Fords Prairie] 20 miles; from Ford's to Olympia 30 miles; total Ranier to Olympia, 84 miles; total Portland to Olympia 129 miles."

Immigrants who came west to Oregon Territory as far as Portland and wished to push farther north to take claims on the adjoining prairies of this vicinity, ferried across the Columbia River to the mouth of the Cowlitz, where regular canoe and batteaux lines had been established. These big rafts, or scows, were large enough to accommodate eight or ten families, their household goods, wagons, ox-yokes, and chains. Nine or ten expert Indians would pole the craft along, making the trip from the mouth of the Cowlitz to Warbassport, near the present site of Toledo, in about three days. Sometimes, however, instead of the pole method, the rafts were propelled by means of ropes several hundred feet long, which were fastened to a windlass on the scow. Indians went ahead along the shore and tied the ropes to trees. Then by winding the windlass, the boat was pulled forward.

By March, 1853, Warbass and Townsend had established a batteaux and canoe service which they advertised was "running constantly on the Cowlitz River and is now prepared to forward passengers and freight to the Sound without delay." Captain Henry Winsor and R. C. Smith took over during the summer and when in September the Patterson Luark party traveled up the Cowlitz on its journey toward a place of settlement just north of Centralia, Henry Winsor seemed to be in full charge of the batteaux business on the river.

Patterson F. Luark's "Journal" records the only contemporary account of a journey from Portland to a settlement near Centralia as early as 1853. In his record, the slowness of travel

against the current of the Cowlitz may be noted for he drives his cattle along the bank and keeps abreast of his family being pushed up the river on the scow. The barge trip from Portland to Thomas Carter's at Cowlitz Landing (just below the present Toledo) required nine days, from September 12 to 21, and cost \$65. Ferriage for the cattle and horses across the Columbia was \$14; but the stock swam over Vancouver Slough, the Lewis River, and Kalama Creek.

After reassembling his wagons at Cowlitz Prairie, Patterson Luark "hitched up" and "rolled wagons once more for the Puget Sound country," traveling over Newaukum Prairie and camping on flooded land about a mile south of the Skookumchuck River. On September 29, he and his family crossed the Skookumchuck and arrived at Fords Prairie after a journey of seventeen days from Portland, Oregon.

A trip over the same route by Indian canoe in the next month of the same year (1853) was described by Phoebe Goodell Judson in her book, "A Pioneer's Search for an Ideal Home," written from memory at the age of ninety, seventy years after the journey. Mrs. Judson was the daughter of J. W. Goodell of Grand Mound and resided there herself before moving to the vicinity of Claquato. Excerpts from her account follow:

"We left Portland on a little steamer that carried the passengers and mail to Ranier. Here we crossed the Columbia in a skiff, to Monticello [Longview]. Monticello consisted of a hole in the woods, only large enough to contain one house, and the only one in a long distance.

"We made our bed under a tree, spreading blankets over fir boughs, and found ourselves much more comfortable than upon the sandy beach of the Cascades.

"The next morning we began the ascent of the Cowlitz River in an Indian canoe, propelled by Indian muscle, making about the same speed against the strong current as did our oxen when pulling up a steep mountain. There were many portages, where jams of logs obstructed the river. Frequently the water was so shallow that the Indians pushed the canoe along more rapidly than they paddled through the deep water. For a time the novelty of the scene was quite interesting, but, as there was a lack of variation, it soon became monotonous—only varied by the mild excitement of the occasional salmon leaping from the water.

"Sitting in one position all day, in the bottom of a canoe, we found very wearisome; and we were only too glad when we landed at a stopping place with no name, only one building—a rude hotel kept by a 'bach' who was known by the pioneers from one end of the Sound country to the other by

the name of 'Old Hard Bread', because of the hard bread he invariably served to his customers. We, however, fared sumptuously on a salmon and potatoes. [This was "Hard-tack" Gardner's at the mouth of the Toutle River.]

"At noon the next day, we reached Cowlitz landing, where, on the prairie, the Hudson Bay Company had a trading post, and here put up at a hotel kept by another 'bach' but, from all appearances, it was run by the Indians. [Likely the Cowlitz Hotel, run at this time by Thomas Carter and C. C. Pagett, the latter the great-grandfather of Mrs. Floyd Green, Chehalis, who has his account book of this year (1853) for his store and hotel.]

"Passing over much unoccupied country, where only now and then a hardy frontiersman was clearing up a ranch, we reached Saunders' Prairie, as it was called, but only a low, open country where for years, during the winter season, travelers were obliged to swim their horses through the swales.

"The thriving little village of Chehalis is now located at this place, where at that time only the one family resided.

"The next place we passed worthy of note was the confluence of the Chehalis and Skookumchuck Rivers. We forded the one with the long name (which is the Indian word for strong water). A more appropriately descriptive cognomen could not easily be found, as it was a very rapid stream.

"Here on the gravelly prairie, where four claims had been taken, those of Joseph Boyce [Borst], Cohorn [Cochran], Holms [Holmes], and George Waunch, the flourishing city of Centralia now stands.

"The next residence we passed was the home of Judge Ford [on Fords Prairie], one of the earliest settlers on the Coast, who became one of our nearest and most genial neighbors. His home was situated on the bank of the Chehalis, in plain view of the road, where many weary travelers have been hospitably entertained on their way to and from Olympia.

"Driving through a dense forest of two miles or more, we came, just before dark, onto Grand Mound Prairie, where my parents [Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Goodell] now resided, having recently moved from the Willamette Valley."

The flooded land about a mile south of the Skookumchuck mentioned by Patterson Luark was the section from the outlet of what is now Salzer Valley on toward the outskirts of the present city of Chehalis. Frequently, in winter, this whole area was like one large lake about four miles across. It is within the memory of many older residents that canoes often plied over this flooded section. In fact, it was a stock story that if a traveler was passing along and saw a hat floating on the flood, he was not to be surprised if a horse and rider

rose up under it a moment later.

One immigrant party, it is said, camped one night at McElroy's, now the site of the Southwest Washington Fair Grounds just south of Centralia. In the morning, when they awoke, they found themselves on a tiny island in the center of a sea of water—a mile to dry land in all directions. McElroy (Salzer) Creek had flooded the area during the night. One of the men swam for help and returned with a raft.

Recognizing the hazards of travel in this locality, "The Columbian" of December 17, 1853, encouraged delegates from Olympia to attend the convention at Cowlitz Landing for the initial organization of the Democratic Party north of the Columbia by saying: "Between this time and the 2nd of January, should the streams referred to remain in their swollen condition, we are informed that at least one large canoe will be placed on the Chehalis River to ply between the mouth of the Skookumchuck, and the vicinity of the residence of Mr. Saunders [now Chehalis], a distance of about five miles—thus avoiding the dreaded 'Saunders bottom'." Farther on, a temporary ferry boat was established on the Newaukum River to transport the delegates safely across.

Also in the same year and a few months after Mr. Luark made his trip from the south toward Olympia, the Parker, Colter, and Company Express published in "The Pioneer" of December 3, 1853, a rather detailed and graphic description of winter travel along much of this same route. Unlike the Luark account, this one begins at the capital city and progresses south. Also to be observed is the special emphasis given to the flooded Centralia area and the old Indian or Mountain Trail on the hill to the east. The article follows:

"At the request of persons who are desirous of knowing something about the state of the road at this season of the year, we have deemed it proper to say a word on the subject through the columns of your paper. As expressmen, we are on the road regularly and ought to know something about it. It is, at present, in exceedingly bad order, and the late freshet has made it dangerous to strangers who travel the road without a thorough understanding of it. Let us take a slight glance at the road, in detail, from this point [Olympia] to Rainier.

"From Olympia to Skookumchuck the road is in pretty good condition with the exception of the first mile from town, and through the timber from Stony Prairie to Mr. Hodgison's. There are several small creeks to cross before reaching Skookumchuck, but all of them are fordable. As a general thing, travelers ride as far as Judge Ford's or Mr. Goodell's, on Ford's Prairie the first day, and at either place they get well attended to. Skookumchuck, which is 30 miles from Olympia, and

the slough on the other side of it, are neither of them fordable. Indians, however, are encamped in the vicinity for the purpose of conveying travelers in their canoes, and swimming horses over both streams.

"Indian Prairie [the site of Centralia] comes next, and then Wet Prairie [near present Fair Grounds] which, one week ago, was covered with water to a depth of nearly three feet. Then you come to a creek or slough [Salzer Creek], over which you must swim your horse, and, after travelling four miles of bad road through mud above your horse's knees, you come out of the woods to Mr. Saunders' [Chehalis]. Last year, travellers avoided Wet Prairie and the slough by taking the 'Mountain Trail,' but now, on account of the fallen trees, the road is obstructed.

"Passing Mr. Saunders', you come to the 'Burnt Woods' where the road passes over a bottom of rich blue clay. This is one of the worst places, as a horse sometimes sinks to his shoulders.

"When over this part, three miles farther on brings you to the Newaukum River, which is not fordable, but across which you must swim your horse. Mr. Moore is building a good ferry boat here which he intends launching by the fifth of December, next. The road from the Newaukum on past Jackson's [Jackson Prairie] is in good condition to Cowlitz Landing [near the present Toledo]. After the Landing, the travellers, after spending a comfortable night at Powell's, take passage in a canoe to Rainier. The Cowlitz River is quite high. Messrs. Townsend and Moody run the mail canoe, which leaves the Landing regularly every Thursday morning at 7 o'clock and lands passengers at Rainier the same day in time for supper at Moody's."

In an attempt to escape a large part of the flooded area described in the foregoing article, a road was cut along the hills to the east of the low lands. The new route, from Saunders' Landing (Chehalis), to Cochran's Landing (Centralia), followed the hill route to the entrance of what is now called Salzer Valley, and then turned west diagonaling through the present Summa Addition to approximately the present intersection of Chestnut Street and Marsh Avenue. There it turned north past a large oak tree on the west (which still stands), and crossed the small stream now known as China Creek. It continued north, passing the cabin at Cochran's Landing near the Chehalis River (the north bank of the present gravel pit) occupied by George Washington, Centralia's founder, and his benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Cochran.

From there, the route continued in a northwesterly direction toward the two mouths of the Skookumchuck and across the old ford called Tuaoton by the local Indians. (This route is

usually called the Old Oregon Trail, but the present marker on Main Street and Harrison Avenue, indicating its route, is several blocks east of the old road.)

In winter the Skookumchuck backed up on the prairie, making the ford extremely dangerous and causing the stream to live up to its name, Chinook for "swift water". An attempt was made to bridge this river as early as 1854, and August 7 of that year Patterson Luark wrote in his "Journal": "Went to Skookumchuck to a bridge letting."

A fuller description appears in "The Pioneer and Democrat" of August 26, which announces: "Bridge over Skookumchuck—Contract ordered by the county commissioners, given to Mr. Lewis Johnson on August 7, who will complete the structure, flooring it with split puncheon by October next for the sum of \$625. The traveling public as well as the citizens of Thurston and Lewis Counties well know the importance of a bridge over that stream which forms such a formidable boundary between them." (The Thurston County line at this time extended just beyond the Skookumchuck.)

The bridge was never built, and the stream continued to be a dangerous one. A year later, in February, George Stevens, nephew of Governor Isaac I. Stevens, was drowned while attempting to ford it on his horse.

Agitation for a road over higher ground, connecting Monticello (Longview) and Olympia, began as early as 1852 when "The Columbian" of October 1, of that year ran an editorial stating: "This road will be placed so as to make navigation of the Cowlitz River unnecessary, and both time and distance will be saved to those traveling the route. The road will be finished early next season and will render communication between Puget Sound and the Columbia River both speedy and easy."

The first Legislative Assembly having granted the power to proceed, in June of the following year, the survey for a more westerly route was made. The report stated: "Higher ground, no serious hills to be surmounted; crosses the Chehalis River twice, bridge at farther crossing." The new road was to cut down the time of travel between Monticello and Olympia from three or four days to only one and a half. The completion of this route, known as the Military Road, was delayed, however, until after the close of the Indian trouble in 1856.

The Indians had found the local rivers the easiest travel routes and often from choice, the early settlers also resorted to voyaging by canoe. In fact, Charles Miles, coauthor of "Clatsquo Landmarks" believes that, like in the old South, the landholders in this area erected their homes on or near the rivers, the natural arteries of early travel.

Assuredly, Fort Borst, the blockhouse and storage depot,

originally built on the banks of the Chehalis River in 1856, was so located that it might be accessible to the water route.

Grain brought by Indian canoe down the river was stored there previous to being hauled to the soldiers engaged in Indian fighting in the White River Valley.

Patterson Luark, in addition to frequent trips by ox team, mentions transporting goods in a canoe from Saunders' Landing (now Chehalis) to the mouth of the Skookumchuck. He was also an early explorer of the Grays Harbor region and made his first trip there by canoe. He describes his departure in his "Journal" as follows:

"Wednesday, September 12, 1857—This morning at 8 a. m. all hands, eight white men, one lady, [Mrs. Samuel James, Sr.] one siwash (Secenefary, his two kloochman [Indian women, who doubtless did the paddling]) and one tenas [child] and lots of freight, perhaps 2,000 lbs. Went aboard of a large Chinook canoe 36 feet in length, four feet, four inches beam, and 2½ feet in depth and sailed. Landed and camped at the mouth of the Satsop at 4 p. m. after touching bottom 20 times through the day and twice some of us stepped out into the water to lighten up."

Upon his return, he purchased the Chinook canoe from the siwash, Cekanahan, for twenty blankets, paying down two blankets. "All the blankets cost me 76 dollars," he added. Early water travel with "siwash power" or sail must have been inexpensive indeed for Mr. Luark entered in his "Journal": "The trip to Grays Harbor cost me only \$3, besides my grub and time."

A year later he moved his family to the Harbor by canoe and the journey is reminiscent of his batteaux and cattle driving trip up the Cowlitz five years before. "Monday, June 28, 1858—Went aboard [aboard] canoe at A. J. McCormack's on Black River with family and goods. Started Indians, Mope and Cean, down river with family and goods . . . I (and others) started on the trail with 30 head of cattle and 3 head of horses."

In the sixties and seventies, steamers plied up the Cowlitz and Chehalis Rivers.

"When the Cowlitz River was not too low, light draft steamers, with paddlewheel on the rear end, used to ply up the Cowlitz from its mouth to Toledo, carrying freight and passengers up and down. Along about the last of September, when the river got very low, the boats had to tie up at the mouth of the river, and wait for a rain, and it used to be jokingly said, the old 'Chester' could go over any riffle that was a little moist," Charles W. Geiger, one of the first county engineers, recalls.

The steamer "Toledo" likewise plied up the Cowlitz. Inci-

dentally, Toledo, the town at the head of navigation on that river, is said to have been named for this old craft.

Attempts at navigation of the Chehalis River as far as this vicinity by larger river vessels never proved practicable, however. It is true the "Carrie Davis," owned by the Goff brothers of Claquato, brought cargoes of goods up to that town several times in the sixties and took shipments of grain on the return trip. But the journey was too hazardous and uncertain to prove practical.

One of the first memories of Mrs. Mallie Roundtree Ward, now eighty years old, concerns the time this boat passed Union, the old name for Oakville. "I remember," she said, "standing on the baseboard in our new house and stretching on tiptoe to see the smoke and steam of the 'Carrie Davis' as it pushed up the Black River. Brush between the house and river obscured my view of the boat itself."

Joseph Borst, local donation claim owner, had part interest in the steamer "Chehalis" that in the late '60's navigated the river as far as "Blockhouse" Smith's at the mouth of Black River. But the upper stretches up to the outlet of the Skookumchuck were too shallow for this craft.

Although the "Stage Coach Era" in Washington Territory, did not really begin in this vicinity until 1861 or 1862, there had been several attempts at establishing a regular line as early as ten years previously. F. A. Clarke advertised in "The Columbian" of December 11, 1852: "Saddle horses can be had at all times on reasonable terms. I have a relay of horses at the residence of Mr. Ford [Fords Prairie], so that travelers can reach Olympia in one day from Cowlitz Landing."

It was from this nucleus of horseback travel on a few cayuses that the first stage line in Washington developed. A short time later, the first freight and baggage were carried in a lumber wagon and for an interval this formed the only commercial communication between the Cowlitz River and Puget Sound.

In September of the next year (1853) Rabbeson and Yantis sponsored this startling advertisement in "The Columbian" announcing a weekly stage service:

New Arrangement!  
U. S. Mail!  
Through in twelve hours!  
from Cowlitz to Olympia  
with four horse coaches!

"The subscribers having placed new stages on the road, are prepared to forward passengers to and from the above named places with greatest dispatch. Our regular line will leave

Olympia every Tuesday at 7 o'clock a. m., and on return will leave Cowlitz on the arrival of the mail boat from Rainier. Tickets can be had by calling at the Columbia Hotel in Olympia and E. D. Warbass' on the Cowlitz."

Stage travel, however, seems to have been halted by the Indian Wars and not resumed till about the '60's, when Charley Granger and L. A. Davis were the first proprietors of the daily service over the new Military Road from Olympia to Monticello (Longview), a distance of 80 miles. The stages were the brace type, resembling large buckboard wagons more than the more romantic-looking ones used in the transcontinental service. They carried "express", the mail, and from six to ten passengers. The fare was \$10 from Olympia to Monticello.

The driver, who sat up in his high seat and drove six horses, was called a "six-ribbon artist", and thoroughly autocratic was his sway over the coach, the horses, and passengers. He was looked up to by the hostlers and other stage employees and, it was charged, would frequently even snub passengers. He was referred to as the "gigadier brindle", meaning Brigadier General perhaps. This title was given partly out of respect and partly through derision by some who did not like him.

The instructions to stage drivers were brief, to the point, and easily remembered: "Whatever happens, keep on going." Especially was this imperative for the stage also carried the mail.

It is said, nevertheless, that Ben Benson, one of the early drivers, broke the rule by stopping to pick up a baby that a careless mother had dropped out of the coach. And it is added, furthermore, that his action did not meet with approval of the authorities!

Frank Stephens delights in telling how Wall Ingalls, a driver over the Military Road in the seventies and a resident of Lincoln Creek, carried out another terse instruction, "The mail must go on!"

One wet winter day, Wall Ingalls' stage approached the steep grade of Pomphrey Mountain, dreaded by passengers and drivers alike. The horses were not able to pull both coach and passengers up the steep incline through the axle-deep mud, so Wall, according to Mr. Stephens, requested that the passengers get out and walk. Neither reasoning nor cajoling would make them leave their seats. "We paid ten dollars to ride in this coach from Olympia, and stay here we will." "Stay here you may!" Driver Ingalls answered, "but the mail must go on!" So he unhitched the horses, loaded them with the mail sacks, and started up the grade, leaving the passengers sitting in the coach. Later, a rather dejected group, they walked into the way-

station at Pomphrey's. The autocratic stage driver might adopt more than one way of enforcing his will!

The Ingalls family on Lincoln Creek still retains two articles of the stage regalia of their ancestor, his boots and his whip. Wall Ingall's skill with the latter Henry Brown remembered well, for as a boy it often checked him from getting a free ride as the stage slowed up near the Halfway House on Fords Prairie.

"When us boys ran after the stage to hang on, Wall just flipped his whip back from the driver's seat and nipped each of us at the back of the neck. I can feel the sting of that whip even now," Mr. Brown recalled.

In the opinion of many local residents, the stage driver was not only an autocrat but possessed of superhuman accomplishments as well. Unusual skill and endurance were needed to drive four or six horses at the required speed over a route "so rough that the whole stage rocked like a cradle," recalls Charlie Geiger who often came to Centerville by coach.

The precariousness of travel on the deeply-rutted roads might be judged by the saying, a favorite in those days, that in addition to paying the ten-dollar cost of passage, each traveler was required to carry a six-foot fence rail. When the stage wheels mired above the hubs in the deep mud, the passengers were required to get out and pry them out with their fence rails.

And perhaps there are many others still living who, from personal experience, would be inclined to feel that patience and endurance were indeed requisites of the passengers as well. Among these is Mrs. Amelia Waunch Mauermann, now eighty-four, whose memory of her first stage ride goes back to the time she was three years old. Dignified by the name of Military Road, she considers the stage route to have been little better than a trail. North of the Fords Prairie section, the mud was "belly-deep to a horse," she remembers.

"Along the entire route, just a strip of trees was cut off, making a way merely wide enough for the stage to pass through. Usually the stumps were left in the center of the road. When the ruts were so deep that the stumps stuck up too far, then they'd be cut off, otherwise the stage ran right over them. I'll tell you, the passengers had to hold on tight when they bumped along over protruding roots and into hollows on those roads as the driver guided the horses in and out between trees and around stumps. For years, the stage drove around one particular stump between here and Olympia," Mrs. Mauermann explained.

"Then before the ferry was put in at the Borst place,"

Mrs. Mauermann continued, "the stages forded the Chehalis there. Usually the passengers were taken across by Indians in canoes at Still Water Creek near Pomphrey's, for there the stream was narrow and swift. Usually they got out and walked up the steeper grades like Pomphrey's Mountain."

When the stages took the lower route through Drews' Prairie in the summers to avoid the precipitous Pomphrey Mountain, which had a four-mile grade on one side and five on the other, Charlie Simmons, son of Michael T. Simmons, recalls that as a boy he sat on the rail fence of his father's farm to watch the stages pass by.

"The driver cracked the whip to the horses," he said, "and they sped along so fast I didn't see much of them. Horses and driver alike were exhausted at the end of their run," Mr. Simmons added, "both being changed during the half-hour stop at way-stations along the route."

Many colorful incidents are related by pioneers in this vicinity who remember the early stage-coach days. Mrs. Eva Borst McElfresh was eighteen when she rode as far as Monticello, but curiously enough, she remembers not the trip itself but the delicious triangular fried pies, the first she had ever eaten, which she had at the way-station where her party stayed all night.

Mrs. Mallie Roundtree Ward, now of Retsil, Washington, when a small girl, used to visit her sister, Mrs. Adeline Borst, who lived at the Borst Ferry. She gave this account of her first recollection of the stage line: "When staying with my sister, Mrs. Borst, I'd often ride about a mile to the Buchanan Half-way House with the stage. Ben Benson drove it and I remember I usually had the honor of the seat beside him. It quite took my breath to be so high.

"Once a nun, who was well-known and beloved throughout the Northwest, was on the stage," continued Mrs. Ward. "Her name was Sister Benedict. This time I was riding inside. I quite fell in love with her, the first nun I'd ever seen; and dressed in her white wimple I thought her as near an angel as I ever expected to see. She got the impression that I had no parents, likely because I rattled on so. Thinking I was a homeless orphan, she told me what she would do for me and how much I'd enjoy going to live with them at the convent. I was quite charmed and ready to leave my happy home and go with her."

In addition to Ben Benson, some of the other best remembered drivers of the stage coach in this area were Henry Buchanan, Joe Guthrie, and Johnny Wells. All of these were six-ribbon artists; that is, they drove six horses.

Guthrie and Benson, in the opinion of J. W. Goodell, who furnished this list, in the "South Bend Journal" for February, 1914, were perhaps the most skillful and one or the other of these two would always have the run into Olympia, the proprietors taking great pride in having their six-horse coach brought to the capital city with a great flourish.

There were nine stations, Mr. Goodell recalled, on the route between Olympia and Monticello. The first after leaving Olympia was Hagdon's (Tenino); then Grand Mound; the Halfway House on Ford's Prairie, kept first by Charles Van Wormer, and later by John Buchanan; Donk's Ferry at the mouth of the Skookumchuck; Claquato (then the only incorporated city in Lewis County); McDonald's; Manning's; Pumphrey's (now Olequa); Henry Jackson's; and, finally, Monticello. These names, however, exist for the most part only in the memory of a few who once traveled the stage route from Olympia to Monticello.

Before cities grew up in this locality and bridges were built, the early residents and the stages forded the streams using, as has been already mentioned, the shallows at the two mouths of the Skookumchuck. The first regular craft to cross the Chehalis River, however, was a pole ferry operated by George Washington, colored founder of Centralia, at about the site of the present gravel pit. Washington's cabin was on the eastern bank of the stream, and travelers on the opposite side would usually call to the ferry owner and he would cross over for them. Centralia was known then as Cochran's Landing, so-called because James Cochran first took out the donation claim upon which George Washington later founded the town originally called Centerville.

The new Military Road led across the Chehalis River and travelers and stages forded at the Borst Blockhouse. In the early 60's, however, Ferdinand Chable, with perhaps the financial backing of Joseph Borst, built and operated a ferry there. Later he sold it to William Donk, then its possession passed to Daniel Scammon, and afterwards to James C. Ready. The ferry could carry a four-horse team and wagon, or two two-horse teams and wagons. It is said, perhaps truthfully, that passengers "worked their own passage," for in the case that the ferry was on the wrong side of the river, someone usually had to row across in one of the boats which were generally lying around, and bring it over.

The craft was operated by means of a winch and blocks and cable, so arranged that the nose of the ferry, when turned upstream, caused the current to force it across the river. On the south side, the cable was fastened to a tall fir tree, a notable

pioneer landmark; and on the north, to well-anchored log piling.

One of the most cherished memories of Mrs. Emma Salzer, now in her eighties, is that of sitting on the grain bags in the rear of her father's wagon as the little ferry carried her across the river to her Cousin Adeline Borst's where she stayed overnight on the way to Tumwater with the grist.

When Mrs. Ada Ready Smith, who now resides at Hoquiam, was a small girl, her father owned the ferry and she lived at the old Scammon place on the south side of the river. Her father, brother, and sisters often ran it, and during storms and floods the crossing was a hazardous trip. Mrs. Smith tells the interesting story of its destruction: "One winter in the early 1880's, the flood waters were so high that the ferry cable dragged in the current. Soon a huge tree floated down and caught in the cable. The tension became so great that it snapped on the north side of the river. The blocks and rigging pulled loose and the craft was carried down the river. It eventually caught in some bushes along the bank. When the water receded, the little old ferry was tilted against the steep bank. It soon broke in two of its own weight, rotted after twenty years of service." According to Mrs. Smith, the ferry was never rebuilt.

The importance of the old Military Road as a travel route began to wane, however, with the building of the railroad in 1872. Villages sprang up along the new right of way and additional wagon roads were likewise in demand—ones which more nearly paralleled the steel rails and connected the new towns. The coming of the railroad and the passing of the stage coach was also to quicken the life of the settlers in the vicinity of the confluence of the Skookumchuck and Chehalis rivers and to bring into being a new community—Centerville, now known as Centralia.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE EARLY MAIL

BY SHIRLEE MIDDLESWORTH

Edited with Additions by Dorothy D. Canfield

A letter from the East was a rare thing indeed for the Sidney S. Ford family and Joseph Borst, who settled on Fords Prairie in 1846, or to George Waunch, who had taken his claim a year earlier on the prairie to the east of them. Their nearest postoffice was Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, a distance of a hundred miles of winding sheep trails; rivers to be forded, and sloughs to be swum when they made the journey there by ox team once a year for supplies.

It was not until 1851 that the first mail carrier, Anthony B. Rabbeson, traversed the route between Fort Vancouver and Puget Sound. Nor was his load heavy, for he brought mail through that year in his pocket. In a letter now in the Bancroft Collection at the University of California, he tells of these first horseback journeys from the Columbia to the Sound.

By the next year, however, the carrier's trip was shortened; for a canoe paddled by Indians transported the mail from Rainier, Oregon, to Cowlitz Landing (just below the present site of Toledo). Though the mail canoe that entire winter missed but one trip due to high water, "The Olympia Columbian" reported that the mail accumulated at the Landing, nevertheless, because snow and floods prevented the carriers from going through to Olympia.

Hazardous indeed must have been the trip for Anthony Rabbeson and his successors. One carrier is said to have lost his life fording the swollen stream to the northwest of the present city of Centralia when his horse lost footing and mount and rider were rolled over and over in the current. It was this casualty which named that river Skookumchuck (Chinook for "swift water"), according to Silas Heck, a member of the Upper Chehalis Indian Tribe.

Glad were the local settlers when the mail came through and "The Columbian" of July 16, especially indicates appreciation of the service given in 1853 by James Yantis who "for speed, regularity, and care in carrying the mail is entitled to the gratitude of our whole community."

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Mail service with the East continued to be uncertain, and as late as March 12, 1856, Patterson F. Luark wrote in his "Journal", "Received letter from Wilbur File, Bond Co. Ill., dated last June"—just eight months on the way.

In that year, the Parker, Coulter, and Company Express shared business with the government mail carrier, but apparently the service of the latter was not considered entirely satisfactory, for an advertisement in "The Columbian" of July 30, is rather caustic in its criticism of the rival agency. After stating that Parker, Coulter, and Company Express covered the distance from Rainier (Oregon) to Olympia in only 36 hours, the article continued: "People should see the importance of patronizing the express, instead of the fickle government mail, the very name of which has become a disgusting by-word! Letters, treasures, etc., sent by Parker, Coulter, and Company's Express go through by daylight, and cannot be detained one month at Rainier."

In that year (1853), there was evidently a weekly service, for an advertisement in "The Columbian" states that the mail canoe left Cowlitz Landing every Thursday morning at 7 o'clock for Rainier, leaving Rainier the following Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock for the return to the Landing. Not always were patrons assured regular delivery, however, for an item in the February 11, 1854 issue of the same paper tells that, the dangers due to floating ice in the Columbia and Cowlitz having abated, the mail had just arrived, four weeks late from Oregon and seven weeks late from the states.

In "The Columbian" of January 21, 1854, the United States government advertised for bids on a contract to carry mail between Rainier and Olympia—95 miles—in one day, returning the following day. But this speed of travel was thought to be impossible, and an editorial in the paper stated: "We would like to remark that such an arrangement at present would be entirely out of the question, and no bids will be offered for the contract. It now takes two days to make the trip from Cowlitz Landing to Olympia, a distance of only 60 miles."

However, Henry Windsor, considered to be the first regular mail carrier, apparently got the contract, and soon after in 1854 the first route was definitely established. He made the journey by mule, tying the sack behind the saddle. When the mails became heavier, he added a pack animal. The service was somewhat interrupted during the Indian wars of 1855-1856 when Windsor, although he was supposed to be accompanied by a bodyguard of five men, often traveled the route alone. He carried the mail for eight years.

J. W. Goodell, in an article published in the "South Bend

Journal," of February, 1914, tells the interesting story of how Henry Windsor, having arrived at the end of his mail route one night, met and wed his wife.

"He arrived at the hotel in Monticello [Longview] quite late on a stormy night and found the place ablaze with light and an old-fashioned dance in full swing. Swain and lass were in attendance in large number and their souls were full of glee. Windsor, a stranger, seated himself near a fire where he could get warm and dry his clothing. During the course of the evening one of the girls [Eunice Marion Huntington] stood up and challenged any man in the house to marry her, thinking a fake marriage would be performed. The young men hesitated about accepting the challenge, so Henry Windsor stepped up, took the girl's hand, and, with his clothing steaming from the drying process, was married. It is a matter of history that they lived happily together throughout the rest of their days," concluded Mr. Goodell.

Mrs. Emma Moore, now over 80 years of age, and a former resident of Monticello, delights in adding this sequel to Mr. Goodell's story—also with its ending of "living happily ever after" on the part of the mail carrier and his bride. After the supposedly fake ceremony, according to Mrs. Moore, Mr. Windsor hurried to the father of his newly-acquired bride and explained to him that he was already married, and that his wife had remained in the East, but he had not heard from her for a number of years. The bride's father requested him to wait and see what could be done about it. After inquiring, he learned that his wife had died in the East only a short time before his second marriage was performed. So, according to Mrs. Moore, the mule-riding mail carrier happily kept his second bride and added a touch of romance to the story of the local "pony express."

Henry Windsor was not only the first carrier, but also the first contractor. As the mail business increased, he hired Rice Tilley to assist him. The latter took the route while the mail was still being carried on a mule, holding the job eight years and taking off but one day in that time—the one on which he was married.

Later, in 1858, when wagons were introduced to carry the mail, the route required two days, an overnight stop being made at Goodell's on Grand Mound Prairie. This formed the nucleus for the regular passenger stage route which, after its inauguration about 1860, carried the post along the newly-established Military Road. Steamers plied between Portland and Kalama, canoes carried the mail to Cowlitz Landing, and the stage took it on to Olympia.

All way-mail was put in one sack. When the stage would drive up to a postoffice, according to J. W. Goodell, the mail sack would be thrown out. The driver would wait until the postmaster carried it into the office, "looked over" the mail, and discussed the latest war news with the neighbors before returning the sack.

The establishment of the first local postoffice, however, dates from October 10, 1857. It was then that Charles Van Wormer distributed mail at the Skookumchuck Postoffice, Thurston County. (The Thurston County line at this time extended beyond the Skookumchuck River and included the present area of Centralia.) Thus started the local office which less than twenty years later was to be moved to the village of Centerville and, after the early eighties, was to have its name changed to the Centralia Postoffice.

Charles Van Wormer had this first office in his home located on Fords Prairie on the east side of the highway, a short distance north of the present Fords Prairie School. It afterwards served as a stopping place for the stages which carried the mail along the Military Road from Monticello to Olympia. The postoffice was thus conveniently located where the stage stopped for a change of horses, and travellers rested and dined before continuing their journey.

William F. Donk, owner of the ferry over the Chehalis River at the Borst place, was appointed postmaster May 22, 1863. Mrs. Eva McElfresh recalls that her mother, Mrs. Joseph Borst, assisted him with the duties of the office at her home. And Mrs. Amelia Mauermann, who was eight years old at this time, also remembers going to the Borst Ferry for an occasional letter from Portland or the German papers which comprised most of the mail for George Waunch, her father.

Mr. Donk was succeeded by Robert Huse August 22, 1863, who in turn was replaced by Robert M. Brown, January 20, 1864. It was then, Mrs. Mary Jane Brown, his wife, recalled that a box on the wall of their home served as the postoffice. The office was discontinued, however, on September 29, 1865, and until its re-establishment on May 11, 1866, with James Frame in charge, mail for local residents was sent "care of Grand Mound." As late as 1867 "The Puget Sound Directory" gave that address for the Skookumchuck office.

On July 30, 1867, James Tullis was made postmaster. A few years previously he had taken over the Holmes donation claim that now forms the northwest section of the city of Centralia. Up to this time, the business center of this vicinity had been west of the Skookumchuck on the prairie or at the Borst Ferry. Upon the appointment of Mr. Tullis, however, the post-

office was opened at his home, at the present intersection of First Street and Euclid Way. For the first time the mail was distributed from a point now included within the area of the city of Centralia.

The coming of the railroad brought a change of location. When Isaac Wingard was appointed postmaster on September 16, 1873, the office was located in the front part of his combination store, residence, and hotel. This small frame building, the first in the community that soon became Centerville, faced the railroad at what was later West Front (Tower Avenue) and West Main streets. With Isaac Wingard is concluded the history of the mail service in the period of local history which might be known as the donation and homestead era. The rest belongs to the story of Centerville and Centralia.

## CHAPTER V

## THE INDIAN WARS OF 1855-1856

BY EVELYN WALKLING

To whom did the land belong? To the Indian who had always possessed it or to the white man who had settled on it? From 1853 to the outbreak of the Indian wars in the fall of 1855, each of two factions upheld its side and each felt justified in its stand.

True, the land was originally the Indian's but he roamed over large areas of it, laying in his winter stores where his ancestors before him had fished, hunted, and dug camas. He had never really used the land, never settled on any particular portion of it save where he had erected his winter house or kleesk-wh of split cedar. To him the land was like the air—something for the free use of all. And now was he to be excluded from the land of his fathers by the white man who wished to possess it?

Yet the holders of donation claims also felt justified in maintaining their rights. Hadn't they spent six months traversing half a continent on the promise that 320 acres awaited each single man and 320 more, his wife? Hadn't they made the required improvements—cut the firs and cedars to erect their log houses, turned over the prairie soil, cleared the bottom lands, and raised crops of wheat and oats?

Hadn't they resided on the land for at least four years even though their wives had seen no other white woman for months at a time, and their growing boys and girls had never attended a school or a church? And now the promise of their government seemed to be but a hollow thing. The land still belonged to the Indian. It was only if the original possessor signed away his title that the government might fulfill its promise and give each man 320 acres and an additional 320 to his wife.

But gradually from the last of 1853 to the outbreak of the war, the tribes met with the governor and signed away their title to the land receiving in return the promise of money payments and reservation rights. Members of the Upper Chehalis Tribe and their neighbor Indians met with Governor Isaac I. Stevens at Cosmopolis in February, 1854, but failed to reach an agreement and never by treaty did they in the future

relinquished their title to the land from Jackson Prairie to the Satsop River. Then, even while the governor was making treaties with the tribes in the eastern part of Washington Territory, some of them took up arms. The uprising spread to the Indians west of the Cascades, and attacks followed on white settlers at the White River and in the new village of Seattle, which are well remembered incidents in state history.

Meanwhile, residents in Lewis and Thurston counties hurriedly erected log fortresses and rushed into them for protection. They built forts on the hill at Claquato, on the Cowlitz River below the present site of Toledo, at Tumwater, and on Mound Prairie.

Since the families who lived in the vicinity of what is now Centralia took refuge in the last-named stockade, the story of that fortress, Fort Henness, is told here as part of the history of this locality.

Belonging also to this period of unrest among the native tribes is Fort Borst built as a storage depot for grain. It now stands in the park a mile northwest of the city and is referred to with pride by Centralia residents merely as "the Blockhouse."

But the story now returns to Fort Henness, those who resided there in 1855 and 1856, and those who were members of Company F, the volunteer regiment stationed at the stockade.

### I FORT HENNESS

When news came that the Indians were planning an attack in this locality, John Highton or Heyton, a friendly Indian, mounted his horse and rode through the night, Paul Revere fashion, warning the settlers. The men, women, and children of the five prairies hurriedly packed their utensils and bedding in wagons and urged their oxen on to the half-finished stockade on Mound Prairie.

So in this fashion 30 families, or 224 inmates in all, arrived at the partly-completed fortress where they were to live for 16 months during the Indian Wars of 1855-1856.

Lee H. Baker, one of the more youthful occupants of the fort, has left this vivid account of the messenger's arrival at two o'clock in the morning. As he knocked loudly upon the Baker's door without dismounting, he shouted this warning: "Mr. Baker! Get up and take your family into the fort as quickly as possible! The Yakima Indians have come through the Nachez Pass, joined the White River Indians, and will attack from the East, the Puget Sound Indians from the North, and the Chehalis tribe from the South—the concerted action to be a massacre of the entire white population."

"We heard the echo of his horse's feet die away as he

sped on his mission of warning; father aroused the family and as he and my eldest brother, James, went in search of the oxen; mother hastily packed our household goods. Fortunately, the oxen were near our cabin and before daylight we were safe within the fort, one and one-half miles distant, and among the first to arrive. The fort was soon filled with men, women, and children."

Four friendly Indians discovered from their own tribe about the native uprising and gave the first warning to the pioneers. They were Clilac or Clilike, his wife Cartnute or Cotnute, and "Tenino Louis" and his wife.

Shortly before this, the settlers of the five prairies—Grand Mound, Frost, Bakers, Mima, Fords, and Waunch—having received rumors of intended Indian hostilities had gathered at David Byles's place on the first-named prairie and decided to build a stockade. J. R. James recalls that Nelson Sargent stood on an elevated spot with his heavy beard blowing in the wind and motioned over the prairie saying, "This is an ideal spot for a fort, as we can guard it from all directions." In this way the site was chosen on Grand Mound Prairie, midway between its east and west borders and about a mile south of the north boundary. Then followed the building of the stockade of upright, pointed logs of sufficient thickness to repel a rifle bullet.

J. R. James, who as a lad witnessed the building of the fort, gives the following description in his "Autobiography": "The settlers came from 8 to 10 miles around with their ox teams. Men went into the woods across Scatter Creek from R. A. Brewer's house and cut down trees about 12 to 16 inches in diameter; cut them 16 feet long, loaded them on the wagons, and hauled them to the site for the fort. A trench was dug about four feet deep and 100 feet wide by 130 feet long. The logs were stood on end as closely as they could be fitted without hewing; at two corners diagonally opposite each other, southeast and northeast, bastions were built of hewed timbers two stories in height. The second story floor was made of hewed logs projecting over the lower story of the building three or four feet making it difficult for an attacking party to gain entrance. Two wide plank gates for exit and entrance at two ends of the stockade were made from three-inch planks my father [Samuel James] had hauled from the Armstrong mill for barn floors.

"Around the inside walls the married men were allotted space for their little lean-to shacks made of split cedar boards [where blankets served as temporary partitions between families]. In the Northeast corner a well was dug, insuring an

abundant supply of very pure, cold water. In the center of the enclosure a guardhouse was built—a general rendezvous or meeting place for all coming or going. A barracks for the single men and a school were also erected in the central area inside the stockade."

Life went on rather quietly inside the fort with only occasional periods of excitement, for it was never attacked. The women and children stayed at the fortress while the boys and men who were not in the volunteers constituted a sort of "Home Guard", serving two on a side to guard the fort on the outside for a four-hour shift. As danger became less imminent, it was thought sufficient protection to permit the guard to sit around the fire in the guard house. They also went to their home ranches to look after the stock and get produce from their gardens and fields when, as J. R. James said, "We took some chance of being waylaid by the 'Salix tillicum', (fighting Indians) as the peaceable Indians called them."

"These hostiles would often come from the hostile camps," continued Mr. James, "to try and induce the Chehalis tribes to join with them. I remember several times hearing the hostile scouts hallooing after dark away out on the prairie, trying to locate some lodge by our boat landing on the river."

Mr. James recalled, moreover, that, boy as he was, he had a few rather troublesome experiences in his attempt to guard the home place to which he returned after a four-hour shift of guard duty at the fort. He recorded in his "Autobiography": "One night I heard more than the usual calling from different directions. I began to think it might not be safe to sleep in the house while guarding the sheep, and reasoned, boy-like, that a bunch of hogs that were sleeping in the open shed of the barn, would scent the Indians and make a stampede if they came near and that would give me warning. I wrapped my overcoat around me and clasped my faithful old army musket in my arms. I remained near the pigs but did not need a stampede to keep me awake. The groans and the grunts and occasional squeals, together with the disagreeable scent was enough. Never tried that kind of protection any more. What I should have done would have been to go away from the building and wrap up in a blanket on the prairie or in a fence corner."

The young guardian of the James's homestead also tells of this experience when Indians actually came to the farm: "One night I was sitting in front of the fire by the big fireplace on a bench. Two big Indians came and sat one on each side of me. I was acquainted with them. They entered into quite a discussion about the war and how they were not treated right.

Suddenly they jumped up, each one with a big club, which they brandished over my head and at the same time singing a song. I sat still looking into the fire and let on as though I thought nothing of it. If I batted an eye, I don't remember. Finally the one on my left threw down his club with a crash on the floor and said, 'Cult-a mana. Halo mika quass?' (Indian oath. Were you not afraid?) 'No,' I replied, 'I was not afraid, (Socligh tyee) God would protect me.' They did not make any more threats after that."

The local tribe continued to be rather inactive despite the settlers' apprehensions. J. R. James recounts, "At the outbreak of the hostilities, the old settlers and some of the government officials got the Chehalis Indians together at Judge Ford's. The government furnished a supply of beef and some other provisions for the Indians. A permit would be given to those that were known to be all right. When they wanted to go to see their friends at a distance, like at Oakville or 'Block House' Smith's. They were required to carry a flag of truce on a stick about seven or eight feet long above their heads. I have seen them riding on the run across the field from the big road to Scatter Creek. I was amused to hear some of the guards at the fort breathe out threats when a red handkerchief was tied to the top of a stick. I knew the Indians quite well and excused their ignorance in flaunting a red flag instead of white in these warlike times."

Pleasant, those days and nights in the fort must have proved, for all of their overhanging cloud of uncertainty. There was companionship for the prairie housewife who exchanged preserves and home remedies with other housewives—previously "near" neighbors 20 miles away. There was school for the children and evenings spent by the men and boys in close comradeship when they built a fire in the middle of the stockade and gathered around it to exchange tales of Indian encounters, crops, and hunting adventures. There was also the lurking danger without which drew the inmates closer together.

Phoebe Goddell Judson visited the fort and says in her book, "A Pioneer's Search for an Ideal Home": "The settlers lived in the fort as thick as bees in a hive and were in perfect harmony even though a thin partition was all that separated them. They were afraid the Indians would kill them and they wanted to die in peace with all mankind. When I visited the fort and saw the number of children of all ages, sizes, and conditions, truly I marveled that such a reign of peace was possible."

The main game for the youngsters at the fort was playing Indian just outside the gate, according to George E. Smith, son of James "Blockhouse" Smith, who as a lad took part in

this sport. "And," he added, "the slaughter was great."

Some of the settlers stayed in the fortress for as long as three years so that their children might continue to attend the little school supported by private subscription, which was built inside the stockade where Mrs. James Smith taught the primary department and Mr. Hubbard instructed the advanced students. This Mr. Hubbard seemed to have some desire for the dramatic and gave an exhibition at the close of the fort's first term of school. He was something of a phrenologist and chose the young Johnnie (J. R.) James for the foil in his demonstrations. In fact, it is recorded that this teacher at the fortress also desired to exhibit his cleverness at other frontier gatherings as well. Spelling matches were given at the stockade even after many of the families had returned home. But the boys put on their clean hickory shirts and homemade shoes and the girls attired themselves in their calico dresses and joined the fort dwellers. Then all stood along the wall in one of the little blockhouses and attempted to spell one another down.

And there were the usual happy occasions as well. The Yantis family welcomed the birth of a new daughter, Etta, right after their arrival at the stockade. They also had joy in the simple military wedding there when an older daughter, Ann, was married to the dashing young officer, Lieutenant William Martin of a volunteer regiment.

There are but two living former residents of Fort Henness, each eighty-five years of age—Riley Ticknor and Mrs. Eva Borst McElfresh. The latter was taken there when she was six weeks old and she remembers that she was old enough "to run around" before her family left the stockade and returned home.

George Washington, colored founder of Centralia, did not go to the fort because he erected a small stockade of his own on his donation claim. He did, however, take there the aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Cochran, who had crossed the plains with him. The Elkanah Mills family lived with the Fords in the latter's double log cabin, which they converted into a fortress by placing blocks over the lower portion of the windows, leaving only gun slits above. Neither did George Waunch seek protection in the stockade for this gunsmith to the natives felt that he would not be harmed by his Indian friends.

Patterson F. Luark and his family stayed on their farm at Fords Prairie and went about their usual duties while the rest of the settlers were residing in the fort. Mr. Luark made this entry in his "Journal" for October 17, 1855: "I for one thought the building of a fort not only unnecessary but injurious to our friendship with our neighboring Chehalis Indians. Therefore, I

did not help with the fort which was commenced today on Mound Prairie."

In October, 1933, Lee H. Baker compiled a list of all who took refuge in the fort. John R. James and George E. Smith, both inmates, collaborated with him. Mr. Baker lists the J. Borst and Samuel James families but does not give their members in his large list, nor does he mention the Cochrans, who perhaps were there for a short time only. The list gives Joel Ticknor, but not his wife and baby, Riley, born in November, 1855. Riley Ticknor recalls his mother told him she stayed at the fort but only when her husband was away.

Listed are Jasper and Julina Roundtree, but the latter (Mrs. J. J. Weaver) has left an account in which she wrote: "Before the Indian outbreak, my brother Jasper and I went to our grandfather's house on Bawfaw Prairie, and us children did not see our mother for about a year as it was not safe after the outbreak for quite a while to travel."

The descendants of George Waunch stoutly maintain he never lived at the fort. However, the following is the most accurate list obtainable of the occupants of Fort Henness. It is reproduced here as Mr. Baker compiled it (with additions by Mrs. McElfresh and Mr. and Mrs. S. D. James, who have supplied the lists of their families, and Miss Lillie Brown, who has corrected the Axtell names from the record in her family Bible).

From the southwest corner of the stockade, the names of the families are given clockwise in the order in which they resided around the walls in the little lean-to shelters: Elijah E. Baker, Caleb B. Baker, James Biles, David Byles, Samuel James, James Kirtley, John Laws, Robert Waddell, Joseph Remley, Alexander Yantis, B. L. Henness, Lawton Case, James Roundtree, Henry Hale, Charles Hagan, Drew Frost, William Mills, William Mize, Josephus Axtell, Abram Tilley, J. Borst, L. D. Durgan, Ashur Sargent, C. G. Saylor, J. W. Goodell, and Charles Byles.

Mr. Baker's "List of the Inmates of Fort Henness During the Indian War of 1855" (with additions and corrections) follows:

Axtell, Josephus	Axtell, Sarah Elen	Baker, Joseph N.
Axtell, Mrs. J.	Baker, Caleb	Baker, William L.
Axtell, John	Baker, Mrs. C. B.	Brooks, Martha
Axtell, Jefferson	Baker, James E.	Biles, James
Axtell, Edwin	Baker, John W.	Biles, Mrs. J.
Axtell, Daniel	Baker, Leander H.	Biles, George
Axtell, Elvera	Baker, Allen	Biles, James B.
Axtell, Josephus H.	Baker, Elijah E.	Biles, Kate
Axtell, Harriet	Baker, Mrs. E. E.	Biles, Susan I.

Biles, Clark	Goodell, Malanthen Z.	Law, Mrs. J.
Biles, Margaret	Goodell, Edward N.	Law, Andrew
Biles, Euphemia	Goodell, Henry	Law, Thomas
Borst, Joseph	Goodell, Charlott	McCormack, Andrew
Borst, Mrs. J.	Goodell, Jotham W. Jr.	McCormack, Mrs. A.
Borst, Eva	Goodell, Emaline	McCormack, Walter
Byles, Charles	Goodell, William	McCormack, Edwin
Byles, Mrs. Charles	Goodell, Mrs. Wm.	McCormack, Edwis
Byles, Rebecca	Hagan, Charles	McCormack, William
Byles, Charles N.	Hagan, Mrs. Charles	Mills, William
Byles, Sarah I.	Hagan, Son	Mills, Mrs. W.
Byles, Luther	Hale, Henry	Mills, John
Byles, David	Hale, Mrs. H.	Mills, Nathaniel
Byles, Mrs. D.	Hale, Calvin	Mills, Rachel
Byles, Robert	Henness, Capt. B. L.	Mills, Ellin
Canby, James	Henness, Mrs. B. L.	Mills, William
Canby, Russell	Henness, Sarah	Mills, Moses
Canby, Thomas	Henness, Jane	Mize, William
Canby, Charles	Henness, Mary	Mize, Mrs. W.
Case, Lawton	Henness, Cornelius	Medcalf, William
Case, William	Henness, Frank	Medcalf, Mrs. W.
Case, Lydia	Hill, Alfred	Medcalf, John
Case, Nancy	Hill, Mrs. A.	Medcalf, Edward
Case, Margaret	Hill, George	Medcalf, Eliza
Case, Elizabeth	Hill, Henry	Martin, William
Case, Sarah	Hodgden, Steve	Martin, Mrs. W.
Case, George	Hodgden, Mrs. S.	Morgan, Richard
Case, Emma	Hodgden, Deborah	Northcraft, Philip
Coulter, Samuel	James, Samuel	Northcraft, William
Coulter, Mrs. S.	James, Mrs. S.	Newman, W. B. D.
Cooper, Thomas	James, Mary A.	Pullin, Thomas
Cooper, William	James, Eliza A.	Pullin, Mrs. T.
Croll, Jacob	James, Samuel, Jr.	Pullin, John
Chandler, Legrand	James, William	Pullin, Anna
Durgan, L. D.	James, Thomas	Pullin, William
Durgan, Mrs. L. D.	James, John R.	Perry, Isaac
Durgan, Charles	James, Richard O.	Perry, Henry
Frame, James	Kirtley, James	Perry, Sarah
Frame, Mrs. J.	Kirtley, Mrs. J.	(Wards of Mr. and
Frost, Drew	Kirtley, Milton	Mrs. H. Hale)
Frost, Mrs. D.	Kirtley, Isabel	Remley, Joseph
Frost, Gilbert	Kirtley, Agnes	Remley, Mrs. J.
Frost, Mrs. G.	Kirtley, Eurastus	Remley, John
Gangloff, Augustus	King, Walter	Roundtree, James
Gibson, Joseph	Lum, James K.	Roundtree, Mrs. J.
Goodell, J. W.	Levitt, Andrew	Roundtree, Jasper N.
Goodell, Mrs. J. W.	Law, John	Roundtree, Julia

Roundtree, Demaris	Simmons, William	Williams, Samuel
Risden, Henry	Tilley, Abram	Wadell, Robert
Sargent, Asher	Tilley, Mrs. A.	Wadell, Mrs. R.
Sargent, Mrs. A.	Tilley, Rice	Yantis, Alexander
Sargent, E. Nelson	Tilley, Eliza	Yantis, Mrs. Alex.
Sargent, Wilson	Tilley, Sarah	Yantis, Mary
Sargent, Francis M.	Tilley, Taylor	Yantis, Sarah
Sargent, Rebecca	Tilley, Henry	Yantis, Kate
Saylor, Conrad G.	Tilley, Joseph	Yantis, John
Saylor, Mrs. C. G.	Ticknor, Joel	Yantis, William
Saylor, William	Thalhammer, Nat	Yantis, Alex., Jr.
Saylor, Alfred	Van Wormer, Chas.	Yantis, Ettie
Saylor, Frank	Van Wormer, Mrs.	Yantis, B. F.
Saylor, Charles	Van Wormer, John	Yantis, William
Smith, James	Van Wormer, Ella	Yantis, Button
Smith, Mrs. J.	Waunch, George	Yantis, John V.
Smith, George	Wallace, Milton	Yantis, Fannie
Sears, Ezra	Washburn, Frances	Young, Austin

Despite the congested quarters, there was very little illness at the fort and there were no deaths among the inmates during the sixteen months of residence. There was, however, one Indian who was killed not far from the walls of the stockade. L. H. Baker has left this rather detailed account of the occurrence:

"One incident stands out clearly in my memory: One evening in the early days of the war, two horsemen raced rapidly toward our fort. As this might well be an Indian ruse of some sort the curfew, a trumpet, was sounded and the gates were hastily closed and barred. The guards announced that the two were Indians, a man and a woman, the squaw somewhat in the lead. After riding wildly to the south gate she begged admittance, saying that her husband was drunk and had beaten her badly. One of her eyes was closed and the blood was running down her cheek. The guards allowed her to enter. When the man rode up, it was quite apparent that he was very intoxicated. He, too, insisted on entering the fort but he was refused and ordered to report to Judge Ford, who was the Government Agent for the Chehalis Indians and lived about four miles south of the fort.

"The road south leads across a slight depression about three hundred yards wide. Soon after the Indian left, a shot was heard from this direction. The five older men who remained in the fort decided to investigate and found the dead body of the Indian by the road-side. This was serious—cold blooded murder. During the parley with the Indian some man armed with a shotgun had slipped out of the fort through the small gate in the north wall, circled around, and lain in ambush,

and this was the resultant tragedy. This occurred about ten in the evening.

"Next morning a large company of Indians, in charge of Sidney Ford, son of Judge Ford, gathered before the fort. They were in surly mood. An innocent member of their tribe had been murdered by a white man, supposedly, and probably by an inmate of the fort. The excitement of the occasion made a lasting impression on my mind; and even at this late date I can see the manly figure of Sidney Ford as he sat on his horse, maintaining control over the Indians. I recall the tone of his voice as he solemnly addressed the small group of white men, saying, 'We have kept our Indians at peace with you; one of you has murdered an innocent member of this tribe; if we are unable longer to control these people, the blood of your women and children be on your own heads!'

"The few men in the fort held a hurried consultation. They asked Mr. Ford to tell the Indians that they knew nothing of the identity of the guilty party; but that, if he could be found, he would certainly be punished. The Indians' idea of the white man's punishment was that of hanging, and, apparently pacified, they took the body of the murdered Indian and returned to their village. Needless to say, the perpetrator of the deed was never apprehended.

"Such incidents might have had far-reaching effect. Had the confederation of hostile tribes been completely effected, a far different history might have been written. But Judge Ford assisted by his two grown sons, had by fair treatment won the confidence of the Chehalis Indians and succeeded in inducing them to remain at peace with the white settlers, and they refused to join the other tribes. Sidney Ford organized a company of sixty mounted Indians and these engaged in several skirmishes with the tribes hostile to the white men, but to what extent I am unable to say.

"The close of the war came with the defeat of the hostile Indians. The Yakimas were driven back east of the Cascades. [The governor disbanded the volunteers in November, 1856.] Early in the spring of 1857 the inmates of the fort returned to their homes. No cabins and been destroyed, no stock killed or stolen, or other property damaged."

In the Grand Mound Cemetery across the road from the site of Fort Henness lie many of the settlers who took refuge behind its walls during the Indian wars. In the corner of the cemetery in the section reserved for the burial of members of the Indian tribes, lie many of the "Friendly Chehalis" who remained at peace with the settlers, but suspicion concerning whom caused the heads of the households of the five prairies to erect the fort. Monuments of granite or wood indicate the

resting place of white settlers and "Friendly Chehalis."

To the north, four piles of field stone mark the corners of the old stockade. The granite monument which faces toward the cemetery reads:

SITE  
OF FORT HENNESS  
BUILT AND OCCUPIED BY  
PIONEERS  
DURING INDIAN WAR 1855-56  
GROUND DONATED BY  
GRAND MOUND CEMETERY  
ASSOCIATION  
MEMORIAL ERECTED BY  
WASHINGTON STATE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
1926

## II VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS

As soon as the pioneers arrived at the fortress, a call was made for volunteer soldiers. Every able-bodied man enlisted and only the boys and old men were left to protect the women and children at the stockade. The company soon left for the White River section to engage the enemy, but never participated in actual Indian encounters.

Benjamin L. Henness was appointed captain of the company. Mrs. Hattie Rhodes recalled that J. R. James had told her this incident concerning his selection. The men of the company were asked to stand in front of their choice for captain. The largest group gathered around Benjamin Henness. When asked later why they had chosen him, one of those questioned replied, "Well, women were scarce in those days and Captain Henness had four marriageable daughters; so I guess we just naturally moved over toward him." The captain's subsequent war record, however, shows that the volunteers had made a wise choice.

Accordingly, Company F of the First Regiment of Washington Territorial Volunteers, stationed at Fort Henness, was formed on November 1, 1855. Mrs. Maude Meyers and Miss Blanche Montgomery, Captain Henness' great-granddaughters, have a copy of the muster roll of the regiment written in the captain's own handwriting. It states the period of enlistment of each of the 63 members to be 3 months (from November 1, 1855 to February 1, 1856), each man to be equipped with a privately-owned rifle, valued at \$15.83; and indicates the num-

ber of miles each man was from home. Its members follow:

1. Benjamin L. Henness, Captain.
2. Elijah S. Sargent, First Lieutenant.
3. Samuel Coulter, Second Lieutenant.
4. Francis M. Sargent, First Sergeant.
5. David F. Byles, Second Sergeant.
6. Wm. B. Goodell, Third Sergeant.
7. Ezra K. Sears, Fourth Sergeant.
8. Augustus Gangloff, First Corporal.
9. Austin E. Young, Second Corporal.
10. Jacob Croll, Third Corporal.
11. Philip D. Northcraft, Fourth Corporal.
12. Josephus Axtel
13. Thomas J. Axtel
14. Joseph Borst
15. Caleb B. Baker
16. George W. Byles
17. Charles Byles
18. James Byles
19. James Canby
20. Russell D. Canby
21. Legrand R. Chandler
22. Wm. Case
23. James F. Fraim
24. Gilbert H. Frost
25. Jotham W. Goodell
26. Nathan E. Goodell
27. Henry J. Hale
28. Charles Hagard
29. Samuel James, Jr.
30. William F. James
31. Thomas James
32. Milton Kirtley
33. James Kirtley
34. Walter King
35. James K. Lum
36. John Laws
37. Thomas Laws
38. Andrew S. Leavitt
39. Nathaniel Mills
40. William Mills
41. John R. Mills
42. Andrew McCormack
43. William Medcalf
44. William Mize
45. William B. D. Newman
46. William H. Pullen
47. Thomas Pullen
48. Joseph Remley
49. John Remley
50. James H. Roundtree
51. William Simmons
52. J. S. Scammons
53. James Smith
54. Conrad G. Saylor
55. Abram Tilley
56. Francis M. Washburn
57. Milton B. Wallace
58. Robert Waddell
59. Samuel H. Williams
60. William H. Yantis
61. Alexander S. Yantis
62. J. T. Ticknor
63. Richard F. Morgan

The official government muster roll shows that the members of this company were outfitted by the quartermaster at Fort Steilacoom and the majority had equipment consisting of a shirt, drawers, two flannel shirts, a private infantry wool jacket, a great coat, shoes, socks, and a blanket.

Forty-five of the volunteers were mounted, the appraised value of their horses varying from \$80 to \$255. The horse equipment of each was valued at \$25, five volunteers having saddles worth an additional \$30.

Although Company F stationed at Fort Henness saw little active service, many of its members enlisted later under commands that did. Sixteen of Captain Henness' men stayed with him until August 20, 1856, re-enlisting as members of Company C. They saw active duty on the White River and afterwards took part in the battle of Grande Ronde in eastern Oregon, the encounter that broke the power of the hostiles and gave the volunteers the final victory of the war. They were: Andrew Laws, James F. Fraim, John Axtell, Thomas Jefferson Axtell, George W. Biles, David F. Byles, James Camby, Jacob Croll, Joseph Gibson, Henry I. Hale, Alfred Hills, Nathaniel Mills, William Mills, William Mize, Milton B. Wallace, M. Z. Goodell, and James Smith. (A variation in spelling may be observed; names are given as listed on official muster rolls.)

In the battle of Grande Ronde, the Indian forces were attacked as they gathered in the valley when, according to historian, Snowden, "Henness and Powell moved forward on the main body which was reassembling in the center" . . . . "while Henness and Powell's commands pushed on so steadily that the Indians scattered and left the field in great confusion. They were pursued for a distance of fifteen miles, taking refuge at last in a rocky canyon, where they could be followed no further."

So many animals were captured at this battle that their auction in Vancouver brought more than enough money to pay the cost of the entire expedition. Hazard Stevens, son of the governor, relates this rather touching incident about Captain Henness, that intrepid old Indian fighter, and his mule. "He captured a mule at the battle of Grande Ronde," says Mr. Stevens, "and rode it home to Olympia, a distance of some five hundred miles. Desirous of owning the animal, he bid for it when put up at the public auction, but it was struck off to another for \$475; and this brave officer, who had served in the field as captain of a company for ten months, was unable to secure his own riding mule, and one, too, captured by himself."

Four former members of the Fort Henness company also enlisted in Company B, of Puget Sound Mounted Volunteers under Captain Hays and saw action in the fall of 1855 at Green River and at Yelm and Connell Prairies. They were Richard F. Morgan, William N. Yantis, Thomas I. Axtell, and James H. Roundtree.

The latter had memorable experiences during this campaign when he was stationed at Fort White on the Puyallup River for four months in command of ten men to guard the fort and ferry. The Indians always quickly removed their dead and wounded after an encounter, but Doctor Roundtree

who was a very active man, is reported to have "got his Indian," "White River Sam", in a battle on Green River and to have taken the rifle of his dead captive. The gun was displayed for years as a family relic by his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Borst. Doctor Roundtree was the first householder on Grays Harbor and owner of the original site of Union or Oakville. Later he was one of Centralia's early-day doctors and druggists.

William Mills, also listed above was, according to N. B. Coffman, later made a captain. In an account of the Mills family, Mr. Coffman records this incident about Captain Mills whom he describes as a "brusque, sturdy fellow, ready to hold his guard against any antagonist." Mr. Coffman's account follows:

"He was commanded to go up to Nisqually and obtain cattle for hauling logs to the fort, from a settler named Sandy. Captain Mills took volunteer Jack Baldwin, a blacksmith of Olympia with him. Sandy protested, but his cattle were rounded up and corralled in the barn lot. Old Sandy appeared with a rifle and said, 'The man who starts to put a yoke on one of them oxens gets the contents of this rifle.' Captain Mills coolly said, 'Jack put on that yoke. Sandy will have the first shot and I will have the second.' The yoke was put on and Sandy did not fire."

Six of those listed as having resided at Fort Henness were also members of Company B. They were William Martin, Melancthon Z. Goodell, Joseph Gibson, Henry M. Hills, John C. Axtell, A. W. Sergeant, and William Northcraft. The latter, one of the few casualties of the Indian War, was waylaid and killed by the Indians near the site of Rainier, Washington, while carrying supplies to the White River region. Patterson Luark wrote in his "Journal" March 3, 1856—"News to-day of the death of William Northcraft. Shot by the Indians while driving a loaded team for the troops."

After the death of Northcraft, the guards must have increased, for the day after the news was received, Patterson Luark reports his 17-year-old son, Marcellus, "went to guard team hauling for government from Skookumchuck." Marcellus himself wrote what he called "The Life and Adventures of M. J. Luark" in which he describes his work with the train guards by stating: "I volunteered to join Oliver Shead's Wagon Guards to transport military supplies from Cowlitz Landing to Olympia. I was a foot guard carrying a musket to guard the train which used government mule teams, although there were some ox trains hired. Cannot remember the names of guard except Jack Guinnup (veteran of Mexican War). One night at the Hogden Station near Tenino the scouts found signs of hostile

Indians prowling not far up the stream. The excitement kept all on the watch all night. I received army clothing consisting of 1 pair pants, one blouse, 1 overcoat, 1 musket with ammunition. My Father secured about \$60.00 for my services from the Government."

Seven volunteers, after their discharge from Company F stationed at Fort Henness were also members of Oliver Shead's Company of Train Guards serving from February 22 to July 17. They were: John Remley, Milton Kirtley, William D. B. Newman, Thomas Pullen, William Simmons, and Walter King.

Stories about Northcraft's death have persisted among the descendant of the fort dwellers. Many, like wisps of truth—mere myths—have been carried down by word of mouth for more than fourscore years and tell that the Indians scalped Northcraft, took the team and supplies, overturned the wagon, and set fire to it.

Riley Ticknor, 85-year-old grandson of Sidney S. Ford, Sr., and the son of Joel Ticknor, a member of the volunteer company stationed at the fort, says that his father told him this incident relating to Northcraft's death:

"William Northcraft and his younger brother Philip had a farm which they owned in common near Grand Mound. Also held in common was their one gun. On the day of the elder Northcraft's death, his brother had insisted upon having the rifle to guard the home place. William Northcraft had ridden along with the supplies, unarmed, and so had been easy prey to the attacking Indians."

It is a tradition in the Remley family that Joseph, who had likewise been a member of Company F, was also driving supplies to Yelm Prairie the day Northcraft was killed and was the first to reach the overturned wagon. He carried the body to the fort for burial.

"When Joe Remley came up to Northcraft's burned wagon," further explains 83-year-old Austin Zenkner, "Northcraft's body was missing. A search was carried on by Sidney and Tom Ford and their band of friendly Indians. Meeting with no success, the party sat down to rest by a pile of brush. One of the Indians suddenly gave a shout and started up. His hand had touched Northcraft's boot which was sticking out of the thick cover of brush that concealed the body."

Another member of Company B who is listed as having lived at Fort Henness has left a letter in which he tells of his campaigns in some of the most important engagements on the western side of the Cascades, those at Connell Prairie and Green River. He is Lieutenant William Martin, who will be remembered as the dashing young officer who married Ann Yantis at the fort. The "we" in the letter refers to himself

and Joseph Gibson, a resident of Grand Mound Prairie, who is also listed as having been an inmate of Fort Henness. In 1856, he married Narcissa, one of the "four marriageable daughters" of Captain Henness. The excerpts from Lieutenant Martin's letter which follow are given through the courtesy of Miss Sylvia Borst, a great-niece:

"When Governor Stevens called for volunteers, we enlisted with Gilmore Hays as Captain. We were then mustered into United States service under Captain Maloney.

"We left Steilacoom and crossed the Cascade Mountains. After passing the summit and down to the Natchez, we camped for the night. The snow at that place was ten to twelve inches deep. During the night the express came in bringing a message from Governor Stevens stating that the Regulars could not leave The Dalles, Oregon, to join us, for two weeks. We also got word that the Indians on White River, above Seattle, were murdering the Whites. The officers held a council of war that night and decided to return to the west side as our provisions and ammunition were not sufficient to carry us until the Regulars would arrive. Many thought we had orders to return, and perhaps we would have had, if the Governor had known to a certainty that the Indians were committing such depredations on the White River.

"That the decision was a wise one and that the judgment of our officers was to be commended for ordering the return to Connell's Prairie. There, we learned that many settlers on White River had been murdered and that a number of travelers had been shot by Indians in ambush.

"We had many hard days' march through woods, many times without even a trail in sight, having to follow the Indians which gave them a decided advantage over us; many days having to live on half rations on account of the streams being so high that we could not provide for ourselves.

"Fortunately for the boys, there was a potato patch near us which we made good use of by boiling the potatoes and mixing them with flour. The day after returning to Connell's Prairie, we fought Indians all day with the White River between our forces. We lost one man during the battle, but were unable to ascertain what loss or injuries the Indians sustained, as it was their custom to carry away their dead and wounded during the fight, so we could not see what damage had been done.

"The next day we crossed the river and followed them through Muckleshoot Prairie and into the woods on Green River. Occasionally they would hide in the brush, shoot at us and then run, remaining in the brush so we could not get

sight of them. At this place one of our men was wounded, but not seriously. When we came to Green River, we expected serious trouble in crossing, as the river was deep and running very swiftly, which gave the Indians an excellent chance to shoot us while we were crossing. The timber was very thick on either side, so we stationed about a dozen of our best marksmen on the river bank, armed with Kentucky rifles, to guard the first while crossing. Eight or ten men would lock arms and wade together to avoid being washed down stream. This was by no means a hot bath, as it was in the month of December.

"After two days' march, through continuous rain, we returned to camp. On the following day we went to South Prairie to capture a large band of Indians, supposed to be there. During that trip three of our men were wounded, one of whom died during the night. Two recovered, but have since died from the effects of their wounds.

"After the Indians had been driven so far back into the mountains that it was unsafe for us to follow them further at that time of the year, we pulled into winter quarters, camping at Martin's and Gibson's ranch, [his own and Joe Gibson's] on the upper end of Mound Prairie. At the expiration of our three months enlistment we were discharged, but in the following spring there was a call for more volunteers, when I again enlisted. We re-elected Captain Hays, he being afterward appointed Major, which position he had earned by his faithful service. During this term we had less fighting and more to eat, making it much more pleasant than the first term.

"On our way to headquarters on this expedition, we camped on the Puyallup River and built a block house at the crossing. The Indians kept firing on our picket guard, and some time during the night our picket guard got sight of an object he supposed to be an Indian. He took good aim and fired, but on going to get his Indian he found it to be the horse owned by the Sergeant of our Company, who had lost it in a skirmish during the first enlistment, about three months before that time. The horse had the pill-bags on, just as he had been left in the fight. This skirmish took place while the Sergeant and a small party were on their way to the settlement with express. Several of the party were killed and the survivors were almost famished when they reached a place of safety.

"During the night's firing, a guard of one of the companies near us got sight of an Indian who had a new Kentucky rifle, and being proud of it, he kept it polished like a new dollar. The guard saw it glitter in the moonlight and shot the Indian in the shoulder. He was brought into camp and placed under guard. At daylight the Indians commenced firing into our

camp, the old Indian hollering for them to fight for him. He made an effort to get away and the guard, thinking it best to make a 'Good Indian' out of him, shot his brains out, thus ending the savage career of one of their most daring and treacherous Chiefs whose name was Kanasket.

"A day or two later we reached Connell's Prairie. While in camp there for a few days, we were attacked by a large force of Indians from both sides of the mountains. The warriors on the west side agreed with those on the east, if they would come over and help kill off what few Whites could be found, they would return with them to the east, and do likewise. Then they would not allow any more settlers to come in. Then we whipped them so badly that they quarelled among themselves and came near having trouble, the the Indians on the East had lost a number of their braves and accomplished nothing.

"This battle broke the backbone of the war. We had several skirmishes after that, but the Indians did not enter into it with the spirit they had shown before. They knew they could not win, and were discouraged."

That the volunteers from the five local prairies who served in Company B under Captain (later Major) Hays and in Company C under Captain Henness acquitted themselves well, may be judged by the statement of Snowden, the historian, who claims that Hays's forces at Green River and Connell Prairie and Captain Henness' command at Grande Ronde carried out their military maneuvers "as steadily and as grandly" as Pickett's men on Cemetery Ridge or Grant's at Vicksburg.

### III FORT BORST

Although no portion of Fort Henness remains, at Borst Park, a mile northwest of the city of Centralia, stands Fort Borst, one of the best preserved landmarks of the pioneer life in Washington.

While the local residents were living within the protection of Fort Henness, Captain Francis Goff and a company of 26 soldiers, all of them recruits from Oregon, were building a blockhouse on the donation claim of Joseph Borst near the junction of Chehalis and Skookumchuck rivers to be used as a storage depot for grain to supply the men fighting in the Puyallup and White River valleys. After its completion, according to Mrs. Joseph Borst, Captain Goff and 30 soldiers were stationed there for several months.

Nevertheless, local residents seemed to have aided the soldiers with the fort construction. Patterson Luark, who resided on Fords Prairie, states in his "Journal" that he and his son Marcellus worked on the blockhouse from April 21 to

May 3, 1856, receiving script for their labor. Marcellus, furthermore, wrote in his "Life and Adventures", "I scored [struck a line for hewing] timber for the Skookumchuck Blockhouse. Old man Kirtley done the hewing. This was built by the Territory. We boarded at J. K. Lum's cabin."

Miss Lillie Brown remembers that her uncle, John C. Axtell, told her he and other soldiers helped build the blockhouse. He, it will be recalled, was a member of Company B. He said that the location near the river was chosen to insure a water supply for the garrison.

The situation on the Chehalis River also enabled the quartermaster, thought to have been Captain James K. Hurd, to bring grain down the river from the Claquato district by Indian canoe and store it in the blockhouse for transportation by ox team to other military stations. This storage depot was also on the Military Road which, at its completion, connected Forts Steilacoom and Vancouver.

Fort Borst is the conventional blockhouse, with the upper part of the building projecting four or five feet over the lower portion, which is seven feet high and twenty-four feet square. Originally the structure had no windows and but one door. The upper section had 12 loop holes and the lower, eight. Miss Brown said that her uncle explained to her that the loop holes were beveled on the inside of the structure to increase the range of the marksman, enabling him to swing his gun far around to either side. Loop holes were also cut through the floor of the projection. The upper floor was puncheon; the lower one, earth. The structure was built 100 yards from any other object so that the Indians would have to cross an open space to reach it. Fort Borst was never attacked, however, and the bullet holes in the logs are merely the result of target practice.

The logs for its construction were cut on the opposite side of the river, hauled to the stream by Joseph Borst with oxen, floated across, then peeled, scored, and hewed. The structure is an excellent example of the pioneer axe man's skill. "That's mighty good axe work to have stood for eighty-five years and still fit together as close as those corners," remarked eighty-year-old George Anderson, a veteran woodsman, recently in examining the dove-tailed corners.

After the Indian Wars, the blockhouse was purchased by Joseph Borst from the United States Government for \$500. Twice the Borst family used it as a residence. Furthermore, Ada Borst (Blackwell) claims to have been born in the fort in 1857 when her family lived here while the James Smith family rented the Borst farm. During this time, windows and the door on the upper floor were placed in the building. Later

the Borst children used the fort as a playhouse. In the early 60's the Borsts again moved into it while their new home was being built.

Even after Joseph Borst owned the blockhouse, the structure was used for storing grain by the farmers of the upper stretches of the Chehalis River who brought it by canoe from as far as Curtis. The dugouts used then must have been very similar to those that transported grain during the Indian Wars. "The remains of one of those old canoes was on the Borst place when I worked there in the 1880's," recalls John L. Morris. "It was a dugout made of a cedar log five feet in diameter and was 30 to 40 feet long. Iron bands had been put around the outside to keep it from splitting. Patrick Roundtree told me it could carry four or five tons of grain. There were no trails in the Bawfaw (Boisfort) country in those days so four of the farmers there would man one of these dugouts and float their grain down the river to the blockhouse on the Skookumchuck, store it in there, and later freight it by team on to Tumwater."

In 1915, when it was feared the Chehalis River, which had changed its course, might undermine the structure, the old fort was jacked up on skids and rollers and taken to Riverside Park. In 1922, it was moved to its present location in Borst Park. In 1923 Allen Borst, youngest son of Joseph Borst, presented the blockhouse to the city of Centralia as a memorial to the early settlers of the community.

Today old Fort Borst, along with the four piles of field stones and the granite marker at Fort Henness, stands as a monument to the successful culmination of the Indian Wars when the question of land titles was settled forever in this area and the government was recognized as legally owning the land, which it might deed, sell, or bestow on the white settlers who brought churches, schools, and cities to the land where the Friendly Chehalis had roamed—hunting, fishing, and digging the roots of the blue camas flower.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE GEORGE L. WAUNCH FAMILY

BY LUCILE BERBERICH

(With Acknowledgement for the use of material collected by  
Alvera Green and Jefferson Boyce)

George L. Waunch was the first settler in this locality. This gunsmith for the Indians, later described by his neighbors as "one strong Dutchman," was born in Wurttemberg, Germany, in 1820. He crossed the ocean at the age of 21 and settled in Missouri.

Three years later in 1844, when Colonel Michael T. Simmons, second in command of a military expedition under Colonel Cornelius Gilliam started westward to establish settlement in the Oregon country, George Waunch was a member of his party. After laying over on the Columbia River that winter, a little band under Simmons scouted to the northward as far as Puget Sound and decided to settle at Tumwater and Bush Prairie.

George Waunch, however, retraced his steps and came southward to a little prairie on the Skookumchuck River. Perhaps it was because of the tall firs that enclosed it or the river that circled around it—but of all the land from the Sound to the Columbia River, George Waunch chose that little prairie. The friendly Indians, who soon found that he could rebores a rifle or mend a gun, knew it as Hasaklamakum; but later settlers called it Waunch Prairie. Here on a donation claim of 320 acres he started work on a crude little cabin.

Frequently in the years that followed, he was in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company and drove livestock over the old Indian trail or transported goods by pack train from that company's Cowlitz outpost to Fort Nisqually. From Cowlitz farm he also brought the iron out of which he fashioned the first plow which broke the soil that never before had been touched by farming tools of man, either red or white. Then he sowed red wheat that soon grew taller than the knee-deep grass that was waving when he first viewed the little prairie.

Within a small split cedar shack near his dooryard, George Waunch set up his forge, resting it on a dirt-filled log foundation. In a pit in the yard, he burned small logs of vine maple to make his charcoal. Then when his Indian neighbors came to ask him to mend their old flintlocks they'd got trading with

the Hudson Bay Company, he pumped the bellows until the charcoal glowed. And sparks sprang out when his sledge fell on the red metal. They watched in reverence and fear. "Chickamin George," they called him, meaning "a worker in metal."

When the crowd of Indian onlookers became too large, the gunsmith had his special method of thinning their numbers. He'd take a piece of white metal from the glowing coals, spit on it, then strike it with his hammer. A report would ring as loud as a cannon and the redskins would run for the safety of their *kleesk-wh* or winter homes two miles away.

Even as he was building his little cabin, notching fir logs for the corners and splitting cedar puncheon for the floor, its first mistress was daily drawing nearer. In the wagon train which was crossing the plains, were his future neighbors—Joseph Borst and the Sidney Ford family. It is remembered by the descendants of the Waunch and Borst families that a strong friendship arose between Harriet Jane, the oldest daughter of Sidney Ford, and Joseph Borst, a tall solemn man with twinkling eyes. But when Harriet Jane met George Waunch and saw his cattle, his newly-completed log cabin, his plowed ground sown with grain, she might have been attracted toward the German gunsmith. But it is suggested she might, however, have been more attracted by the prospect of the newly-built log cabin and the plowed ground sown with grain. Whatever her object, she and George Waunch were married in 1847. A year later their son, George L. Waunch, Jr., was born in the little one-room cabin chinked with mud, which had only one window and a door that swung on hinges cut from old leather boot tops.

In the next year, George Waunch is said to have gone with the gold rush to California. Harriet Jane, with her small son, returned to her father's home and not long after she married Sam Williams and settled on the Black River.

George Waunch must have decided there was more gold in tilling the soil of the little prairie than panning rocky beds of California rivers, for he returned to what the settlers called Waunch Prairie.

He had previously declared his intention of belonging to the county so recently recognized as sovereign north of the Columbia River, and on October 30, 1851, the German-born gunsmith became a citizen of his adopted land with full rights to file his claim for the 320 acres which he had considered as his ever since the summer of 1845.

And there is a bit of legend in the family that during the time Ulysses S. Grant, then a young lieutenant, was stationed at Fort Vancouver during 1852-1853, George Waunch left off turning up the prairie soil and became a blacksmith for the

military company of Grant and other officers of the garrison who went on regular trips from Fort Vancouver to Fort Steilacoom.

But once again George Waunch returned to his little prairie and the Indians came to beg "Chickamin George" to mend their flintlocks and their rifles. Indians came from as far away as Quinault and in such great numbers every day that he realized it wasn't to hunt deer alone that they felt this imperative need of weapons. He sensed that trouble was afoot. He tried to make excuses. He told them he hadn't time to mend their guns. He was out of provisions. He had to go hunting. Obliging, they brought him an ample supply of venison. Then he made other excuses. "Chickamin George" mended no more guns for his Indian friends.

But when the rest of the white settlers took refuge in the Mound Prairie stockade during what they feared would be an Indian uprising, he stayed on his little prairie. He knew that his Indian friends would prefer to use their guns for hunting and not for killing white men. "Kloshe Tilakum" (good friend), they called him and said, "Chickamin George, he no hurt. He make 'um guns."

In 1855 a second mistress, a rather plump German girl, came to live in the mud-chinked log cabin. George Waunch had met and married Mary Hagar in Portland.

The new wife became accustomed to the little prairie enclosed by tall firs and encircled by the river; but she missed the locust trees, whose blossoms in the late spring had hung in white fringes over her home in Missouri. So she took the little cloth bag that she had brought across the plains and stepping out in front of the cabin, she made little holes in the plowed ground with her forefinger. She shook the seed into her open palm and dropped them into the earth and pressed the soil around them with her fingers. Taking small sticks, she pushed them into the earth to form a teepee-like protection from the roaming cattle.

By the time her first child, Amelia, was born in 1856, the locust sprouts were growing in the prairie soil. Then three years later after the birth of Henry, her first son, and Caroline, another daughter, the locust seeds had become tiny trees with feathery green leaves.

There were many things in the little cabin to link Mary Waunch's mind to the past. Some were flesh and blood; others inanimate. While she spun wool into yarn, she remembered her own spinning wheel had come along with her on the voyage from Bavaria in Germany when she was scarcely older than her little Amelia. When she filled the Dutch oven with venison, placed it in the stick and mud fireplace, and raked live coals

over its iron cover, she recalled that her husband, George Waunch, had used it to bake his bread when crossing the plains.

And she too had crossed the plains, coming with the Kyle Party of 21 wagons in 1849 and under the protection of a huge black box whose story she was to tell many times to her children—how, shortly before they started, the son of William Kyle, the leader, had been ill with tuberculosis—how the father promised to bring his son to the new land, living or dead. But the boy had died and his body had been placed in a specially-made coffin, lined with talcum or zinc, and filled with alcohol. And Mary Waunch was to tell her children how the huge black box protected the party from the Indians who were frightened when they peeked in and saw it in the Kyle wagon. And how they also ran away in terror when they heard sounds issuing from long winding tubes of shiny brass. For the members of the party had brought their musical instruments with them and their musical band played lively German folk tunes that often frightened away the Indians.

When she looked at her small daughter Amelia, she thought of the little town of Aurora, Oregon, where the Kyle Party had settled and formed a common purse colony. And she recalled the two Kyle girls, Aurora and Amelia. The colony was named after the youngest and her little Amelia, for the oldest.

When Mary Waunch raked the ashes from the hearth and stored them to make lye for soap and wheat hominy, she handled them gingerly—her brother was ashes. He had burned to death at The Dalles. Left there with an injured foot by the Kyle Party as they hurried on westward, he had been killed when Indians raided the cabin in which he had taken refuge. His scalped body had been thrown back into the blazing dwelling. When his friends came back for him, they found only ruins—and ashes.

On winter evenings the only light was the flicker of the log fire from the stick and mud fireplace or the feeble beam of a lighted rag stuck in the side of a pan of soft grease. So the family retired to their bunklike beds in the one-room cabin early, that they might arise before the dawn to feed the stock and do the milking. Later, Mary Waunch saved the tallow from the beef and mutton to make tallow dips; and by their light George Waunch would sit and read his German papers, holding the printed words close to the candle flame. Then the children must either get off in a corner and not make a sound or go to bed and be as still as the shadow on the log wall cast by the stout figure of their father as he read with pursed lips the papers that had come from his native Wurttemberg.

George Waunch's oldest boy, George, Jr., lived with his

father and helped him plow the acres of the prairie and sow wheat and oats. Two stories are told about George Waunch, the elder and the younger, working together—two stories so nearly alike that one suspects they had a common origin in the same incident and were passed on by word of mouth until they have become almost legends. Sophia Ready Willey relates one and Walter Eshom, the other. Each of the stories is of the father and son working in the fields. This one is told by Mrs. Willey:

"Young George was driving the team which was hitched to a sled. His father fell off and was being dragged through the field. The boy not noticing his parent's plight, continued to drive on, dragging his father behind the sled. Then the stout German shouted to his son, 'Dis is de vay I go, Yorge. Dis is de vay I go!'"

Walter Eshom's version is that once young George was walking beside his father who was riding a horse across a recently plowed field. The elder Waunch fell off and his foot became caught in the stirrup. The frightened animal ran across the field dragging the dismounted rider who made a rather wide track in the newly-plowed ground. From a cloud of dust, the German shouted back to his son, "Yust follow the streak, Yorge, yust follow the streak!"

By 1860, George Waunch had eight horses, more than any of his neighbors. And he used them in that year to thresh out his harvest of 160 bushels of wheat and 800 bushels of oats. He laid the sheaves of grain on the hard-packed earth of the corral and stood in the center while he whipped his horses round and round to stramp out the kernels. The loosend seeds were swept up and stored in the barn, and the grain that had worked into the ground was rooted up and eaten by some of the 20 pigs he had in that year.

The new straw was gathered up to fill the wooden beds in the cabin. And Mary Waunch sang little German folk tunes as she emptied out the musty remnants from the board bottoms of the beds and piled them high with the fresh, clean straw. Spreading over a newly washed blanket, tucking in the edges, and patting down the center, she then flipped the comforts into place over the top. In this same way, she prepared each of the bunklike beds made of rough boards nailed to the wall—all except the bed of Grandpa Hagar, her father, who visited her occasionally. For he slept between two red-striped feather beds that he had brought with him across the ocean from Germany.

Yes, Mary Waunch sang as she patted down the new straw and her oldest daughter joined with her in "Hopsa Liezel," the lively song she had learned in her native Bavaria.

And they sang together:

Hopsa Liesel!  
Heb' die Fussl,  
Tanz a bissl,  
Wasch dich, kamm dich,  
Putz dich schon;  
Morgen wollen wir wieder tanzen gehn.

And after they finished, they always laughed for they knew it meant:

Hop Louise!  
Lift your feet,  
Dance a little,  
Wash yourself, comb your hair,  
Fix yourself up nice;  
Tomorrow we're going to the dance.

Tomorrow we're going to the dance! There was always the promise of dancing and song in the life of young Mary Waunch.

But the winter of that year of 1860-1861 was severe. The snow fell and froze early in October, and continued to fall and freeze until the first of April. Half of George Waunch's horses died and all but one cow and the prairie was covered with skeletons of his own and his neighbors' cattle. By spring the sows with their large litters were ravished by hunger and would rush out into the fields and attack the new lambs, disemboweling them to satisfy themselves and their farrow.

Song left the soul and the lips of Mary Waunch. And in the cold of that terrible winter, Caroline, her second daughter, died. While of the little locust trees, but one remained.

During many a winter when George Waunch had first come to live on the little prairie, he subsisted mainly on boiled wheat. This was when his supply of coarse flour was gone—flour ground on the stone burrs of the little mill and packed by him from the little Hudson Bay settlement a hundred miles away at Fort Vancouver. And often in the years that followed when the grist from the nearer mill at Tumwater ran out, Mary Waunch fed her family boiled wheat. And for a change of diet she gave them wheat hominy, made by soaking the golden grains in lye and rubbing the loosened hulls off between her hands and washing the swollen white kernels until the water was clear.

And all winter when Mary Waunch fed her family fresh pork and boiled wheat, beef and boiled wheat, and salt pork and boiled wheat, with an occasional change to wheat hominy, she longed for the time when she could vary their diet with

spring greens. Tame greens, she called the ones she gathered in her garden—mustard, turnip, or sprouts from the cabbage stumps. Wild greens, she and her children found in the fields or in the waters of the creek—dandelion, sour sorrell, and watercress. Cooked with ham bone, the contents of the great iron kettle that hung on the crane in the fireplace, sent out a tantalizing odor into the spring air.

And spring was a delightful time on Waunch Prairie when the surrounding hills put up a protecting shoulder against the cold north and east winds. And the warm sun shone on the fields deep, deep blue with the flowers of the wild violet or on the lighter blue haze of the camas bloom. And around Mary Waunch's dooryard were the flowers—sweet mullin, sweet William, and bachelor buttons—the seeds of which she had brought across the plains from Missouri. While in the orchard bloomed their off-spring, vagrant gypsy flowers, grown from seeds scattered in the summer air.

Often in the spring evenings George Waunch sat on his doorsill, the sky all pinkish, the white mist rising, and the blue hills closing the prairie in. Then he pulled out apple grafts from the sand in the box beside him, grafts he had made on crab root he had dug in the bottoms over in the Willapa Country, while elk hunting the previous fall. He was a great hand to graft, and as he sat there, he thought of the cherry budding that he would do later in the season. And four varieties of cherries still grow on a tree that he planted in 1860. Only three years ago the tree died on which George Waunch himself had budded seven kinds of cherries. And so successful was he with his apple grafts that his neighbors came and filled their wagon boxes with his apples—Bell Flower, "Glory Monday"—and carried them away, free for the asking.

In the years that followed an open-handed hospitality was also free for all at the Waunch place. There was a ford across the Skookumchuck just at the southern corner of their land. As the new immigrants came, they made for the ford and George and Mary Waunch's, who kept open house for the settlers and their families until they found a suitable location on the prairies or in the bottoms of the Skookumchuck. There was always food aplenty and room for all of them and the big barn held feed for their stock. "Free it was and for as long as we wanted to stay," many of them still remember.

There was indeed food aplenty, especially of the rounded loaves that Grandpa Hagar baked in the brick oven he had built in the yard. In Germany, he had been a baker by trade and liked to keep his hand in by making the family bread. He'd set it to raise in the milk pans. Then, when he'd cleared away the glowing embers from the inside of the oven, he'd call in

German — Grandpa Hagar always spoke German — “Children, bring the bread.” And then they would run out bringing the milk pans full of raised dough. When he opened the oven door at the end of the baking, he’d take the loaves out, all crusted and brown on top and store them in the cellar under the house—enough to last even the Waunches and all the folks who stayed with them for a whole week.

Each succeeding year the branches of the locust tree had feathered out in an ever-widening circle. And by each alternating spring, a new child had widened the circle of Mary Waunch’s family. Aurora, named for the youngest daughter of William Kyle; then William, Charles Edward, Frank, and Edith were born during the decade of the 1860’s.

But before the joy of the spring of 1863, the young locust tree had been trampled and broken by wandering cattle. And in January, Henry, her oldest son, became ill. Young George saddled “little fast Billy” and went for Dr. French on Grand Mound. But not even the presence of a physician could check that fatal pneumonia and prevent the breaking off of Henry’s life. Again though, new hope came with the spring when even the little locust took on new life and sent four shoots from its broken trunk.

And in that summer, Mary Waunch left the log cabin for her new “box house” made of sawed boards brought from Tumwater. Instead of just one room, she was now mistress of several—especially of a big front room from which five doors swinging on iron hinges led off to the dining room, bedrooms, and kitchen.

The friends of George and Mary Waunch polkaed, schottisched, and tripped through the figures of the square dances in the big front room of the new house. Whole families were invited and came in wagons, on foot, and on horseback in summer, and in sleds over the snow in winter. Mary Waunch and her oldest daughter, Amelia, cooked for three days to prepare the supper of chicken, goose, pies, cakes—all the good things to eat.

After the children had been put to bed under the tables and benches and in the straw of their own wagon beds, one of the Mills boys, George or Billy or Sam, would strike up his fiddle and three sets of dancers would touch fingertips and move gracefully over the borax-slicked floor as the fiddler sang out:

First little gent get around the outside,  
Get around the outside, get around the outside.  
First little gent get around the outside,  
And when you come to your partner, swing;  
Swing her round with a waltz and swing,

With a waltz and swing, with a waltz and swing;  
Swing her round with a waltz and swing,  
And swing her home again.

And oh, they had fun as the tempo quickened and the gents swung their ladies off the floor, off the floor, till their hooped skirts touched the ceiling. And the breeze they raised fanned the flame of the tallow candles till they threatened to go out.

And there was laughter and song. Then the dancers formed two long lines and to the "right hand to your partner," "left hand to your partner," and "dos-a-dos" of the Virginia reel, the caller's voice joined in the fiddle accompaniment:

All around the vinegar jug,  
The monkey chased the weasel;  
The monkey stopped to scratch himself,  
Pop! Goes the Weasel!

And so it continued until the supper waltz and then the supper. After that if the fiddler could not be persuaded to play more, the guests had to amuse themselves until daylight when it would be safe to drive home over the deeply-rutted roads. And often they sang their own accompaniment and as they danced their voices rang out with:

Down, down, Hi derry down,  
Their hair they will curl and puff combs they  
will wear,  
Like an owl at the boys they will stare,  
Ten thousand pins it takes to dress them,  
And when they are dressed, away they will stray  
The devil himself ain't half so gay.

And when it was light, it was a long journey home for some. Charlie Simmons, son of Colonel Michael Simmons, remembers that when he was 19, he and Charlie Hoss walked from beyond Vader to a dance at the Waunch place and then walked home again the next morning, a round trip of 50 miles. But a dance at the Waunch's was worth it.

After the building of the new house, the old log cabin was turned into a blacksmith shop which took the place of the split cedar shack in the yard where George Waunch had mended guns for the Indians, and made plows, and iron wedges, and wagon tires for his neighbors. In the log cabin, he set up anew the forge resting on its dirt filled, log founda-

tion. He charged \$12 to restock a gun and \$3 to bore out the rust from its iron barrel and put in the rifle marks. Austin Zenkner, when over 80, recalled that the best-shooting gun he ever had was a muzzle-loader George Waunch made from an old gun barrel and he added, "I made a foolish trade when I swapped that gun to Hugh McElfresh for two fresh cows and eight dollars to boot."

A gunsmith by trade, George Waunch had taken up blacksmithing because the early settlers needed him, but he liked to tinker with new mechanical ideas of his own, and he is credited with having invented an air rifle. Frequently he said of himself, "I am Yeneral Waunch, not yeneral in the army, but yeneral of inventions."

George Waunch, described by his neighbors as "one strong Dutchman," passed on a heritage of strength to his children. George Waunch, Jr., his oldest son, was a powerful man. As he cut through logs at land clearings near the head of Lincoln Creek, where he settled with his second wife, Kate Wallach, his neighbors would stare openmouthed as the blade of his axe sank to the handle with each stroke.

Down on the Black River where he carried the mail, it is recalled he could place 50 pounds on the palm of each hand and walk off with arms outstretched as easily as if he were carrying a postcard. Making two round trips a week from Montesano to Olympia, he often packed 90 pounds of mail on his back and returned the next day with a load just as large.

One day while on his route, a cougar suddenly attacked him. He aimed his rifle and pulled the trigger. No report followed; the gun had jammed. He faced the snarling animal and rammed the barrel down its throat. After being stuffed and mounted, this cougar was on display in an Oakville barber shop for many years.

Further evidence of the strength of George Waunch, Jr., resulted from a rather serious accident caused by a practical joke with a "devil's fiddle". It was at a birthday celebration one evening on Black River at the home of Jane Williams, George Waunch's half sister, that James "Blockhouse" Smith, a neighbor, attempted to add a little excitement to the occasion by creeping along the fence pulling the resined string of what is known as a "devil's fiddle." George Waunch, sitting in the house quite relaxed with his boots off, heard what he supposed to be a wild animal screaming near by. He caught up his shotgun, stepped to the doorway, and fired into the darkness at a black object he saw bobbing along the fence. He heard a cry and found he'd hit his neighbor squarely in the face with light bird shot.

He quickly grasped his boots and ran through the fields, barefooted, his boots still in his hands, looking for the horses. Being unable to find them in the darkness, he and "Blockhouse" Smith's son, George, hitched themselves to the buggy and started to take the injured man to the nearest doctor, thirty miles away at Olympia. George Waunch's quick action saved the life of his neighbor who, nevertheless, lost the sight of one eye as a result of the accident.

Ed Waunch, the fourth son, in the opinion of his brother Frank, was the strongest man in Lewis County. It is recalled that he pushed the share through the prairie soil when he was so small that he had to reach up to grasp the plow handles. He was a great horseman, also. He could put one hand on a horse's neck and jump over the animal, back and forth, a dozen times or more.

One day when he was running his sweep-power thresher on Waunch Prairie he saw some cattle in a pasture about a mile away start to chase a deer. He stopped his horses, unharnessed one, and jumped on its back. Riding opposite the fleeing animal, he leaped from his rapidly moving mount to the back of the deer. He snapped its neck and the animal died instantly.

Ed Waunch also performed a feat similar to his half brother's in holding 50 pounds of mail at arm's length, except that he substituted pails of white lead of the same weight and caught the bale of each around one of his little fingers.

The Waunch brothers, especially Ed, had a threshing outfit, and helped the farmers in this vicinity to harvest their grain. "Many's the time I've got up at three in the morning to get ready for Ed Waunch and his threshers," recalled Anna Remley Whealdon. "Ed was a hustler and an early riser and when he got things started, he just made 'em hum."

Ab Townsend remembered that Ed would crawl under the separator and using his feet as a jack, make his body into a human pivot and move the whole machine about until it was in the correct position. "Four strong men couldn't do what Ed Waunch did," emphasized Mr. Townsend. "That man didn't know his own strength."

George Salisbury has also attested to the ease with which Ed could move a separator. "Emery French had a thresher and one of the best teams of horses in this country," he said. "They were drawing the machine over a puncheon road, but the wheels dropped down in between where two puncheons were broken out. Try as they would, the horses couldn't pull it out. Ed Waunch drove by just then. 'Wait a minute and I'll give you a lift!' he said. And that was just what he gave—a lift. He opened the rear door of the separator and scattered

some straw on the ground to protect his clothes, lay down on his back, placed his feet on the rear axle, and lifted up. 'Pull ahead!' he called. And that's all there was to it. Ed Waunch alone had done what one of the best team of horses in the country couldn't do. I'll tell you it was some lift that man could give," concluded Mr. Salisbury.

To Amelia, his eldest daughter, the strength of George Waunch, that "one strong Dutchman," was passed on as well. When she married Adolph Mauermann, also a gunsmith from Germany, and settled across the Skookumchuck almost opposite the home place, she became his true helpmate indeed.

Many was the day she spent on a springboard ten feet above the ground felling trees with a crosscut saw. For the only ready money then available, she sawed cordwood to furnish fuel for the new railroad. "Millie could take a crosscut saw and cut off a slice of log as quick as any man," admiringly boasts her brother, Frank.

Then Amelia and her husband started to clear off a homestead up the Hanaford, and by the early 80's they were felling the firs and cedars and cottonwoods of Lincoln Creek for a third farm. Fortunate, indeed, was Amelia's husband, Adolph, in having a wife with the heritage of strength that was Amelia's. At 85 she is still living, as active as the average woman of 60.

George Waunch doubled the original 320 acres of his donation claim. On adjoining land he took out both a homestead and pre-emption. Part of the homestead claim, located near the Grange Corner, he gave to his eldest son and namesake.

And as the locust tree put out new branches so the family of George and Mary Waunch grew to include three more members—Walter, Charlie, and Flora.

But the locust tree also sent up new shoots and many small trees grew in the shadow of the large one Mary Waunch had planted. And the children of George and Mary Waunch married and grandchildren and great-grandchildren came to gather round them under the white fringe of locust blossoms. Amelia, the eldest, who married Adolph Mauermann, had five boys and three girls, Fred, Harry, Frank, Joe, Ed, Eva, Daisy, and Maude. Aurora, usually called Addie, married Charlie Burgerson and had six boys, Fred, Walter, Frank, Charlie, George, and Johnny.

Will and his wife, Zula Curtis, had three daughters, Grace, Addie, and Esther. To Ed and Angie (Ford) were born two boys and two girls, Eddie, Charlie, Jessie, and Maude. Two boys and a girl, Frank, Charles and Maude, were born to Edith and Charles Rebbles, and a boy, Grant, to a second union,

with a Mr. Nighlander. To Frank and Jessie (Ford) was born a daughter, Pearl; while Walter and his wife, Florence, had but one child, Laura Mae. Flo married Lee Minard and she alone of all the seven Waunches who reached adulthood, had no children.

In all, the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of George and Mary Waunch number more than 80. In addition, more than 20 others, the descendants of his first marriage to Harriet Jane Ford, claim the first settler on Waunch Prairie as their forebearer. To his eldest son, George, Jr., who first married Emma Jennings, was born a son, Robert Henry, while seven children were born to the second union with Katherine Wallach—Lottie, Mary, Flo, John, Martha, Joe, and Kate.

His neighbors remember that George Waunch was subject to asthma and, as he grew older, he could be heard breathing all over the house. On the morning of July 7, 1882, when Mary Waunch went to call him to breakfast she found that he had failed to wake up. With the exception of \$50 in gold that he willed to his son, George, Jr., he left all his property to his wife, Mary Waunch.

A few years later she married August Sewall, a neighbor, and they built a new home in the locust grove—the two-story house with its double verandas that still stands. It was also Mary and August Sewall who cut up the prairie into lots and sold them for residence property and small chicken ranches. And of the land of the Waunch estate that remained at her death September 20, 1916, Mary Waunch Sewall willed 20 acres of what the settlers had named Waunch Prairie to each of her surviving sons.

To Flora, her youngest daughter, she left the house built in the grove of locust trees—built in front of the oldest locust tree in the state which she herself had planted when she took out the little cloth bag that she had brought across the plains, shook the seed into her open palm, dropped them into the earth, and pressed the soil around them with her forefingers.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE FAMILY OF SIDNEY S. FORD, SENIOR

BY TOVE' HODGE

(With acknowledgement for the use of material collected by Bob Lehto)

This is the story of my great-great-grandparents, Sidney S. Ford and Nancy, his wife, who settled on 640 acres of the prairie northwest of the present city of Centralia in the year 1845. Even today, this land bears the name my great-great-grandfather gave it, Fords Prairie.

I shall tell the stories—bits of history and almost bits of legend—that have been passed on to me by word of mouth through five generations; but have never before been assembled in written form.

Others of the stories I shall tell have actually appeared in printed histories, for my great-great-grandfather and his family were prominent in early territorial days. Some of them, a granddaughter of Sidney S. Ford, Jettie Rasmussen Williams of Cedarville, heard from her mother, Harriet Jane Ford Williams. Still others are those that a great-granddaughter, Mattie Shelton Luman of Medford, Oregon, collected in her scrapbook or heard from Angeline Ford Shelton, her grandmother. Many, my grandfather, Riley Ticknor of Ashford, Washington, now eighty-five years old, told me. Age seems to have given him a renewed vision of the days when he was a boy and went with his mother, Lizzie, and his father, Joel, to visit his grandparents on the broad acres of Fords Prairie.

There are also incidents that have come from another people, from the Quiyaish of the Upper Chehalis Indian Tribe and were told to me by Silas Heck of Oakville who heard them from his father, Koolah Yuanan, and his mother, Quilaynot.

Back in 1823 when young ladies' skirts were flared somewhat and shortened to the ankle and waists were very high, Nancy Shaw, my great-great-grandmother, was just seventeen. It was that year she married my great-great-grandfather, Sidney Smith Ford, who was five years her senior.

Though styles were to change many times from the day of her marriage in New York state until she died at the age of 92 in the far-off state of Washington, Nancy Ford never wavered in her duty to her husband and to the seven children

that were born to her. And she and her husband, Sidney, were to make of their home an abiding place, a resting place, and a place of enjoyment.

During the nine years they made their home in their native New York, three children were born to them—Harriet Jane on May 15 in 1826, Sidney Smith, Jr., in 1829, and Thomas in 1832. Then, in the 1830's, my great-great-grandparents made their home in Michigan where Elizabeth Ann or Lizzie, my great-grandmother, was born on October 16, 1840. When Missouri became their next home, they honored the state by naming their third daughter, born in 1842, Missourie. In that state also at St. Joseph, Fernando C. was born on November 18, 1844.

The next spring, when their youngest son was only a few months old, my great-great-grandparents joined a party of 300 other immigrants to push across the plains and make a new home in Oregon Territory.

The usual hazards were encountered on the six months of weary and slow-moving travel. My great-grandmother, the four-year-old Lizzie, made the trip barefooted. Shortly after she started, her shoes were accidentally destroyed by fire. An infant son of one of the party died and was buried on the trail; and, as was the custom, the oxen were driven over the tiny grave to efface all trace of it and prevent the Indians from securing the child's scalp.

In crossing the mountains, at times the grades were so steep the oxen had to be unyoked and the wagons taken to pieces and hauled up by ropes. The cattle were able to make the steep ascent only when thus unencumbered. Once the guide became bewildered and led the party to the edge of a sheer precipice. Two weeks were lost while the weary travelers retraced their steps to find a route which afforded a more gradual descent.

Aside from stealing the stock, the Indians gave the train little trouble. Not until the following year did they attack and kill immigrants. They are credited with the disappearance of my great-great-grandfather's valuable race horse. Lean, and nearly starved to death, it came back two months later with rope marks around its neck.

The redskins likewise coveted the bacon of the immigrants, and would place wild meat on their ponies' backs, then sit upon it and ride up to the wagon train and say, "Swap meats. Swap meats." Some were so frightened that they "swapped meats" with the Indians.

When one came up to the Ford wagon, however, and refused to leave, my great-great-grandfather calmly looked at his wife and said, "Nancy, hand me my rifle." The Indian

left. This was my great-great-grandfather's first encounter with one of this race. All the rest of his life he was to have many more, and in all of them he was to come out successful. There was something in his calm manner that the Indians respected and feared. The tribesmen north of the Columbia River were to love and honor him for his justice toward them and his understanding of their people and their problems.

The winter of 1845-1846 my great-great-grandparents spent at the site of Oregon City in the Willamette Valley. In the spring, however, Sidney and Nancy decided that the unsettled regions north of the Columbia River would offer the most desirable land where they could make a home that would be an abiding place, a resting place, and a place of enjoyment. Accordingly, my great-great-grandfather with a group which included his seventeen-year-old son, Sidney S., Jr., and Joseph Borst, another native of New York who had come West with him, went to look over the region.

They crossed the Columbia and went up the Cowlitz by canoe to the Hudson Bay Post at the Landing. From there they followed the old Indian trails over the hills through the region of forests and prairies which the Wilkes Expedition had visited a few years earlier and had called a "park-like country."

Traversing a small prairie bordered on the west by the Nisoolups or Chehalis River, and crossing two mouths of the smaller stream that flowed into it, my great-great-grandfather suddenly saw a scene of surprising loveliness—a wide, open land surrounded by a fringe of firs. A snow-capped mountain loomed up in the east and another to the south. On the west, the river bordered the land in a gentle curve. Brilliant red patches covered the prairie—millions of ripe wild strawberries. My grandfather, moved by its beauty, felt this was his future home.

However, the tribe who called themselves Quiyaisk, a branch of the Upper Chehalis, had for generations also found delight in this land by the river. "Tasunshun" meaning "resting place", they called it, and there they came to lie down to rest and to bask in the sun.

But the tribesmen liked my great-great-grandfather. They saw he was kind and honest in his dealings, and they invited him to live there also.

"If you know how to use the land, you can have it," they said.

So my great-great-grandfather returned to Nancy, his wife, with the news that he had found their new home—their resting place which was also the "Tasunshun" of the Quiyaisk.

After crossing the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, the women and children and luggage were put into canoes managed

by Indian paddlers, while the men drove the stock, cattle, and the lightened wagons along the bank, swimming the sloughs and fording the streams.

When arriving at the mouth of the Cowlitz, little Lizzie, my great-grandmother, eager to start the journey up the stream, jumped into the first canoe with the luggage. Before her family missed her, the Indian paddler had carried her far up the river. When her anxious family arrived at the first landing, they found her calmly sitting on the beach, looking very tiny indeed. Although surrounded by a wilderness of river and forest, she seemed quite indifferent to her parents' anxiety about her safety. She had regarded the Indian boatman as her friend. This was the beginning of her trust in the friendly Indians of this vicinity. In her new home, her playmates were to be little Chehalis Indian boys and girls, and she was to learn to speak their language as well as she did her own.

My great-great-grandfather and his sons, Sid and Tom, hewed logs twelve by twelve and fitted them together to make the walls of their roomy new house. They planed the cedar puncheon floor, split shakes for the roof, and built an outside stairway to lead to the second floor. They used niggerhead rocks to construct the mammoth fireplace, so large it burned four-foot logs, dragged into the large living room by horses and then rolled on the fire.

This house, on June 8, 1847, was the birthplace of Mary Angeline, the first white girl born north of the Columbia River. Early in the next year, her oldest brother, Sidney, Jr., enlisted in the Cayuse War and, accompanied by Joseph Borst, his neighbor, left for the eastern part of the Oregon Territory to avenge the Whitman Massacre.

The new prairie soil produced abundant crops of wheat and oats. But supplies could be obtained only by long trips to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, first by oxen to the Hudson Bay Post at the Landing, then by canoe down the Cowlitz and up to the Fort. "This trip took so much time," my grandfather told me, "that I can't see how they ever had any supplies left when they got back home."

But my great-great-grandmother was an ingenious woman and when her supply of flour was low, she made her bread of a coarse flour ground slowly and tediously in her coffee mill. When she ran out of baking soda, she sifted the fine white ash that formed on the top of the burned logs of hard maple in the fireplace. Then she stored it in cans and used it to raise her biscuit. "It raised them just as nice—just as good as soda," my grandfather assured me. The rest of the ashes she ran off into lye for making soap and hominy.

Wild game, of course, was abundant. Then, too, the Indians furnished the family with dried, smoked clams—the “myick” or horse clam, the “shelk” or butter clam, brought from the Sound and the ocean beaches. Cousin Jettie remembers her mother described them as having an unusually pleasing flavor.

My Great-Great-Uncle Fernando, usually called “Sunny,” recalled that he didn’t have a pair of shoes for the first ten or twelve years after he came here. “Not from poverty,” he said, “for times were good and money, plenty; but shoes were just not to be had. Instead, I wore Indian moccasins.”

My great-great-grandfather continued to live in complete friendliness with the Chehalis tribesmen on the 640 acres he had taken out for himself and Nancy, his wife. They worked for him and helped him clear his land and being unable to sound the letters “f” or “r”, they called him “Mister Poot”. Although they didn’t know the value of time and would labor hard all day for a button and were contented with the reward of a cheap shirt for a week’s labor, “Mister Poot”, they said, always paid them fairly.

Silas Heck’s father, Koolah Yuanan, went to live at the Ford place when he was still quite young. At first he was just to look out and see where the cattle were out on the range. Later he drove the ox team and did general work about the place.

My great-great-grandfather even owned an Indian slave. But curiously enough, in buying him, he saved the captive’s life. According to tribal custom, the slave, at the burial of his master, was to be killed along with a favorite horse. However, Great-Great-Grandfather purchased him for a pony and thus saved him from death. He kept and protected the slave for two years, then released him.

The Ford children played with Indian boys and girls and, besides the Quiyaish, the language of the local Indians, learned to speak many other dialects, even of the tribes east of the Cascades. This knowledge was to enable my great-grandmother to save the lives of her family and those of the other white settlers. It was also to make it possible for my Great-Great-Uncle Sidney to serve the first governor of the territory as interpreter in making treaties with native tribes.

“The Fords, and especially ‘Sitnah’, as my people called Sidney, Jr., talked our language better than we did ourselves,” Silas Heck said his father Koolah told him.

The Indians used to look at the fair hair and complexion of young Fernando as he played with their own dark-skinned, black-haired children. “Oh kloquask,” (meaning sun), they would say as they looked at his reddish-gold hair. In this way

he got his name "Sunny." Later they, and all his family, called him "Kolum" and few of his best friends ever knew that his name was really Fernando.

"'Kolum', my father said, was little and cute," recalls Silas Heck, "and they all teased him; though sometimes his older brothers played rough jokes. A mother skunk had built a nest beneath the house. When she started to crawl under, Sid and Tom exclaimed, "'Kolum," "Kolum," quanna, quanna.' (Take hold of her, take hold of her.) Quick as a flash, 'Kolum' grabbed hold of both her hind legs and she sprayed him all over his face, knocking him down and making him fall over in a faint, my father said."

The tribesmen were especially fond of Lizzie whom they called "Lassie." They liked to watch her and "Kolum" use a lariat to skillfully catch the wild Indian ponies. Then they would nod approval while the two children mounted the little animals, and, riding bareback, dashed across the prairie.

My Great-Grandmother Lizzie, long after she was married, still enjoyed a fast ride across the open land. "She could ride like an Indian," my grandfather told me. "When I was small, she used to tie her shawl around me and then around herself so she couldn't lose me out. She might better perhaps have bound me Indian fashion on a board; but I would have been no more securely fastened than in Mother's shawl. Then she used to ride with Joel Ticknor, my father, along the trail from our place on Ticknor Prairie, north of Bucoda, to her old home.

"When we turned the bend on the prairie by Lumises where the little scrub oaks still grow today, we would be in sight of the Ford place. 'I'll race you,' she'd say to Father. Then we did fly over the ground, me tied in Mother's old shawl and bumping along behind her holding on for dear life. Despite the handicap of having me on behind, she always gave Father a good race."

My grandfather recalls that the Indians lived on the Ford place in little tepee-like huts made of split cedar boards overlapping at the top, but leaving, nevertheless, a hole through which ~~the smoke escaped~~ when they built their fires, or "quatowen," to dry and cure their meats.

These little huts formed an enticing object for the mischief of Tom and young "Kolum" or "Sunny". After dark, when they were sure that their parents were occupied elsewhere, the two boys would stretch a rope between them and run by one of the tepee-like shelters. Then they would hide to gleefully watch the confusion they had caused in upsetting the small Indian dwelling.

A smallpox epidemic carried off many of the Chehalis Tribe

about 1851. "But 'Mister Poot' saved my father, Koolah's life," Silas Heck told me, "and also the lives of many of my people. He gave them hot whiskey. 'Mister Poot' and 'Sitnah' and Tom must have already had it for my people spoke of them as 'namaltamun' or immune."

The smaller Ford children, however, were forbidden to go near any who were ill with the disease. But young "Kolum" would slip away down to the well and pass the precious water, or "ka", as they called it, to the feverish Indians lying anguished by thirst.

"Kolum" or "Sunny" was also close by when the medicine man made Tamahnawus to drive away evil spirits. He learned the songs, dances, and chants. "And years later when he lived at a summer resort at Copalis Beach, he'd build a big bonfire every evening. Then, at the urging of the residents, he would sing and dance around it making Tamahnawus," his daughter Angie recalls.

My great-great-grandparents' hewed log house proved a "tasunshun" or resting place, for their family, and many others as well. It was on the bank of the Niscolups or Chehalis River, and in plain view of the road from the Columbia to the Sound; and travelers were informed that they might spend the night there and secure fresh horses with which to continue their journey. Early travel routes named S. S. Ford's in giving distances from Portland to the Sound while the first legislature planned that one of the territorial roads should be built "from Cathlamet on the Columbia to the home of Sidney S. Ford in Thurston County."

The level land of my great-great-grandfather's also became a popular cattle range. For centuries the Indians had kept the wild grass abundant and the land open by burning the prairie each year.

A tall blue grass grew high. When the cattle stood in it to feed, only the top of their backs showed. Arthur A. Denny recalled that in 1852 he and his brother drove stock there for the winter season.

The Ford home proved a welcome resting place indeed for the first governor of the territory and his wife and children in December, 1854, on their way from the East to Olympia for the inauguration.

"It was another rainy, drizzling day," wrote Hazard Stevens, the governor's son and a member of the party. "The road was almost impassable. At Saunders' Bottom, where the town of Chehalis now stands, the mud was knee-deep for two miles, terribly wearing on the animals. At length, after fording the Skookumchuck at its mouth, and traversing an extensive prairie, the wet, tired, and bedraggled party reached the log-

house of Judge Sidney S. Ford, and found hospitable shelter for the night, having traveled about twenty-five miles that day."

My great-great-grandfather was one of the first justices of the peace appointed in the new territory, and he early acquired the title of judge. In his home also convened the first district court, which nearly everyone in the county attended in some capacity or other. It was here that "Old Joe Meek", the United States marshal, informed the jurymen and the witnesses after the court had adjourned that "he could not pay them for their services for there was barely enough left to pay the officers."

It was also in this log cabin that the October 4, 1847, and many succeeding sessions of the Commissioners Court of Lewis County were held. In October, 1851, it was thought the regular session of the court would be held in the near-by residence of Joseph Borst; but when the time came, the jurors were summoned to the John R. Jackson residence on Jackson Prairie. There was much protest from the jurors of the northern part of the district as it would cause them to go fifteen or twenty miles farther and they would have to cross Saunders' Bottom, which was flooded at this time of the year. My greeat-great-grandfather was one of the jurors who was fined \$10 for contempt of court when he refused to attend.

Charles Miles, coauthor of the "Claquato Landmarks," believes that the home of the Fords should have been preserved as well as the Jackson residence, for, he says, it was equal in use and importance as an early courthouse.

August 29, 1851, Judge Ford was one of the 26 delegates who met at Cowlitz Landing "to prepare a memorial to Congress asking for a division of the territory." He was likewise present at the famous Monticello Convention, which met later in that year, and signed his name at the bottom of the petition that, with these words, concluded the request to Congress for the organization of the land north of the Columbia "under a Territorial Government to be named the 'Territory of Columbia'. Done in convention assembled at the town of Monticello, Oregon Territory, this 25th day of November A. D. 1852."

About this time, the Ford family built a second and larger log house for their own residence, using their old one as a storehouse and sleeping quarters for their cook, Peter Austinger, a native of Central America. "A Kanaka", my grandfather calls him and he describes him as "just as black as a 'nigger' and maybe a little blacker. 'Nigger Pete' we always called him among ourselves; but when we called him a nigger, he'd get hopping mad."

The two structures were built so close together that they had a common stairway to their upper floors and one window

in the storehouse looked down upon the main residence.

It was not until the spring of 1855, however, that my great-great-grandfather built a barn for, according to my grandfather, he didn't have much use for one until he started to raise grain. It was of milled lumber, located about a quarter of a mile south of the residence, and was what was known as a post barn, the supports being buried four feet in the ground after which the rest of the structure was built around it. According to Patterson Luark's "Journal", it contained 4,000 feet of lumber, which he hauled for my great-great-grandfather from Armstrong's mill on Black River for a two-year-old heifer valued at \$60.

My great-great-uncles, Tom and Sid Ford, and Sam Williams, who later married their sister Harriet, took part in the historic wreck of the sloop "Georgianna" on Queen Charlotte's Island in the fall of 1851. They had joined a group of prospectors and sailed north when it was learned that gold had been discovered in British Columbia or British Territory, as it was then called. The sloop, however, was blown ashore and wrecked soon after her arrival and my great-great-uncles and companions, together with the officers and crew, were captured by the natives of the island, the warlike Haida Indians. "Perfect savages", Sam Williams' daughter Jettie said her father called them. "And they spared our lives only because of the desired ransom and because they had no knowledge of firearms", he often told her. "Your Uncle Sidney had a revolver and when he shot it through the roof of a tepee, they thought him a sort of god who could cause a short iron stick to shoot fire and make a hole in the roof of their dwelling."

Although the weather was cold and rainy, the captives were stripped of their blankets and most of their clothing. They were treated like slaves, had little to eat, and were compelled to provide wood and water for the Indians' camp. "Some", Sam Williams' daughter Jettie remembers, "were required to dance half the night for salmon skins for food. My father told me that he dug in the earth to reach into the storehouse of his sleeping captors to take berry cakes made of dried salal and thus sustain life."

The Haidas held the prospectors for seventy-four days, treating them very cruelly. That is, all except my Great-Great-Uncle Sidney who, because the chief admired his strength and size, made him his personal slave.

The first eighteen days of their imprisonment were especially wretched as they were forced to live in a long split cedar house along with ten Indian families each numbering from five to eight persons and each with its numberless dogs, fleas, and vermin.

The crudely-made building about seventy by forty feet

in size and twelve feet high furnished slight protection against the cold, especially since the Indians had left their prisoners little clothing.

Finally in December, the Haidas were persuaded to furnish a canoe manned by seven paddlers in which four of the captives started to the Hudson Bay Post at Fort Simpson to obtain ransom. Final rescue, however, at a cost of about \$15,000 was effected by the territorial authorities. When the rescue party, including my great-great-grandfather, arrived with the ransom of ponies, blankets, and supplies, terms were rather easily agreed upon. That is, except with regard to a former New Yorker, who, it seems likely, must have been Sam Williams himself. For he was a native of that state and his daughter Jettie recalled that he told of his being required to beat the tom-toms and dance most of the night for the Haidas. Perhaps it was in self-defense that he didn't tell his daughter the rest of the story, the part recorded by the Historian Snowden as follows:

"The ransom was arranged without much difficulty, except in the case of one member of the party who had lived for a considerable time in the Bowery in New York. He could sing and dance and do many other things for which the Bowery boys of that day were noted, and early in the captivity of the party had done so much to entertain the Indians that they had treated him with more consideration than any of the others, and some of his companions believed that they were all treated more leniently than they otherwise would have been, on his account.

"But his abilities as an entertainer were so much appreciated that he finally began to wish he had never exhibited them, for the Indians kept him singing and dancing most of the day and a large part of the night. To add to his miseries, a very ancient squaw adopted him as her son, and became so assiduous in her attentions to him that she insisted on masticating his food before she permitted him to swallow it. All the Indians wished to have him exempted from the general ransom, and the old squaw was particularly unwilling to part with him. For a long time after his return his companions in captivity and others used to remind him of the devotion of this venerable admirer, particularly when they thought it would be most annoying."

The older Ford children, meanwhile, were marrying and leaving the abiding place of their parents to make homes of their own. Little Missourie, however, was already in her final resting place. When she died, my great-great-grandfather buried her on his farm and there she still lies near what the Quiyaish called their "tasunshun" or resting place.

Harriet Jane, the oldest daughter, married George L.

Waunch, the first settler in this locality, in 1847. Soon after the birth of a son, George L., Jr., in 1848, she returned to the home of her parents, and later married Samuel H. Williams in 1852. As has been mentioned, he was also a native of New York, having been born in Rochester in 1828. In 1843 he came around the "Horn" and six years later took part in the California gold rush where he met Sidney and Tom and returned north with them in 1851. After his marriage to Harriet Jane, the couple moved to Peterson (then Chehalis) Point on Grays Harbor. In 1853 he erected the first house on the prairie at Cedarville, a bullet-proof structure of planking four inches thick, faced or sealed on the outside. Gun slits were placed at convenient intervals in the walls.

Armstrong and Brady built it for him, and he lived there until he passed away at the age 86. His last words, his daughter Jettie remembers, were about this home. "Armstrong and Brady, 1853," he said just before he died, lifting his hands toward the ceiling. The barn with its hand-hewn beams built in September, 1855, is still standing across from the residence of his daughter, Jettie Williams Rasmussen.

Tom, by 1853, had married Mary, an Indian princess, whose father was chief at Claquato, and had himself taken out a donation claim not far from what later became the county seat. It was his young wife who was to give the warning and save the settlers when the local tribes planned their uprising.

They had one boy Thomas B. (Tommy), who died when about twenty, and two girls, Ella and Alice, who married and reared families on the Harbor.

My Great-Great-Uncle Tom was remembered by my grandfather as being of blond complexion. "He had a cataract, a sort of transparent film, over one eye from the time he was a small boy. But it didn't interfere with his marksmanship. In fact, my opinion is, it rather improved it. When he got ready to shoot, he didn't have to stop to shut one eye. It was already closed."

Sidney, Jr., my grandfather described as having a beard black as a crow. By the end of the Indian wars he, too, had married an Indian girl, Tuweequshun. They had a daughter Lena or Lanie who was raised by the Judson family and later lived near Oakville. His second wife was named Quisah and was a cousin of Tuweequshun. They had two boys. Their oldest son, Ben, was drowned at Hoquiam. The other, Lafayette, or Fate as he was called, stammered and grandfather said he used to mimic his cousin, one of Harriet Jane's girls. "That was the Ford in him. They were all great mimics," my grandfather would explain. "If they couldn't make fun of some-

body else, they made fun of one another."

My great-grandmother, Lizzie, married Joel Ticknor when she was fifteen years old and they went to live on Ticknor's Prairie north of Bucoda. "My father", my grandfather told me, "crossed the plains in 1850, five years after my mother. He first squatted on the land just north of the Fords, later occupied by the Luarks and then by the Robert Brown family. An old Indian came by one day and told him he'd show him a better place. 'Niscloten', he called it or 'the place where the smoke settles'. My father went with him and looked at the prairie. He liked it and shortly after, he built a home of split cedar. It was there I was born in 1855."

When my great-great-grandfather assisted with the rescue of his sons from the Haidahs, he also brought back an Indian slave, a member of a distant tribe, who had been held a prisoner for many years. Mary Angeline, great-great-grandfather's youngest daughter, recalled that his pitifully scarred body testified to the tortures he had endured.

In deep gratitude for his rescue he attached himself to my great-great-grandfather, and in the time of unrest that was ahead he frequently warned him and thus frustrated many plots against his life.

And surely my great-great-grandfather had need of warnings. The Indians were becoming restive, resenting the number of white men who were settling on their land. Nevertheless, they had great confidence in him and regularly came to him for advice and he used his influence to keep them at peace.

Meanwhile, the territory had a new governor who was making treaties with the Indians. My great-great-grandfather and his sons were aides to Governor Stevens, my Great-Great-Uncle Sidney serving to interpret the terms to the Indians as they were read, sentence by sentence in the jargon. At the first meeting, six or seven hundred Indians of the powerful Nisqually nation encamped during the Christmas holidays in 1854 on a sort of island about a mile above the mouth of Medicine Creek, where Great-Great-Uncle Sidney had aided in clearing the ground so that the tribesmen might spread their blankets and be in hearing distance of the speakers. With sixty-two chiefs and eighteen other white men, my Great-Great-Uncle Sidney signed his name to the Treaty of Medicine Creek.

In the next month, he was sent to assemble the remaining tribes of the Nisqually nation at Point Elliot where nearly 2,300 Indians were present. Then followed a council at Point No Point, where the Clallams, Chemakums, and Skokomish were gathered—then a fourth with the Makahs and a few other tribes in the neighborhood of Neah Bay—all four concluded within a month.

My Great-Great-Uncle Sidney was one of two sent to summon the Chehalis, Quinault, and Quillayute Tribes to assemble February 25, 1855, on the banks of the Chehalis River at the present site of Cosmopolis. Judge Ford was present as were his two sons, Sidney, Jr., and Tom, who served as assistant interpreters. About 350 Indians and twelve white men met in the two or three acres which had been cleared of brush and logs, piled up so as to form an oblong space.

"My mother, Quilaynot, told me about this meeting," recalls Silas Heck, "when representatives of the Upper Chehalis went down there in a canoe. Her cousin Quatsitan, known by the Boston name of William Choke, dressed the meat for the council and saw it from beginning to end."

The behavior of Carcowan, one of the Lower Chehalis leaders, was considered insulting by the governor, who tore up the paper he had given the Indian designating him as a chief. No agreement was reached at this meeting. The large painting hanging in the hall of the Grays Harbor Courthouse, pictures this tense moment at what is called the Treaty of Cosmopolis and shows my great-great-uncles and great-great-grandfather with Governor Stevens facing Carcowan and the other Indian representatives.

My Great-Great-Uncle Sidney also went east of the mountains with the governor to make a treaty with the 5,000 Indians who assembled at Mill Creek, a tributary of the Walla Walla River. He was present at other gatherings and also went beyond the Rocky Mountains, "to meet the formidable and warlike Blackfeet in council, and make a treaty guaranteeing permanent peace between them and all neighboring tribes, and with the United States."

After the successful negotiations with the Blackfeet, in the fall of 1855, my Great-Great-Uncle Sidney started westward with the governor "to find that the country through which he must travel was already ablaze with war." The Indian tribes had decided to make a last stand against the white men.

Trouble had broken out west of the Cascades as well. "It had really started at the Treaty of Medicine Creek," Silas Heck told me, "when Leschi, one of the prominent Nisqually chiefs, signed this treaty and deeded away the fertile land of his fathers on Nisqually Prairie where he had raised good horses and lots of grain; where the trout ran thick in three or four creeks, and where the near-by prairies were the best kind of deer hunting ground. And for what? For land on the Sound (by New London) where not even a grasshopper could live. When he realized what he had done, he was so mad that he threw down his hat four times. He vowed revenge on the governor who had tricked him.

"Then, during the next year, he went to the neighboring tribes trying to get them to join him. He didn't get quite around, however. Many times he sent to the Upper Chehalis, but they refused to go in with him. Finally he saw it was too late to complete his confederation so he threw it all up and went in on his own. He got his warriors together where Fort Lewis now stands. There they built a fire against a tree and moulded bullets all one night, divided them in the morning, and went on. Leschi had begun the war.

"Not against the white settlers, though, for he said to them, 'I am not mad at you, but only Governor Stevens and his soldiers.' I know all of this because Indian Luke who was one of Leschi's warriors, told my father and after the war he took him to that very tree. It still had fire marks upon it."

My Great-Great-Uncle Tom's wife, Mary, learned from her people that the Indians of this region were also planning an uprising. Accordingly, the white settlers started to build stockades and fortresses at Claquato and on Grand Mound Prairie. The Fords, nevertheless, stayed at their home, having devised a means of turning their two log cabins into a double blockhouse. My grandfather recalls that this was done by making blocks six or eight inches thick that might be placed over the lower part of the windows in time of attack or danger, leaving only a small opening at the top of each window which served for ventilation and as a gun slit or a loop hole. The Elkanah Mills family came to live in the older dwelling that had been used as a storehouse.

Meanwhile, my great-great-grandfather had been made local Indian agent for the Upper Chehalis, having received his appointment on October 2, 1855.

"This was done," states a letter from the National Archives in Washington, D. C., "in accordance with the policy which had been worked out of designating . . . 'different points where Indians who wished to maintain friendly relations with whites should come and place themselves under the charge of a local Agt appointed for that purpose, who would take possession of their arms giving receipts for the same to be returned at such time as the Dept should think proper, take a list of the names of all the males and those that surrender arms, making them answer to their names as called at least once every day and in consideration of their doing this, whenever there was deficiency of provisions amongst them in consequence of their new position the local Agt. would provide for their necessities in the most economizing manner possible. Concluding that it was much cheaper for the Government to feed them than to fight them.' "

The letter also states: "Ford's services as local agent proved very satisfactory, and on April 25, 1856, Governor Isaac Stevens appointed him Special Agent for the Western District, having under his jurisdiction ' . . . the Cowlitz Indians, the upper and lower Chehalis, and the tribes thence northward to Cape Flattery.' This was considered a very difficult district to manage ' . . . in consequence of the Cowlitz and Chehalis Indians being in the midst of the settlements and from their being closely allied with the hostiles who have made every effort to plunge them into the war.' "

Stories handed down by the Ford family enlarge upon this material, explaining that as Indian agent my great-great-grandfather did all he could to prevent any hostilities between the two races. He took the precaution, however, of having the tribesmen surrender their guns explaining that if they would live on his land in peace, the government would feed them and they would not need their firearms for hunting.

Patterson Luark, furthermore, makes frequent mention in his "Journal" of selling potatoes and beef to my great-great-grandfather "to feed the siwash."

Koolah remembered the rations, especially the black molasses and hardtack they received. "Saturday was the day food was given out and the Indians called it 'punsquitemk' meaning 'distribution day for rations' or 'that day they pass things around.' Ever since my people have called Saturday punsquitemk," Silas Heck explained.

Estimates vary as to the number of Indians actually encamped at great-great-grandfather's. Some claim there were as many as five thousand; others say two hundred. Great-great-grandfather made the Indians' rifles useless, my grandfather told me, by removing the locks and hiding them under the house. All of this came about, he said, after his mother had overheard a plot.

"Your great-grandmother, Lizzie," he began, "was standing by the door of her father's barn when messengers from the hostile Indians beyond the Cascades came to plan with the 'friendly' Chehalis to make an attack on the white settlers. They spoke in the east-of-the-mountain dialect, not realizing your great-grandmother understood every word. She told her father and he prevented the plan from being carried out by taking the locks from the Indians' guns and hiding them under the house."

Nevertheless, many of the friendly Indians encamped at my great-great-grandfather's were able to secure shiny new muskets. Silas Heck says his father told him it happened this way:

"Always we were afraid of an attack by the hostiles, and being unarmed, what chance would we have had. But Clilike (Clilac) resorted to a trick and secured arms for us. He ripped his pant leg then ran toward camp yelling, 'Hostile Indians! Hostile Indians!' He explained that the hostiles had got after him and had pursued him so closely he'd ripped his clothing in running away from them. 'Mister Poot' considered it advisable to arm some of them and that was the beginning of 'Sitnah's' company of friendly Indians. My father said he had to hold up his hand and swear and he was given a uniform and a shiny new musket with a bayonet.

"'Oh we glad then,' said my father. 'Before we have no guns. 'Mister Poot' take them. If Leschi come then, what we do?'

"But 'Mister Poot' needed my father at home and wouldn't let him go very far away. However, Quatsita, one of his cousins, was taken to Yelm Prairie as were the others of 'Sitnah's' friendly Indians, and was trained with the white soldiers. He said they practiced shooting at a board as big as a man—evidently not a great distance from the target for the muskets of that day couldn't shoot far.

"All that winter my father, Koolah, helped 'Mister Poot' with his stock," continued Silas Heck, "and he did the chores and also stood guard right at the 'skookum house,' or fort, as the Indians called the two log houses; for 'Mister Poot' had placed wooden blocks a foot thick over the windows. All over the surrounding area, Indian guards were placed, my father said. Two were at the location of the present Button Brothers' service station and two further on. As far away as Grand Mound there was only one out-guard. And so they were scattered all around. The plan was that if anyone saw the enemy, he was to run to the next guard, pass the alarm and fall back. In this way there would be a large force about the skookum house to make a stand.

"All that winter my father stood guard. And every night, my father says, he also helped to build a ring of big fires around 'Mister Poot's' skookum house so that it was lighted up and also the prairie far, far out. Then no hostiles could approach the fort without being seen. Every day, with ox teams, the Indians who camped on the place, hauled logs for the fires.

"Nearly every day they'd hear rumors that Leschi had been killed. And always the friendly Chehalis were apprehensive lest he attack. They didn't know that there need not be this fear. After the war they learned that Leschi told his warriors—we had many cousins who were warriors in his band—to go to our tribe and find which ones were fighting with the government so that when they met them in a skirmish, they

wouldn't kill their own people. Some were all over this part of the country keeping him posted."

Leschi's band, on the other hand, was hardly as large and formidable as my great-great-grandparents and the other white settlers, or even the friendly Indians themselves, supposed it to be. Silas Heck told me of its size and also gave me the following picture of life in Leschi's camp, quite a contrast to the close quarters of Fort Henness where the women and children of the five prairies were staying or the skookum house where lived Nancy Ford and her son, Fernando or "Sunny" and her young daughter, Angeline.

"Leschi never had more than 100 in his band including women and children," Silas Heck said. "Father's first cousin was married to one of his warriors. She was 15 at the time and she said it didn't seem like anything unusual. The women and children camped in the woods while the men went out. They'd be gone for a day—maybe for two or three at a time. The women and children amused themselves with games—bone gambling or those with bear teeth. Or they played the woman's game called 'carrying the stick' by getting in two lines and having one of the players carry a stick from one line to the other while all called her funny names. If she reached the opposite line before cracking a smile, she'd get a point."

It seemed life in Leschi's camp was hardly less calm than at my great-great-grandfather's where the friendly Chehalis were peacefully awaiting their weekly punsquitemk. There was one evening of excitement that winter, however, and on Tuesday, January 29, 1856, Patterson Luark recorded in his "Journal":

"This morning at the first cock crowing we heard the report of some 10 or 15 guns at Fords and a terrible yelling of the Indians and dogs. So we rose immediately and prepared ourselves for defense, supposing there must be trouble at Fords as there was near a hundred Siwash camped there and only 6 or 8 white men. There was a German staying over night with us and at light Mr. Stearns came along from Goodell's place. He returned to the fort in haste. The trouble was two strange Indians having been seen and heard by the friendly Indians. They was greatly alarmed. S. S. Ford gave some of them guns to stand guard, in company with the whites. A great owl finally alighted near the barn and made a hen squall so up draws the Indian and fired at the owl and instantly all fired off their pieces and ran screaming and yelling old fashioned like. We finally in the evening got four men and watched the road all night by pairs but no siwash."

"My father Koolah told me he was the one who shot that owl," says Silas Heck. "This is the incident as he told it to me:

"'It was drizzly night. Kind when moon shines through clouds making almost light like day. After midnight I stand and watch owl in little oak tree. It try to get 'Mister Poot's' chickens. It fly to limb, jump over closer, closer to chicken until chicken jump down from tree to ground. I watch this happen again, again. Each time different chicken. I think I do something. I go to 'Mister Poot'.

"'Owl try to catch your chicken,' I says. He says just, 'Mamook pooh' (shoot him). So I go out and glad to shoot my new musket. Aim at owl. Fire. He fall. I hear guns fire close, close, all around me. Then far away. All fire. Far yet away. More fire. Outposts hear. Fire too.

"'Your mother hear it over in Indian camp. 'Big battle,' she says to women. 'All us lay down on ground so bullets go over heads.'

"'I go to Indian camp in morning. They run up to me. They ask how happen. Then they make joke. 'Koolah, you get Leschi?' they says. 'Yes,' I says, 'Leschi over there. Got feathers on.' Then they all laugh about it'."

Another incident also caused a stir in the Indian camp at my great-great-grandfather's that year and at the skookum house as well. In the middle of June, Stamelo, an intoxicated Indian, was killed at Fort Henness. The story told by Silas Heck's father, Koolah, varies with the usual accounts given by the fort residents.

"The drunken Indian beat his wife," Mr. Heck said, "and she took refuge in the fort. He followed her in. The women hid her so he couldn't find her. It was dark. He was just kneeling by the fire in the center of the stockade reaching for a coal to take it up and light his pipe when he was shot in the breast by someone from across the fire. The men in the fort held a council. They considering burying his body within the walls. No one would be wiser, they said. But Sam James and others insisted that that wouldn't be honest or right. So they took his body outside the stockade and set a wagon box up edgewise over it to protect it from the sun and sent word to 'Mister Poot' that the Indian had been killed.

"My father drove over with the Ford oxen and carried the body to the Indian camp for burial. It was decided since the white men had not hidden the body, and since it had always been understood no Indian was to go into the fort, the killing of the Indian was merely an act of war and not murder. That was the way it was left."

In the spring of 1856, my great-great-grandfather was appointed to the commander-in-chief's staff as aide to the governor with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Great-great-grandfather never had any fear that the Indians would harm him and they too felt him to be absolutely fearless, a belief that, incidentally, is said to have incited a plot against his life. "They thought your grandfather the personification of bravery," my great-great-aunt told her daughter Jettie. "They coveted his bravery to the extent that they once planned to kill him so that they might obtain his heart, roast it, and eat it, and by so doing become as brave as he. A friendly Indian warned your grandfather of the plan and he kept his heart."

"Hostile Indian spies," Mary Angeline told her granddaughter Mattie Shelton, "incited several attempts on my father's life. One was made at the time of the overnight visit of a Catholic priest for whom the Indians had a respect amounting almost to superstition. An Indian climbed the stairway between the two log buildings so that he might shoot through the narrow slit at the top of the window and thus kill my father. But the priest sat between him and the window and after waiting as long as he dared for the Catholic father to move, the Indian slipped away without firing."

From January 11 to May 1, 1856, my great-great-uncle was in charge of what was known as Captain Sidney S. Ford, Jr.'s company of "Walla Walla Mounted Militia" of the Second Regiment of Washington Territory Volunteers. He seemed to continue, nevertheless, with his friendly Indians who were used mostly as scouts. "My father like all of the others," said Silas Heck, "wore a piece of white cloth on his hat to distinguish him from a hostile. Although 'Mister Poot' kept him to guard the home place, once he was sent as far away as Olympia. On the way back, he was nearly killed when going by the fort on Grand Mound. There seemed to be disagreement in the stockade, according to my father. Relatives of those who had been killed by the Indians were in favor of doing away with all of my people they could. Others cautioned that such an act would be annihilation for all the white settlers in this district. The last group won out. But father nearly lost his life because of those who held the first opinion."

The historian, Snowden, says that my Great-Great-Uncle Sidney's life was in constant danger from the treachery of his friendly Indians. And my grandfather agrees.

"One time," my grandfather told me, "when your Great-Great-Uncles Sid and Tom were with their friendly Indians right after Northcraft was killed, they stopped to clean their guns. Sid noticed that Clilac, who was kind of a mean old Indian, in handling his gun kept it pointed toward Tom. Sid just kept still but he reached over and touched Tom on the

foot to attract his attention. They took the guns away from the Indians and turned them back toward home. "Their plan", my grandfather observed, "was to kill Sid and Tom and then join the hostiles."

One night, according to the historian, Snowden, my Great-Great-Uncle Sid lay wrapped in his blanket and listened while his "friendly" Indians who supposed him to be asleep discussed the advisability of killing him and dividing his goods and valuables. But, according to the historian, "he never flinched from the service he had undertaken, and rendered excellent service during the remainder of the war."

My Great-Great-Uncle Tom had many narrow escapes also. His niece, Jettie Williams Rasmussen, says she'd heard him tell of this one. "Once when Uncle Tom was returning from east of the mountains alone," she said, "he met a group of warlike Klickitats on the rampage. He saw no escape. They asked him if he was alone and he said, 'Oh no, there's a big company of soldiers following me. Don't you see them?' And as luck would have it, there was a band of wild horses moving in the distance. Seeing them also but thinking them approaching soldiers on their mounts, the Indians permitted him to go unharmed. 'I'll tell you I was pretty scared,' he used to say as he told the story", concluded his niece.

At the close of the Indian wars, Quiemuth, brother of Leschi and also one of the Indian leaders, surrendered himself and was placed in the governor's office for protection.

My grandfather was only a year old at this time but he says that later when he was a small boy, his father and mother often sat, one on each side of their huge fireplace in their home on Ticknor Prairie, and smoked their pipes—"Mother smoked a pipe same as Father," he said—and told stories about the Indian wars. This is one of them. While it does not agree in all particulars with the death of Quiemuth that is told by state historians, it has notable variations and is recorded here merely as a story that has come down by word of mouth for eighty-five years.

"My father", began my grandfather, "was on the jury that tried Quiemuth, who was charged with the murder of the white settlers and was to be hanged if found guilty. The Indian and the jurors were kept in Governor Stevens' office. While waiting one evening, James Bunton swore vengeance on the Indian, supposedly the murderer of his father-in-law, James McAllister. He raised up one corner of his blanket so he could see the reclining Indian's face. 'This Quiemuth?' he asked. 'Yes, this Quiemuth,' the prisoner replied, so James Bunton took out his pistol and shot the Indian.

"But the Indian's hands were crossed over his chest so the bullet merely wounded his wrist. Everybody rose and rushed for the door. Father said, 'For God's sake, don't let the Indian out.' Someone turned the Indian around and struck him with a dirk. It was a right-handed stab by a left-handed person so all knew who it was did it. 'I'm a dead man', the Indian said, and fell dead. Ripley was accused of murder but was not punished. It was decided it was all right for him to do it. The Governor was pretty sore. He said it didn't matter so much that the Indian was killed, but he didn't like it to be done right in his office.

"During the trials of Leschi that followed, attention was called to the suffering the white men had endured from Indian raids in crossing the plains and to the many white men the Indians had killed and whose bones were left to bleach on the plains."

Silas Heck says that Leschi's band deserted him. At any rate, he was finally surrendered to the government by one of his own people. My Great-Great-Uncle Sidney was in charge of the party which captured the famous chief and the Ford family for years had the handcuffs which he placed on Leschi.

Governor Stevens disbanded the volunteer regiments in November, 1856. Then he resigned from his governorship for he desired to run as a delegate to Congress so that he might secure ratification of his Indian treaties. He left in 1857 to go East and Silas Heck's mother, Quilaynot, told her son of the last meeting he had with her people, even while he was on his way. It was right in front of my Great-Great-Grandfather Ford's skookum house.

"My mother, an Upper Chehalis, and her two children attended the gathering of about a thousand of her tribe," Silas Heck told me. "My father was there too. She described it in this way:

"Governor Stevens and Wesley, the interpreter stood arm in arm in the center of a large circle. The Governor would speak a sentence then take a step. Wesley, the interpreter, would then say it in Chinook. Then he'd give another sentence and take another step and Wesley would translate it into Chinook. So they went, pivoting around in the center of the large circle. In this way, all could hear very plain.

"'I have so many people back East,' Governor Stevens said. 'They must have a place to stay. There are so many they soon will have nothing to live on. Then they will have to eat one another. I'm going back to lay your problem before the government. I'll find what they will pay you for your land. But your fishing and hunting rights you may keep. You shall

keep them as long as that white mountain stands and as long as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west.'

"My mother says the Governor had his bags with him all packed and as soon as he finished his speech, he continued on his journey to the East. She never saw him again.

"The Governor's speech, however, had appealed to something down deep inside my people. They felt sorry when he says the white race have to eat one another. They would like to do something to help.

"The Upper Chehalis remained the non-treaty Indians. They never signed away their original rights and still have them by law. For the sake of peace, they did what Governor Stevens told them to, accepting his words to them as an understanding even though they never received what the Governor promised them. After the war, they retired to 'Tahoun', or Horse Prairie, the reservation by Union, or Oakville as it is now called, that the government had set aside for them."

After the Indian wars, my grandfather continued to be special Indian agent for the Western District until 1859. His son, Sidney, was also local agent at the Fox Indian Reservation from April, 1856, to the same month of the next year. In 1860 he was appointed in that position for the Quinault Reservation.

With the coming of more settled conditions, my great-great-grandparents thought again of their home. They sought to change it from a mere skookum house, a place of protection and shelter, to a real "tasunshun" or place of beauty and enjoyment. Accordingly, they built what was known to the other settlers as the Ford mansion, a big white house with green shutters.

Grandfather says it was erected by "a little bit of a Frenchman" named Aric Van Wie, who was a wonderful workman. He thinks it was built about 1858, but the census of 1860 lists Van Wie's name with those of the Ford family; so it was likely that it was about this time he was working on the house. It was a large two-story one of "box construction". Bracket work ornamented its upper balcony and the lower ~~porches which ran around~~ three sides—everywhere but behind the kitchen, my grandfather remembers. Harriet Jane's daughter, Jettie, thinks it cost \$30,000, and it's a tradition in the family that the furniture and finishing came around the "Horn." "It was beautifully furnished," Jettie remembers, "and we children loved to play there, running around the large porches and then through the rooms that joined one another."

"The dining room alone was thirty by twenty-five feet," my grandfather told me, "and the table was twenty feet long. A little table was added at each end when they had company."

Truly it became a place of enjoyment for the whole vicinity. "They danced in the dining room," recalled my grandfather. "They'd clear the floor and push the big table back against the wall and I'd sit on it and watch my father and mother dance. All the neighbors came. George Mills played—the old-time schottish I play was one of his. I also play the German waltz and round waltz he played on his fiddle, the one where the waltzers went round and round with no reverses. That kind made my mother sick and she never waltzed much, but she liked the German waltz that came later, when she could be turned around and go the other way for awhile.

"Angeline was married to John Shelton in the new house," continued my grandfather. "They had an 'infare' and the table certainly was piled up with mighty good food." An "infare", according to my grandfather, is a big dinner with lots to eat—a big celebration always connected with a wedding.

Great-great-grandfather had a pet elk that wandered about the place quite freely. "I can see myself now," my grandfather says, "when I was four years old, running down the road being what I called 'chased to death' by Grandfather's mean old pet elk."

"An elk is a mischievous animal," Harriet Jane's daughter, Jettie, recalls, "and when grandfather's got into his orchard and spoiled the fruit, he horsewhipped it. Never again did it disturb or even enter his orchard—but it went to the Brown's, his neighbors, and caused annoyance there."

Later in the 1880's little Ada Ready (now Mrs. Smith) remembers that the Fords also had a pet deer that was very gentle to those it knew, but was afraid of anyone to whom it wasn't accustomed. "It used to go in and out of the house at will," Mrs. Smith remembers. "One day I was over there," she continued, "and it became frightened because I was a stranger so it didn't observe the formality of leaving by the door but went right out through the window."

My Great-Great-Uncle Sidney in 1860 married a girl of his own people, Mary E. Moore, considered the prettiest girl in the county, and everyone thought that they made a handsome pair indeed. Tom Davis was in love with her, too, and there had been quite a bit of rivalry before Sid finally won her. However, there was never any harsh feeling and each continued to play rather good-natured pranks on the other.

"Once," my grandfather remembers, "Tom Davis went to sleep in a wagon box propped up on poles. Sid and his brother Tom removed some of the supports so that it swayed from side to side. Then each grabbed a pole and climbed into the wagon box. Suddenly Tom Davis was awakened by being jolted back and forth to the sound of two voices shout-

ing, 'We're going over the rapids. We're going over the rapids,' as he continued to be bumped up and down, and up and down, against the floor of the wagon bed."

Great-Great-Uncle Sidney had settled on a donation claim on a natural clearing south of Cedarville, named after him and also known as Fords Prairie. There, it's recalled, he lost about one hundred head of cattle and fifteen horses in the severe winter of 1860-1861.

Three of the twelve children born to him and his wife Mary died at birth. The other nine were John, Myrtle, May, Anson, Sidney R., Tresse, Grace, Ernest, and Ivy. The last five named above survived him at his death, April 16, 1900. He was buried in the Sharon Cemetery located on the Fords Prairie named in his honor.

The following November 23, my oldest great-great-aunt, Harriet Jane Williams, died at her home in Cedarville. Six young men, her grandsons, bore her to her last resting place. Seven children were born to her and her husband Samuel Williams: Jane, Lottie, Samuel, Mary, Thomas, Bathania, and Jettie.

Tom likewise remarried. In 1864, Agnes Kirtley became his bride. Her people were early donation claim owners south of Tenino. They had three boys and four girls, and his wife also reared all of the children of Great-Great-Uncle Tom's first marriage with her own. "Aunt Aggie was a wonderful woman," my mother often said, "I always thought of her and Uncle Tom as closer to me in kinship than they really were. They settled on the Humptulips and reared their family but no school was there so they sold their place and moved out. Then his wife inherited the Kirtley place, where they lived until they died. He passed away March 5, 1908, at the age of 76.

"One of Tom and Aggie's boys," my grandfather told me, "was named Ulysses Grant Ford, and he always signed his name U. Grant Ford. Once, he said, he went to be a witness in court, and he had to hold up his hand and swear, 'I, U. Grant Ford, do solemnly swear——.' Then he'd add, 'Now ain't that a hell of a name?'" Their other children were Allen, Fred, Anna, Lily, Effie, and Eva.

Grandfather has but one recollection of the Civil War. "I can well remember," he told me, "the colored pictures yards long, Grandma and Grandpa had on the wall showing war scenes."

Silas Heck, however, said his mother told him that "Mister Poot" received the news of the death of Governor Stevens who was a general in the war. "Shot with a bullet through the head, 'Mister Poot' heard, she said and he and all her people very

sorry about it."

My Great-Great-Aunt Angeline told her Granddaughter Mattie this incident about the news of the death of Lincoln. These are my Cousin Mattie's words. "One day as my grandmother, Angie Ford, was driving to Olympia with her father, they met a man on horseback who checked his furious speed long enough to shout 'Lincoln has been shot. He is dead.' Judge Ford, staunch old Republican that he was, cried like a child and said he felt as though he had lost his own father."

My great-great-grandfather outlived Abraham Lincoln by only two years. He died in 1866 at the age of sixty-six as the result of a rather peculiar illness. "We know now what he died of," my grandfather told me. "It was appendicitis."

He was buried beside his little daughter, Missouri, on the part of his donation claim that was the first burial plot in this part of the country—one-fourth of an acre which still belongs to his heirs.

Whenever the old donation claim property has been sold, this provision has been included in the deed. "Reserving and excepting one-fourth of an acre of said tract of land, being the ground now used for a cemetery, the center of the late Sidney S. Ford's grave being the center of said reserved one-fourth of one acre of land."

For many years after Great-Great-Grandfather Ford's death, Fernando or "Sunny" and his family lived in the Ford mansion with my great-great-grandmother. He had married Mary Martin in 1865, and a rather interesting story is told by Sylvia Borst, a great-niece of the little bride, concerning their elopement.

Young Mary was just thirteen and when her father, Jesse Martin, learned that she had run off and married "Sunny" Ford, he picked up his Kentucky squirrel rifle and went out to seek the youthful bridegroom. However, a friend of the lovers appeared in the shape of intervening distance. The couple went to live at my great-great-grandfather's and the angry parent who resided at Tenino, more than sixteen miles away, found the distance too great to pursue the newly-wedded pair.

Great-Great-Uncle "Sunny" Ford's first six children were girls. He used to be teased quite a bit about it and he'd say, "We're going to keep on trying until we have a boy and then we'll stop." It seemed he was only partly right for his seventh child was a boy whom they named Claude. But he later had two more daughters, eight in all—Minnie, Maud, Angie, Lottie, Jessie, Cora, Ella, and Anna. My Great-Great-Uncle "Sunny" came to Centralia after leaving Fords Prairie. He was living near Tenino at the time of his death in 1916.

All of her grandchildren felt they had a home with their grandmother, Nancy Ford. "She always had a house full of boys and she mothered them all," her granddaughter, "Sunny's" daughter Angie recalled. While another granddaughter, Jet-tie, remembers how much she enjoyed her visits there. "The upstairs bedroom on the north side," she said, "was grand-ma's room. None of us children were allowed in it, but once there was a crack in the door and my sister and I stood and looked and looked through it. Her room had so many pretty things in it. I have a rocker of hers. It's mahogany I think. It's a comfortable chair and I still sit in it. My mother also used it. I treasure it greatly because it was brought across the plains by my grandmother in 1845."

My great-great-grandmother was French, my mother said her grandmother told her, and she thinks that's the reason Nancy Ford wore a frilly white cap. "I can't remember ever having seen my grandmother without her white cap," my grandfather said.

"Grandma Ford, as we all called her, had white hair and wore a white cap, and was so very neat," Sophia Ready, now Mrs. Willey, recalls. "The right side of the fireplace was hers. It was there that she always sat when she came downstairs. Oh, how well I remember. She was quiet but very kind."

Great-great-grandmother, Nancy Ford, lived until her ninety-third year, when she passed away on April 8, 1898, at the home of her youngest daughter, Angeline, who was then living in Centralia.

Angeline, after her marriage to John Shelton in 1865, lived for four years on the south half of the Ford donation claim and built a log house known as the "Shelton House". Later the family moved into Centerville where they bought the Dr. Weston house across from the depot. My Great-Great-Aunt Angeline was described by her neighbors as "a very fine seamstress, very reserved, a nice woman, a good woman, a hard worker, a homebody, and a person one hardly ever saw go anywhere." Her husband, John Shelton, was sheriff, county commissioner, and postmaster. And she, herself, the first white girl born north of the Columbia River, died in Seattle in 1934 at the age of eighty-seven. Their six children were David, Charley, Guy, Anson, Lillie, and Nellie.

"When I was four," my grandfather said, "my father, Joel Ticknor, built the house that still stands on Ticknor Prairie. Aric Van Wie, who the year before had constructed the Ford house, built ours. The fiery little Frenchman was vexed more than once at my getting into his tools. Even at the age of four, I was so interested in them that he could scarcely keep them hidden from me."

My grandfather continued, "Father liked his horses and left the cows for Mother to care for. In fact, they were his favorites to the extent that if there was a lean year, he'd feed the hay to his horses and the straw to the cows. He also liked his chickens, called them his family. He'd go out and broadcast grain like sowing a field. He'd get them to come to their feed by calling, 'Familia, familias, familiarium.' Doubtless this use of Latin was the result of his early education. All the Ticknors were well-schooled.

"My mother was of an independent nature. She wanted to cut her hair when she was about forty, so cut it she did. She had never gone to school, so she couldn't read nor write; but she got tired of having Father read to her so she began spelling out the letters as she sat by the fire. He'd tell her the words and she got so she could read the paper for herself. She never could write, though, and always made 'X' for her mark."

My mother also has recollections of Lizzie, who was, of course, her grandmother. "Grandma was very progressive," she told me, "and she didn't believe with her neighbors that everything should be done by hand. They seemed to think that it was a sign of laziness to have a machine work for you. Much like the old West Virginian lady at Little Rock who resented the idea of serving the Lord with a machine when the congregation bought an organ. Grandma was the first one around to get a washing machine though all the other women believed that only a washboard got clothes really clean."

When my Great-Grandmother Lizzie died at the age of 76, March 7, 1916, her home was still on Ticknor Prairie where she had come as a bride more than 60 years before. The seven children who survived her are still living. Henry, Sherman, and Clara are dead, but the other seven, headed by Grandfather Riley who is 85, are Joel, Nancy, Nettie, Hester, Edith and Blanche.

Great-Great-Uncle "Sunny's" daughters had loved the big white Ford house with its balcony and green shutters; and it held such a spell over his daughter Angie that after she was married, she also wished to live in it. So in 1890, she and her husband, Charles Edward Waunch, bought it. They had already moved their heavier household articles on one of the wide porches and were getting ready to take possession when the old house caught fire and burned to the ground.

Only in pictures now may one see the old Ford mansion. But it lives on in the memory of those who remember it and the old log dwellings as abodes of rest and enjoyment for the family and friends of Great-Great-Grandfather Sidney Smith Ford and Nancy, his wife.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MARY ADELINE AND JOSEPH (The Story of the Borst Family)

BY DONNA TISDALE

(With acknowledgement for the use of material collected by  
Marie Stanley and Jean Morton.)

For two hours now she had knitted on a stocking for Joseph, her husband, but still the tubular length of wool was only half done. The high log walls of the stockade cast an uneven shadow across the enclosure of Fort Henness, but it was warm where she sat in the April sun in the doorway of her small dwelling—a mere section of the long, partitioned, lean-to building against the east wall.

Seventeen-year-old Mary Adeline Borst squinted against the light as she looked up to watch a group of young boys playing Indian run in and out of the large, open south gate. And the sound of their laughter was irritating like a tight shoe rubbing a half-blistered heel.

In the fall of 1855, six months previously, when she with her husband and her six-week-old baby had rushed to the partially completed stockade on Mound Prairie, she had felt a thrill of danger. The ever present fear that Leschi, the leader of the uprising, might join with the tribes of friendly Chehalis Indians had made Adeline aware that she was alive in every part of her being. But there was not even the probability of an attack now. The Indian leader had remained far away; and the neighboring red men were peacefully encamped at Judge Ford's, the Indian agent, more than six miles distant.

The life within the 100-by-130-foot enclosure of the fort had been novel, too, for a time. And to Adeline who loved the feel of close neighbors, nothing could have been more satisfying. There were church services on Sunday and at night there were the spelling bees. She would not have thought it possible to have so much fun at a spelling bee. It was a sight indeed to see a bewhiskered corporal of the volunteer regiment sink his teeth into a word like persimmon. "P-e-r per, s-i-m sim, m-o-n mon, persimmon."

Then it was company to have her mother near her after all the months of separation since her marriage to Joseph al-

most two years before. She was living in a little shelter similar to Adeline's against the north wall.

There was also the companionship of the friendly women of the fort—a delightful contrast to her lonely life on a donation claim at the forks of the Skookumchuck and Chehalis rivers where her nearest neighbor had been two miles away.

Many, many times when she was first married, she had climbed on the roof of the little root cellar and turned toward the miles of rolling land to the north looking for Joseph's return from a supply trip to Tumwater.

Adeline enjoyed working with the women of the fort—leeching lye from hardwood ashes, quilting one another's blocks, stirring the great iron kettle boiling on the large fire in the middle of the stockade until the lye ate up all the fat and then pouring the newly-made soap out into pans to harden.

Tiny though she was, her small body loved activity and even in the stockade she delighted in bustling about, making a home for Joseph—sewing, washing, mending, keeping their small, crowded room in immaculate order.

Yet she missed many of the things she'd shared doing with her husband at the farm—helping him pour warm lard down the throat of one of their cattle swollen almost to bursting after eating the poisonous wild parsnip, rendering bear oil so that he might grease his tall boots, doing the milking while he tended the stock, preparing things he liked to eat—there was so little variety to their food in the fort.

Why, if she were at home she could soon be making the fragrant preserves Joseph loved. The wild strawberries would be ripe in a few weeks—the strawberries that grew so abundantly in great patches on the prairie that they dyed the coats of the horses and cattle that rolled upon them.

Here she smiled as she remembered the times she had slipped away and put her saddle on the dyed back of one of those horses. In this way she had fooled her big handsome husband who objected to her riding alone across the open stretches of land. Ever since her father had put her up on one of his fine greys when she was a child in Illinois, she had loved the feeling of riding with the wind blowing in her face and tugging to loosen shorter strands of her tightly coiled hair.

The thought of this glorious freedom was but another reminder that her life at the fort was becoming monotonous. She rather envied her little sister, Julina Jane, and her brother, Jasper, who even now perhaps were riding her grandfather's horses across the acres of his farm on Bawfaw Prairie. She hadn't seen them for almost a year. At the outbreak of the Indian trouble in the fall, they had been visiting their grandparents. They were still there for it wasn't safe for them to

travel to join their mother and little sister, the year-old Demaris, at the stockade.

Mary Adeline often wondered what it would be like to change places with her father who was in the thick of the Indian fighting on the Green and White rivers. How he gloried in it. His people had been in every war since the Revolution; and when he was 16 he had fought with his father in the Black Hawk War.

Joseph, too, was from a fighting stock. His ancestors had come from Amsterdam about 1700 and in the Revolution they had more than once repulsed the combined forces of British and Indians in the Schoharie Valley, the very place in New York State where Joseph, her husband, had been born October 17, 1821.

It was because she had experienced danger that she felt a need for that tonic now. She recalled when she and her little sister were the first white girls on Grays Harbor she had watched her mother drive off curious redskins with her heavy crab apple club and had heard her threaten to use her axe to give the hair of the chief of the tribe a permanent part in the middle. Her mother was a good shot with a rifle, few could excel her, and she was a woman not easily frightened. Not afraid of man or beast, folks often said about her.

Adeline remembered the whole night when she was only 14 that she and her mother had stood in the door of their home on the Harbor and guarded a rather timid old German and her younger brother and sister. Every minute she had expected to be murdered by the drunken savages from Shoal-Water Bay who were making the air ring with their fighting, screaming, and yelling.

She had known the excitement of gaiety too. The winter she was fifteen, she'd been in Olympia during the round of balls, parties, and receptions when Mr. Stevens arrived to be first territorial governor.

She led the grand march at the dance given in honor of the members of the first Legislative Assembly. Yes, she had led the grand march of the ball that was the largest ever given in the town of Olympia. She could picture herself as she must have looked, holding her head high, swinging along on the arm of Aaron Webster from up the Skookumchuck, her full white dress swaying as she stepped down the big hall at the Pacific Hotel.

Now listening to the whine of her six-month-old baby, Mary Adeline felt she must have a variation. But what? No chance of slipping off for a ride across the prairie. There were no horses at the stockade at present. Joseph had theirs with him. Even now he was on their farm at the forks of the Che-

halis and Skookumchuck rivers hauling logs to help Captain Goff and a company of 30 soldiers build a storage depot, a beetle-browed structure of hewed timbers. He would return at dusk.

Then she remembered. Early the next morning he would leave with the men on a supply trip to Tumwater. Anna, the wife of Josephus Axtell, had a baby just three days older than her own little Eva. Swiftly Adeline rushed to her neighbor.

"I'm leaving early tomorrow. Please keep my baby for me. I'll be back in three days at the most." And then before the astonished woman could say anything, she had hurried away to complete her plans.

The next morning the chattering group of women, who had gathered at the huge gate to watch their menfolk off, drew apart in shocked silence. In the center of the armed party rode Mary Adeline. It made no difference to her that she was breaking the accepted rule that women must not share the thrill and excitement of danger. She was going to Tumwater.

It was the second day on the trail and Mary Adeline muttered to herself, "Oh, mercy, mercy." She would have used a stronger expression but a lady never swears was the thought that ran through her mind as she shifted the weight from her aching hip. Oh, how she envied those self-centered men who sat so straight astride their horses and never had to throw their bodies out of joint on a side saddle.

The magic of a whispering forest and the exciting knowledge that around each turn death might be waiting to ambush the party faded as her eyes focused on her husband's broad back. How tall he was! For a moment, pride swelled in her bosom as he turned, exposing a handsome clean-cut face with piercing blue eyes that crinkled at the edges as he looked at her. As always, a wave of thanksgiving swept over her at the sight of his rather short-cropped beard. A shudder ran down her spine as she glimpsed the tobacco-stained, waist-length whiskers of the rear guard. Thank heavens, Joseph clipped his beard short!

The hidden muscles which she knew must ripple beneath his buffalo skin shirt fascinated her imagination as Adeline watched him turn back to the man beside him. Most men had buckskin shirts, but her husband had one of buffalo skin. He had shot the animal while crossing the plains in 1845. She liked to think of the suppleness of it, the soft way it felt to her fingers when she placed her hand on his arm.

An Indian woman had cured the hide and made it for him. She smiled as she remembered that her husband often told her that there had been times when his buffalo shirt was the only one he had to his back. But that was before he met

her. Then he was struggling to improve his claim. Now he had cattle which he had his neighbors fatten for him on shares and he'd furnished several of the horses in this very volunteer company. Joseph had promised her that he'd get ahead.

For a moment a frown clouded her pretty face. Joseph was so hard to understand. Sometimes he was like—ah, well, like a religion—something which the ordinary mind trusts blindly but fails to comprehend.

A picture almost two years old came to her mind and she suppressed a giggle which resulted in a tiny snort. One of the men smiled at her, but Adeline didn't notice. She was thinking of her wedding night. How excited she had been at the prospect of playing a joke on her new husband. Tiptoeing, and shaking with silent laughter, she had hid beneath the feather tick on the bed. Her presence was quite undetectable for her tiny body didn't even make a bump above the covers.

For several minutes she had lain, scarcely breathing, with curiosity weighing upon her chest heavier than the tacked quilts. Joseph must be hunting frantically, she thought. At length, the need of air and knowledge made her poke her head out. Joseph was calmly removing his right boot. With unbelieving eyes, she watched as he drew it from his foot and shook it. A tiny pebble fell out and rattled across the floor. Adeline swallowed—once—twice, then she crept from beneath the bedding.

"You couldn't find me, could you," she said as she walked around the bed to face her husband. "Oh, have you been somewhere?" was his heartbreaking reply as he rose to tower above her. But his blue eyes twinkled. For a moment the tears threatened; then the tide receded and her face mirrored his smile as it had done often since. This was but the first of many times when he had turned her joke so that it was on herself.

But her thoughts were broken by a shout from one of the men. As if by magic, a blockhouse and a group of buildings clustered together on the side of a hill had popped into sight. They had reached Tumwater.

The journey for supplies was now two months behind her and Mary Adeline sat carding freshly-washed wool Joseph had brought in only the week before from sheep shearing. As she pulled the cards back and forth straightening out the long fibres, she looked up occasionally at the old men and boys leaning against the walls of the barracks—the only ones left to guard the fort.

Joseph, with the other men had ridden to the now completed storage depot at his farm. She hadn't been much concerned about the blockhouse at first. But suddenly a thought perturbed her. It's on our land, what if they've put it where I

want our new house—when we get our house. A new house. And again Adeline sighed. A beautiful white house with a balcony and green shutters. If she shut her eyes she could see it, just as Joseph had promised it to her.

With a tiny smile she remembered how she had secured that promise. It had been a part of their engagement vows. She had said laughingly, "Yes, Joseph, I'll marry you, but you'll have to build me a new house." Of course she would have married him anyway. Who wouldn't, when her parents were urging her to take a man who had crossed the plains with them. A man she didn't like one little bit. Why should she, a girl of sixteen, want to marry a man three times her age.

She could remember the little thrill she had experienced when she first saw Joseph buying lumber at her father's saw-mill on Black River. He had looked so big that she had caught her breath. He must be over six feet, she thought, while she—why she was less than five feet tall. She had been very excited when her father invited him to dinner, and that night at the table she had smiled at him over the top of her glass. He came again and it wasn't long before they were married. And why not? At sixteen she guessed she'd been as determined and self-reliant as she would be all her life.

Adeline lay another roll of fluffy cream colored wool on the carded pile beside her. Why, she thought, when Joseph had smiled at her, it was really the first time he had looked at a woman in ten years. In ten years, she thought with the pang that every woman feels when she thinks of her husband's ever having been in love with anyone but herself.

Joseph had crossed the plains with the Ford family in 1845 when he was only 24; and, of course, the Ford family also meant Harriet Jane. From the stories which certain women just loved to tell her, Adeline gathered that Joseph had been betrothed to the oldest Ford girl. Then when the pioneer party had settled on the natural clearing which they named Fords Prairie, Harriet Jane married George Waunch who already had the improvements made on his neighboring claim. Joseph had been heartbroken.

But Adeline smiled as she rose and went inside. Her eyes rested on little Eva, her sleeping baby, and she listened to its regular breathing. It was the most wonderful thing that Harriet Jane could have done even though it did cause Joseph to suffer. If the Ford girl had married Joseph, how could she, Mary Adeline, have done so?

Nevertheless, she could not refrain from thinking with pity of Joseph in his small cabin. The winters had been so hard. And with practically no land under cultivation he had had to have the backbone of an ox and the moral strength of

a saint to survive. Sometimes it took more than that. There was the time that he had had no seed wheat to plant and he had become so short of food that he had to go to the Hudson Bay Farm at Cowlitz Prairie. There he split rails at 50 cents a hundred in return for wheat at \$4.00 a bushel. Then he carried it home to live on part of it till spring and plant the rest.

Adeline's eyes glowed as she pictured him as he must have been at the Cowlitz Farm—long hair whipped by the moist wind, swinging the wooden maul high. For a moment she imagined that she could hear the sound of its solid whacks against the steel wedge and then she realized that the pounding was not imagination; it was the sound of many feet—running feet, pounding against the hard-packed earth of the enclosure. Then the blare of the bugle—the alarm signal. With a glance at her sleeping baby, Adeline rushed out into the open space in the middle of the stockade. She met the other women of the fort also hurrying to find the cause of the bugle blast.

The gates were already swinging shut. The guard in the southeast bastion had reported an Indian man and woman were rapidly approaching, the latter in the lead. The woman rode swiftly to the south gate and begged the men in Chinook to admit her quickly. Her drunken husband was pursuing her and would kill her if he caught her. When the big south gate swung open enough for her to ride in, Adeline's sympathetic eyes saw how very bruised the poor klootchman was. With a groaning, the gates swung shut. A shout came from outside, a pounding on the sawed timbers of the gate. The pursuing Indian had arrived. The guard refused to admit the drunken man, and unintelligible curses rolled forth in an angry stream. They ordered him to report to Judge Ford, the Indian agent.

The women rushed the badly beaten klootchman into the shelter of the school building in the center of the stockade where her husband's threats were inaudible. Her eye was swollen shut and blood poured down her cheek. Mary Adeline bathed the cut face in cold water. "Mercy, mercy", she muttered under her breath, "that siwash ought to be shot."

As if in compliance with her thought, the report of a gun rang out hard and clear. Adeline was the first to reach the transfixed group of men who had been watching the savage's retreat through the rifle slits in the southeast bastion. He had disappeared in a depression in the south road when the shot was heard. Then she waited while the five old men who were guarding the fort went out to investigate. "What is it?" Adeline excitedly asked no one in particular when they returned. One of the grey-whiskered men answered, "Some one got him with a shotgun."

For a moment she didn't sense the full meaning of his words. Then the color drained from her face. It meant war!

She pictured the horror of the Whitman Massacre and the White River Raids. She recalled how last October the messenger had roused her and Joseph and they had rushed to the half-constructed stockade. The Chehalis Indians had been friendly, but now they would storm the fort in a savage attempt to avenge themselves.

Pale-faced and tight-lipped, the women, one by one, drifted away to their own shelters.

In her own one room Adeline gazed at Eva. Her night-cap had slid over an eye. A tiny fist was pushed halfway into the little mouth. With a sob the young mother clutched the child to her breast and buried her head in the folds of its long gown.

The baby, unused to the violent pressure of its mother's arms, broke into a wail. But its protests were unheeded for Adeline was staring blankly toward the southwest. Joseph was out there—in danger?

There was no use to run to men for aid. They would warn those outside of the fort. She could but wait and pray. Quietly she seated herself by the door and rocked her half-sleeping baby.

As she crooned to the child, Adeline's mind wandered out of the pen-like fortification to Joseph, her husband. Where was he? Taking a supply train to one of the other military forts or doing his chores on the farm? The tears stood in her eyes and through the mist she could almost see him driving in the cows and milking them in the shed behind their low unpainted house. Poor Joseph, how hard he had worked to get his cattle and to clear his land. He wasn't like other people—but bigger, finer—the most silent person she had ever known. But she'd never missed his lack of words. He could say more with his eyes than most others could with their lips. Here the tears ran down her cheeks as she thought of him as he might already be—a scalpless corpse.

Big, strong, easy-going Joseph dead! Joseph who had never harmed a person in his life. Well, the siwashes wouldn't get him without a struggle. She found a bit of satisfaction in that thought. She could remember the tale that Judge Ford always chuckled over. "Joe always fights with his head", the Judge would say and then he'd tell a story of the journey across the plains. "Yes sir, this big burly fellow came up to Joe and started getting nasty. Of course Joe didn't want to start trouble around camp so he didn't pay any attention at first. Then he started getting pesky and challenged Joe to a fight. Now there ain't a self-respectin' New Yorker which will

let a trouble-maker get by with that, so Joe accepted.

"'Yes, by gory,' Joe says, 'I'll fight you, but you'll fight on my terms'. 'Name 'em', the fellow says. And Joe pointed to the middle of the river. Yes sir, that's what he meant—the middle of the river. Well sir, this fellow started out splashin' and cussin' fit to make all the men send their women out of hearin'. Well, out in the middle, Joe Borst was waitin' and even from the shore I could see he was laughing—not out loud but shakin' inside where nobody could see. 'Bout halfway out, this fellow decided he wasn't half so mad as he thought he was and he came back to shore feelin' mighty silly. That's one round Joe won by just knowin' what would happen when that fellow got out where the water could cool him off. Yes sir, Joe always fights with his head."

The familiar story only brought home more clearly to Adeline how kind and brave her husband had been. Yes, Joseph always fought with his head; but what good was a head if it didn't have a top on it.

She sobbed as she pictured him with his long Kentucky rifle riding madly across the mid-western plains after a herd of stampeding buffalo, shooting from the saddle. That was how he got his buffalo shirt. The one he still had. The one he had worn to California in '49 and afterward north to British Territory searching for more gold. There he and his companions had been captured by hostile Indians.

The savages had been so cruel. Thank heavens, Joseph had had the strength to undergo the torture inflicted upon him. Joseph had been such a brave man. Adeline's face lighted. He had escaped that time. And others too, for he had fought eight years before in the Cayuse War. Maybe now—no, it was too late.

Mary Adeline clutched her baby tight and determined to protect it always. If the Indians came, she would stand beside her mother who feared neither man nor beast and hold them off until the scalping knife pierced her brain. Suddenly the excited shouts of the guard at the south gate rang through the evening air. The men were returning.

The men returning? Could it be possible? Running as fast as her tiny feet could carry her, Adeline rushed out into the enclosure. Yes, the men were back. Fearfully she watched the riders file through the opening. Joseph wasn't with them! No, there he was. Sobbing hysterically, she threw herself into his arms. He was astonished.

"'Why, Adeline, what's the matter?'"

"'You're not dead, Joseph. You're all right?'"

"'Why of course I'm all right.'"

The anxiety was over and Adeline was herself again. Her eyes took in all of her big husband. From the top of his shaggy head to his leather boots, there was not a scratch nor a spot of blood. How dare he upset her so?

"Joseph Borst, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're so inconsiderate. Why I worried myself sick over you. I thought you were dead and the Indians had scalped you and here you are alive and smirking at me. Quit it! Do you hear?" Back towards her cabin she marched.

"Well, now wait a minute. Are you mad because I wasn't killed?"

That stopped her. Adeline turned to face the laughing blue eyes of her husband. Then she smiled too. How silly she had been. "Oh Joseph, I was so afraid for you," she murmured against his broad chest.

But the affair wasn't ended. One of the friendly Chehalis had been murdered without sufficient cause. His tribesmen would demand revenge.

The next morning Captain Ford at the head of a large band of his friendly Indian scouts slowly approached the fort. In the blockhouse at opposite corners of the stockade, soldiers shifted uneasily. The men stood at their assigned posts, guns held ready. The women were gathered into several small groups. The faces of all turned toward the south.

Adeline's lower teeth bit deep into her upper lip. Suddenly she realized it must make her look like a bulldog and she glanced about hastily to be sure that no one had seen her. Everyone was intent upon the southern gate. The deep voice of Captain Ford rang out.

"We have kept our Indians at peace with you; one of you has murdered an innocent member of this tribe. If we are unable to longer control these people, the blood of your women and children be on your own heads!"

A hurried consultation, and then after a few moments the spokesman for those in the fort called out, "Take your Indians back, Captain Ford. We'll see that the one who did it receives just punishment."

Then there followed a long moment of suspense in which Adeline breathed no more than twice. Where was Joseph? If only he were beside her. But he wasn't; he was up there in the southeast blockhouse.

Yes, they would need him for he was an experienced Indian fighter. He had enlisted with every other able-bodied man in the territory in 1848 in an attempt to avenge the Whitman Massacre. His company of Oregon riflemen had been stationed at Fort Waters at Waiilatpu, the very place where the massacre had taken place the previous fall and where, when

the soldiers arrived, even the bodies of the dead had been unearthed by the wolves and lay about half-devoured. Yes, quiet, peaceful-appearing Joseph had long ago seen quite his share of Indian warfare.

"Dear God," Adeline whispered, her lips barely moving. "Dear God, please make the Indians go away. Don't let Joseph be hurt." The thought brought her to the present. Captain Ford was talking. The Indians had decided to let the white men levy their own justice. A red man's idea of punishment was death. Satisfied, the band turned back toward their encampment at Judge Ford's.

Months passed and now even the soldiers had left the blockhouse on the Borst farm. It stood a silent monument to a war that was never to be fought, at least, not in its vicinity. Already whole families were leaving the Mound Prairie stockade. During the entire period of crisis the men had kept their cultivated lands under close observation in the day time, finally growing so bold as to spend nights at their unprotected dwellings. Now the women wanted to go home. The cramped quarters at the fort was like having company, Adeline thought. Visitors were nice, but after awhile privacy became the most important factor in one's life. She, too, wanted to go home. And so one day in the fall of 1856, she did.

Home again in the long low house. Even its unpainted log and shake exterior looked beautiful. Adeline examined the big attic with its sloping roof and the three rooms down stairs. Maybe this wasn't the white mansion she would like, but right now it looked wonderful.

She watched proudly as Eva toddled across the rag rug that covered the rough floor. Eva was walking. Yes, her tiny baby, who had been but six weeks old when she was last home, was walking. With a laugh of pure joy, she grabbed the child and hugged her. "Home, home, home, home."

An amused smile touched her lips as Adeline thought of that joyous outbreak. It seemed so long ago. Yes, and it was. Eight years. It didn't seem possible. Time has such an easy way of slipping by. Yes, she thought as she threaded her needle with wool and finished a neat darn in the stocking of Harbin, her young son. It hardly seemed possible. Why Eva was so tiny and now she was nine, almost ten. Ada, her second daughter, was seven, and Harbin, five. Her oldest child almost ten. Why she must be getting old. She shuddered.

How different things were from that day in the past. No longer did she sew in the plain three-room log house. Her dream home had materialized and its broad front porch and upper balcony, gleaming white walls, and green shutters were the marvel of all who journeyed over the stage line that passed

close by her front veranda. Adeline's chest expanded with pride as she recalled what the travelers said about her house. The finest mansion between Vancouver and Steilacoom. That's what they said. And why shouldn't it be fine. The casings and hardware had been shipped by boat from San Francisco! It had taken almost two years for Joseph to have this magnificent dwelling built, for the lumber had to be hauled from Tumwater and then it had to dry and season in long racks.

How typical of Joseph that he should insist on making the building of studding construction. Most houses in this section of the territory were merely "box" ones and had no solid foundation or sturdy framework like her house. Then, also, the ends of every board of the siding had been dipped in white lead. This hardened the wood and made the joints and corners waterproof. Each board was held in place with wooden pegs. What a tremendous amount of work it had been. Funny little Jake Ort, a German, had been the carpenter, and a Dane had painted and grained the woodwork. Oh, it was a mansion indeed! Of course it wasn't quite finished. But that would come. Adeline let her critical eye wander over the living room. The walls had not been plastered and papered yet, but the muslin house lining with its coats of whitewash gave practically the same effect.

And the huge soapstone fireplace—what a lot it contributed to the dining room. Joseph had found a special type of stone which, when quarried, was as pliable as hard clay and could be smoothed with a plane. The air and the fire hardened it and it would never crack. The only fireplace at all like it was that of the Elkanah Mills family.

Yes, her house was the finest in the country. Adeline thought of her beautiful maple spool beds, six of them, and of the ropes stretching across the frames, topped by the straw mattresses and an abundance of feather bedding. She felt proud. Extremely proud. Her furniture was handmade by a man on Chambers Prairie. And Joseph had had her first rocking chair made especially for her. Now she leaned back against the vertical rows of buckskin thongs and they shaped to her body—much more comfortable than stiff caning, she thought.

Her cook stove was the envy of all her women visitors. It had been brought around the "Horn." It seemed an especial marvel to them, many of whom were still cooking over open fires with the heavy iron kettles and the Dutch ovens they had brought with them across the plains. And what was most marvelous—while she fried her meat and cooked her meals on the high, back part of the stove, the water for dishes was also heating. She had only to lift up the iron lid of the reservoir in the lower, front portion and dip out scads of scalding water.

She never thought of her stove but what she recalled the time that she sat in the batter. Joseph was still teasing her about it. It was one of his little jokes. He had just returned from Olympia with the precious weekly newspaper, and while she stood by, reading it to him, he fried hot cakes on the back part of the stove. He had set the batter on a chair, the only one in the kitchen. While she was reading she sat down—in the batter. And then how Joseph had scraped and scraped to clean the sticky, pasty stuff from the folds of her new calico dress.

Oh, it was magnificent having all these rooms. Adeline's eyes swept up the slim, tall windows to the high ceiling. It seemed even more spacious and grand because she had dwelt so long between the tiny split cedar partitions at Fort Henness. And then, too, she had lived in the blockhouse on their own place, where her second daughter, Ada, was born. It was the log fortress or storage depot which Joseph had helped to build and where she, her husband, and baby Eva had moved shortly after their return from Fort Henness while they rented the farm to the "Blockhouse" Smith family from Black River.

She had really enjoyed living in the blockhouse and it was truly theirs for Joseph had bought it from the government for \$500.

She liked the smell of the pitchy fir walls—its coolness kept in by the heavy hewed logs—its yellowish, clean color that reminded her of the tender tips of the fir branches in the spring—the dim light filtering through the gun slits like sunlight patterning a forest floor. All in all, it made her feel as if she were in a dense forest and although Joseph soon cut a door and windows in the side and fixed a hole for the chimney, she always felt that way about it.

And then while Joseph built the new house she had also lived in the old Coat's store building after it had been moved next to the blockhouse. Previously, it had stood as part of the little community at the mouth of the Skookumchuck next to the Windsor House, where travelers on the Military Road spent the night. When her Polish neighbor had discontinued his store, she and Joseph had taken it over—wares and building. The latter, Joseph had moved next to the blockhouse. And she had reveled in the odds and ends of the stock—hanks of red carpet warp, bolts of shining calico, spools of thread, and many whole packages of needles. How she enjoyed a case all full of them. They had always stood for wealth to Mary Adeline. She could remember the days when a lost needle meant a trip clear to Tumwater for another.

Adeline had neatly rolled up each pair of stockings as she darned them. And her fingers now busied themselves

weaving long strands of horsehair into an ornament. When it was finished, she would wear it as a headdress. It was very fashionable. She would hold her head high so that her long pendant earrings would hang along her neck. Perched on her head would be her horsehair tiara-like ornament, its glossy blackness duplicated in the shiny fold of her silk dress, her aristocratic face rounded by a sweep of white collar. But even as she coaxed the stiff hairs into a pattern, the picture was spoiled. She recalled hearing one of her neighbors say, "Mrs. Borst pulls the hair out of horses' tails and weaves herself things for her hair." Horses' tails indeed! How could she ever feel elegant in her horsehair ornaments again. Adeline put the headdress away.

Instead, she again took her sewing box and scissors. She was going to make herself a new dress to wear to a dance. And Joseph would take her. She still loved the rhythm and movement of dancing as much as she had at 15. Only the day before Joseph had said, "Well, my dear, are we going to the dance this evening?" And she'd said, "Why, Joseph, you know you don't dance." "Yes, Adeline," he'd replied, "but I always like to watch you." How much like Joseph and how unselfish.

She laid out the goods. A whole bolt of it! Adeline loved the feel of rich material. She liked to let it slither through her fingers. She never had enough of it. On the frequent visits to Captain Crosby's store at Tumwater she was an eager customer and nearly always bought the entire bolt when she saw a new cloth.

She smoothed the wrinkles and the scissors made a "whra-angie-whaangie" noise as they followed the edge of the pattern. It reminded her of the sound of a saw biting through wood, and she thought of Joseph and his new barn. All the pride that she felt for her house, he felt for his barn. And he had good reason.

Just as the women liked to go through her house, the men wanted to inspect the spacious interior of Joseph's barn, where a four-horse team and a wagon might come in one door, be turned completely around, and be driven out the same door. They'd all heard about it—the biggest barn in this part of the territory—some said in the whole of the territory of Washington. From its foundation of charred cedar posts five feet underground to the carefully shaken roof, it had been built to last. Joseph often said it would be just the same in eighty years. Adeline laughed skeptically. Still, it did look terribly strong. The crossbeams were almost as thick as a man's body and the slim hand-forged hinges on the doors were longer than her whole arm.

And the work it had taken to build it! Adeline thought proudly of Joseph. He had cleared a road over the top of the hill to the west of the Waunch place so that rough lumber he brought from Shead's little mill at the falls of the Skookumchuck wouldn't have to be taken across the river twice. Joseph considered everything!

It wasn't possible to think of the barn without remembering the hard winter of 1861 when the structure was being built. August Hilpert had brought dozens of sheaves of oats across the river in his 16-foot Indian canoe, packed them up the hill to the new road, and sold them to Joseph who would have paid almost any price for them. His cattle were starving.

The cold blades of the scissors touched her arm and Adeline started. It was as if the slender blade were an icicle reaching out of the past to make her shudder. As if she could ever forget those months. Why the snow had stayed on the ground from early fall until April. The cattle couldn't reach the dry wild hay that lay close on the frozen prairie. And of course the new grass wouldn't grow. She saw again the little new-born calves, poor bony things without the strength to live, and their exhausted mothers lying beside them. Joseph's men would pull the dying cows to their feet, only to have them take a step or two, then fall on the snow with a low moaning sound, and never rise again.

Joseph was frantic. Why hadn't he stored hay enough for the winter season. Mary Adeline had soothed him by reminding him that no one here ever laid in hay and grain for the winter. And how could he or anyone else have foreseen that there'd be a whole winter when the snow wouldn't leave the ground.

In a vain effort to save his herd, Joseph had had a man go around and cut down the branches of young maple trees so that the cattle might eat the bark. But this wasn't enough. It was almost like offering a hungry man a piece of the pitch gum she made for the children. It was enjoyable on a full stomach, but merely tantalized an empty one.

In the spring when the ice on the river melted and the ground turned green again, more than seventy head of their cattle and fourteen of their horses were dead. Carcasses literally covered the prairie. One could still find the whitened skeletons lying in the bottoms along the river where the animals had gone to escape the chilling wind.

Adeline was glad there was no possibility that their livestock would die from freezing and starvation again. Joseph had seen to that. She derived satisfaction from the thought of the huge grain bin in the center of the barn, so large, in fact, that the children—Ada, Harbin and Eva—often jumped into it

from the broad crossbeams high above it. Once while getting grain for her chickens she had seen them playing this rather frightening game. The flush on Ada's cheeks, the laughter gleaming in her eyes had fascinated Adeline and she had paused, watching.

Up, up, to the highest beam Ada climbed until her mother unconsciously reached out to stop her. Then before Adeline could speak, she had plunged whooping like a young siwash, stiff-legged, feet first, down—down into the grain. Adeline felt rather sick. Why they might kill themselves. They were just babies really. She couldn't see why they liked to do such things. Adeline heard a second whoop, and then another body hit the bin. Harbin had just jumped.

Adeline looked up. Eva was poised on the lower beam motioning to him to pull himself out of the grain and get out of her way. Adeline gasped, "Don't do it, dear," but too late. Eva had already stepped off into the nothingness between the beam and grain bin. It seemed to Adeline that her own heart hit the top of her head. It was almost as if she herself had taken that plunge. She could imagine how Eva had felt, hesitating, waiting for enough nerve to throw herself into space. Adeline swallowed.

Soon Eva was trying it again. Adeline knew just what her daughter was going through. It must be awful falling—falling. Oh, Eva wasn't keeping her limbs stiff enough, she thought. When she struck the grain, her knees would be forced up and they'd hit her a blow on the chin. Then she saw Eva sitting on the wheat, looking hurt and very surprised. Mary Adeline could not watch longer. Why do they do these things, she asked herself as she swung the huge barn door on its long hinges and went toward the house.

Yes, Adeline thought while she removed the pins that held the piece of pattern to the material, there was another of Joseph's huge creations which also fascinated the children—the gigantic plow that he had had made to clear the prairie northeast of the house of hazel bushes and small scrub oaks. How they loved to run along in the dark moist soil in the two-foot furrow that it turned over, following after John Mills as he swung his long buckskin whip over his head and snapped the cracker.

Yes, it was huge—the largest plow ever seen in the territory, folks always said. And those who traveled the Military Road used to stop to look at it. The steel, Joseph had ordered from a man by the name of Baldwin in Olympia. It had come by boat from around the "Horn" by way of San Francisco. Baldwin had cut out the pattern of the moldboard and then Joe Remley, the neighbor blacksmith who had also helped Joseph

build the barn, had beaten out the land sheer on his anvil and welded the two together. The twelve-foot beam and wooden handles had been shaped from an oak that grew a mile or so away on Waunch Prairie.

When John Mills was in a particularly affable mood, he'd let little Harbin sit on the edge of the beam, holding a stick and hanging his feet over the moldboard. Then, when the dirt stuck on the share, her young son would push it off. But when the share failed to uproot the small oak stumps and stuck fast, then John Mills would unhitch a pair of the oxen, and Harbin would leave his seat on the beam to watch him attach a chain around the upright post and drive the cattle in the opposite direction and pull the huge plow loose.

When the steel share was resting under the lean-to beside the blockhouse, tilted over so that the wheels on the front end of the beam were free, Harbin would play with them, turning them around and around with his hands. He liked to have Joe Remley, who made the plow, explain to him how, since it was so large that no living man could have held it in the ground, the wheels of uneven size had been attached by a bolt through the axle to keep it from running too deep into the ground. He'd show the boy that the wheel 30 inches in diameter on one side balanced by one eight inches smaller on the moldboard side, enabled it to run on the level and plow a furrow eight inches deep.

Then, too, Harbin especially enjoyed running his finger along the edge of the yard-long steel colter, the knifelike blade that severed the ground so that the sheer could turn the furrow. Adeline always shivered when she saw him do it. It gave her the same fearful feeling she had whenever she saw a big yellow spider. He might cut his little fingers. But her young son would merely smile at her uneasiness and say, "If the Indians ever go on the warpath, I could use the cutter for a bowie knife, couldn't I, Ma?" He'd try to lift the huge blade. But he'd scarcely be able to move it back and forth. Then he'd content himself with running his finger over its sharp edge again.

Cutting surfaces of any kind seem to appeal to young Harbin, and Adeline had begun to wonder whether he would work with mechanical things—wheels and tools with sharp edges. His father's stock and cattle certainly didn't appeal to the little boy. And, of course, Joseph was anxious for his son to follow in his footsteps.

Ada, however, spent her time braiding rushes and sedge together in an attempt to make a long whip in imitation of John Mills's buckskin one. Adeline supposed she intended to

use it in driving teams and teams of imaginary animals. Before John Mills would drive the oxen to the plow, he said he had to have a special kind of whip and Adeline remembered it took him fully two days to make it. He cut his buckskin into strips about as wide as his finger, tied them to the fence rail, and while the children formed an eager circle around him, he wove it into a round braid about the size of his little finger, attaching it to a handle about a foot long and making the opposite end slim and supple. This was "so the cracker would crack with a crack," he'd wink and tell his youthful audience.

Well, if Ada liked to practice swinging her whip of braided rushes over her head, she came by it honestly, Adeline thought, as she recalled the many times she had seen her own father, while walking along driving his oxen, kill a ground squirrel or a field mouse with the deadly aim of his long whip. She had even seen him flick flies off his cattle without the patient, plodding animals' even being aware that he had relieved them of their small tormentors.

Before having the new land plowed, Joseph had had the Indians who worked for him cut down the little oak trees and slash out the hazel brush. Adeline could still see the huge bulk of Hyas Pete as he swung his axe making the little trees crash to the ground before him.

The new land turned over by the huge plow was planted in wheat the first year, and she remembered how she rejoiced with Joseph in the abundance of grain that was threshed out from it in the autumn.

Adeline decided to leave her own sewing until later and hem the dress she was making for Ada. It was a blue print of the same figure as the red one she had finished for Eva and made like it except she allowed more cloth. Ada already was larger than her older sister. In this, as in her reckless barn jumping, Ada took after the Borsts.

A frown puckered Adeline's forehead. Yes, Ada was more Joseph's child. In manner, temperament, and appearance she resembled his people. Even her birth had made him feel closer to the little girl. Adeline had been displeased by the service given her by the neighbor woman who had brought Eva into the world, and so she decided she'd have only Joseph present at the arrival of her second child.

He alone was with her when Ada was born in the upper room of the blockhouse. He was the first to bathe and care for the child. Later, when he brought the baby to her, he seemingly was reluctant to place it in her arms. There was a peculiar expression around his eyes. And when she looked at the little one, she understood. Ada was a Borst.

Adeline often compared the natures of her two girls—talkative, capable Ada, and the more silent, retiring Eva. At times she thought Eva was the more considerate.

She remembered that when they had lived in the old Coat's store building, Eva had fallen ill and refused to eat. Mrs. Cornell, the neighbor from the Windsor House, had brought her a cup of hot coffee and some toast. The browned crust had looked so good that Adeline herself could not refrain pinching off a taste of it. Little Eva had eaten almost ravenously, but passed no compliment other than, "Thank you, Mrs. Cornell. It was very good."

When the neighbor had left, Adeline asked, "Why dear, why didn't you tell Mrs. Cornell how delightful the coffee and toast was. It's the first thing you've eaten for days and it was terribly nice of her to bring it to you. You should have thanked her more."

"I know, Ma, but I didn't want to tell her how really good I thought it was. I was afraid I'd make you jealous."

Adeline was surprised and said so; but secretly she wondered how such a little child could judge human nature so accurately. She takes after me, Adeline decided. Ada is more Joseph's child.

Yes, Ada was Joseph's child. Adeline frowned. Why he even smiled indulgently at some of her more active capers. She was always pulling over young fir trees and bouncing up and down on the limber branches. Playing horse—she called it. And it was a bit disquieting the way she galloped around on sticks and poles with Harbin, her younger brother.

Now Eva never played like that. She would rather persuade Harbin to let her dress him like a little girl, call him "Mary", and play house in the old fort. Ada would play house, too, but she'd co-operate only so long; then she would insist on riding her imaginary animals. Adeline remembered vaguely that it had been some time since she had seen Ada's flying skirts flash past the window.

They must be playing house. She could hear their voices. It was good to hear their happy laughter. Suddenly Adeline stopped sewing. The laughter had changed in tone. It wasn't laughter at all. They were screaming.

Out into the yard she ran. What was happening to her children? Then she saw. And she herself screamed as she flew to the still form of her oldest child. Eva had been thrown from the back of a race horse which Joseph had left in the narrow lane. Even after she was safely in her own clean, white bed with the feather mattress, the little girl did not regain consciousness.

Adeline looked up at the blurred form of her husband as he paced the floor by the child's bed. Oh her poor, darling Eva. She could think of nothing else. Finally the covers began to move. In an instant both parents were beside the bed.

"How does Mama's little girl feel?" murmured Adeline tenderly.

"Better than I did the day before yesterday."

Adeline was stunned. Then relief came. Eva was still half unconscious but she was all right. Once more Adeline could think straight. She turned to Joseph, her face whitely accusing. Ada had caused this. It was she who had coaxed poor little Eva on the horse. It was she who had struck the animal because it wasn't going fast enough. It was she who would have to be punished. But Adeline's eyes met a face as set as her own and she knew that Joseph was determined that Ada would not be punished. Always it was this way. Because she didn't know what else to do, Adeline turned her back to her husband and bent over her little Eva.

It's queer, Adeline reflected, how she had lived every single moment of her life and yet had scarcely realized it. She could walk along a path swinging her arms and the feel of the air brushing her open palms assured her something was there though she couldn't see or hear it. And when she shut her hands, they closed on nothing. It was the same with time. Yet she could feel it brushing past her and could see its handiwork in the changes it had wrought in her children. Why her oldest daughter was now a married woman. Only the day before—Christmas Day, 1880, Eva had married curly-headed "Crate" McElfresh from up the Hanaford. His whole name was Socrates Scipio McElfresh, but everybody called him "Crate" for short.

His name always amused Adeline. His father had found it in a history book. He always was a great one to read history. Adeline smiled as she remembered she'd heard that children would ask him, "'Crate,' how'd you get your name?" just to hear him say,

"My name is Socrates Africanus Scipio,  
Because my father called me so."

Adeline was a bit doubtful about the Africanus, but she had been assured that it belonged to history too.

Her oldest daughter Eva, now a married woman. She could scarcely believe it. Eva herself didn't seem to comprehend the change—that she was no longer Miss Borst, but Mrs. McElfresh. Even that morning the young bride had gone to answer the door. A neighbor handed her a nicely-wrapped package. "This is for Mrs. McElfresh," the caller had smiled.

"Oh, she's gone home," Eva answered thinking of her mother-in-law. Then suddenly she blushed as she realized it was a wedding gift for herself. She was Mrs. McElfresh.

The marriage had taken place in the little Christian Church on Gold Street. That pleased Adeline because she felt as if the church almost belonged to her family. Her father had come up from Black River to help build it out on the prairie opposite the Halfway House. She and Eva and her father and mother had been among its first members. Then her brother Jasper had helped tear the building down and move it into town. Jasper, folks said, wheeled part of it in, in a wheelbarrow, and some of it he even carried on his back.

The ceremony had been a double wedding, Eva and "Crate"; Sophia Ready and Ben Willey—Sophia who lived across the river from them, and Ben Willey from up at Shelton. She had made Eva's wedding dress herself with its draped overskirt and two tones of grey wool. The double rows of pleats around the bottom of the skirt, Adeline had put in by hand, pulling and pushing the material back and forth between the wires of the pleater her cousin, John Goff, had made for her. Then she had dampened the cloth and pressed down hard as she set them with her iron.

During the ceremony, Adeline could not have kept from crying if her life had depended on it. Her own little Eva being married.

But then Harbin should have been there, too. Originally they had planned a triple wedding. But he and his sweetheart, pretty Ollie Ready, had given the others the slip and had been married several months before.

It was rather natural that her children should be attracted toward the Ready girls. Their family had had the Windsor House while it was still located on the Borst place, and Jim Ready had helped Joseph manage the farm.

Joseph had always been particularly fond of them all and yesterday after the wedding he and "Phi," as they always called Sophia, had laughed together about the times when she was a child and had blushed crimson and tried to hide her face when he teased her. She had been such a shy little thing that Joseph had kissed her, just to plague her. Then it became one of his little jokes and the blushing little "Phi" never heard the last of it.

The Readys had afterwards lived across the Chehalis on the old Scammon place and had run the ferry back and forth across the river. It seemed that Harbin was forever finding an excuse to go across. True, he'd always had a preference for a piece of land Joseph had over there by Scammon Creek. But, Adeline smiled, evidently it had been Ollie Ready,

the girl across the river as well as the land across the river that had caused him to make so many trips on the old ferry.

The Old Windsor House. Queer—but even now she was still in the old Windsor House. And yet she was in town in Centerville on East Maple and East Front Streets. Joseph had bought the old hotel for the lumber. No one had operated it since John Buchanan took over the hotel business with his halfway house by the big cherry tree at the old Van Wormer place on Fords Prairie. She and Joseph had had it torn down and rebuilt at its present location. Even now, though it wasn't all completed, the children always spoke of it as "Ma's house in town."

Originally, it had been built about 1865 by Henry Windsor, part owner of the stage line. Amos Tullis and his wife, who had taken in travelers in the old Coat's store building, while it was still on the banks of the Skookumchuck, had also operated the Windsor House for awhile. Then John Cornell had it. His wife did the cooking while he cared for the horses of the stage line, keeping them in Joseph's big barn for a time before he built his own.

Adeline had always liked to go over to Mrs. Tullis' or Mrs. Cornell's. She liked to plan with them just how the inside would look when paper had been put over the house lining, and the big room upstairs had been finished and divided off into bedrooms.

She liked to go from the ladies' entrance on the Skookumchuck side into the small parlour, then into the big dining room, and through into the kitchen to see the large roasts of meat that were being prepared for the stage passengers. She enjoyed peeking into the storeroom that, with the small bedroom, was at the end of the building.

Sometimes she went in the men's entrance and down the long hall into the dining room, and then turned to her right and knocked on the door of the big front bedroom where Mrs. Cornell would be putting fresh linen on the bed and getting ready for the next stage load of travelers. Once in a while, when she went in the men's entrance, Mrs. Cornell would call to her just as she entered; and then she would turn to her left and go up the winding stairs where she would find her neighbor in the little front bedroom. Or, if the weather was rainy, in the big unfinished room hanging her clothes on lines fastened to the rafters.

And now, while thinking of the old Windsor House, she was resting a bit after bustling about so much on the day after Eva's wedding. She glanced approvingly at the alcove formed by the double bay window. That had been Joseph's special idea—Joseph who always had everything twice as large as

anyone else. Others in town had bay windows, but he decided that theirs would extend on up through the second story. Folks were already designating her house as the one with the double bay window.

"Crate" and Eva had just left for their new home west of the big white house on the river. Now, Adeline thought, she could relax. She picked up her Godey's "Lady Book" and sat by the big bay window that looked toward Gold Street near where her mother and father now lived. Their house was on East Pine just behind the little church where Eva and "Crate" had been married.

They could visit her often now. Much easier than the times long years ago when they had lived at Union or Oakville, as it was called now. Then they and her brother, Jasper, and her sisters, Julina and Demaris and Mallie, had stayed overnight with her in the big white house on their trips to and from their farm on the upper edge of Bawfaw Prairie. Those had been delightful evenings. Her mother would sing "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star." She'd play her organ, and her father might be persuaded to join in with the words of his favorite gospel hymns. Jasper would give them the "Fisher's Hornpipe," on his fife or big jew's-harp. Or he'd sing a sea chanty or his favorite song, "The Golden Vanitee," the ballad of old England that her father said his mother's mother, the one who was first cousin to Patrick Henry, had brought with her to Virginia before the Revolution from her English home in "the lowlands low."

There was a ship that sailed to North Amerikee  
Known by the name of the "Golden Vanitee"  
As she sailed in the lowlands, lowlands low  
As she sailed in the lowlands low.

And so Jasper would sing through the many verses telling the story of the brave little cabin boy who saved his ship only to be drowned by its cruel captain.

Though the others stayed but a short time, Jasper often visited her for months together. He had a gentle kindly nature, this brother of hers, and he took all things uncomplainingly; even the time when he was a boy of 12 and his father left him alone at Grays Harbor with an old German and he had to live practically the whole winter on dried peas.

In addition to music, anything connected with a boat or gun fascinated him, and he had many rifles in his collection—even one that his father had taken from the body of White River Sam, after he had killed the Indian in a running battle on Green River.

But she supposed that Jasper had come upon his love of guns rather honestly. Aside from the fighters—Indian and otherwise—on his father's side, his mother's great-grandfather had been in the American Revolution. His name was James Davis, and at first he had been a British soldier, a drum major, who came over to fight the colonists. But after being taken prisoner, he had been so won over to the side of the Americans, he had refused to be exchanged back to the British. And he had married an American girl, Hope Cole. That's where her mother had got her second name, Cole, Adeline thought, for she was Emeline Cole Riddle when she married her father way back in Knox County, Illinois, in 1837.

But Jasper, oh yes. She always smiled at his drawling speech and his deliberate manner. It was seemingly even more studied than Joseph's. She recalled the time that he was a breakfast guest at Sam Williams' home on Black River. Jasper was intent on his hotcakes when someone asked him his name. In one long drawl he replied, "My name is Jasper Newton pass the 'lasses Roundtree."

And she remembered how her father used to josh Jasper about his first experience with a train when the railroad first came through. The two were driving sheep to Tenino and toward dusk his father said, "Son, you watch these animals while I look out a good place to make camp." But as Jasper drove them slowly along the road, a train came down the track, a puffing monster laboring along at a slow gait. Jasper, openmouthed, walked right along beside it. Soon he had left his sheep far behind.

His father met him trying to keep up with the train, his expression still full of the wonder of it. "Jasper, where are the sheep?" his father said. "The sheep?" "Yes, the sheep." "The sheep, guess I must have lost them, Father," he drawled in his deliberate air of unconcern.

Yes, thought Adeline, Jasper was one to provoke amused smiles. Like the time he was helping the men harvest hay. That was the story that always made her laugh. She could just picture her brother on top of the huge load of fragrant freshly-cut timothy, chewing a piece of the grass, his jaws going up and down beneath his full-whiskered face as he looked straight ahead at the road. Little Eddie, one of the neighbor boys, was riding on the back of the load. Suddenly Jasper ducked under a low-hanging branch but young Eddie who had been riding backwards had not seen it. It knocked him off the load and he landed on the ground with a thud. Jasper heard it. He turned and peered over the load of hay at the boy sitting on the hard ground. "You'd better be careful there, Eddie," drawled. "You might hurt yourself." And

once more he resumed his intent inspection of the road ahead.

Having two married children should make her feel old, Adeline decided. But it didn't. True, she was forty-two, but her hair wasn't grey and her little son Allen was just seven years old. Yes, she had Allen and then there were four tiny graves on the prairie, not far from her big white house, where rested half of her eight children. Three of them had died in infancy—Selucius Garfield, named for a prominent statesman of Washington Territory; Abigail; and James Harrison, named for her father.

But one, a darling little girl named Celesta Mae, had lived to be several years old. On Eva's eighteenth birthday, shortly before the child was born, Adeline and her oldest daughter had taken a trip to Monmouth for Eva to attend the Christian College there. While waiting in Portland for the river boat to take them up the Willamette, she, Mary Adeline, had seen some lovely red tomatoes outside a store. She had wanted one. She wanted it so badly that she had asked the storekeeper for it. While they walked away, she ate it.

When her little girl was born, she had a tiny scarlet tomato at the base of her throat. Ada always used to say it was a perfect ornament. "She'll never need to wear a locket when she grows up will she, Ma?" she'd say. "Just the velvet band around her neck."

No, Adeline agreed with herself, she wasn't old, but it was occasions like yesterday that made her wish she could step off several feet from herself and take stock of her appearance and personality.

As she turned the pages of her "Lady Book", Adeline tried to decide if she liked the person sitting in her chair wearing her watch and long chain made of dollar gold pieces linked together. How much different was she from the girl who had married Joseph twenty-six years before? And what was the difference?

Physically, she was still tiny, slender, young-looking for a woman of her age, immaculate in appearance. She liked to think of the times she, Eva, and little Allen accompanied Joseph to Port Townsend where he often went to transact business connected with the sale of his large herds of beef cattle. People sometimes mistook her and Eva for Allen's big sisters and refused to believe that she was old enough to have a grown daughter. How that pleased her!

She had always been cheerful, rather talkative, and with a sense of humor that caused her to play little tricks on people. It amused her when she remembered the time she had had a house full of company and decided to entertain them. She could see it again just as it had happened.

The laughing, talking crowd suddenly became aware of a shy knocking at the door. Opening it, they found a tiny little man—a traveling entertainer. "Would you like me to sing for you?" he asked. And all agreed that they would.

At the organ in the parlour, he played a variety of songs and sang to his own accompaniment in a surprisingly high but good voice. "And what would you like me to sing for my last number?" he asked. "Joe Bowers!" chorused Adeline's guests. And so he began that variation of the familiar "Sweet Betsy from Pike."

My name, it is Joe Bowers,  
I'm all the way from Pike,  
I came from old Missouri,  
Along with my brother Ike.

And there were many more verses. But finally the little man was exhausted. "That's all," he told those who urged him to continue. And he swept the floor with his hat as he bowed acknowledgment to their praises. But to everyone's surprise, coils of hair lay about the little man's head and he giggled, "Don't you know me?" Then they realized it was Mary Adeline and another of her tricks.

Adeline laughed. That had been fun.

Yes, she always had been one to play jokes. Why, she even played one on herself, for it gave her a start whenever she climbed up the narrow ladder-like stairs and poked her head through the trap door into the attic of the big white house. There in the shadows sat a man with a rifle across his knee. It always took her a moment to realize that it was just a life-sized dummy she had stuffed and put there to scare the children.

But she wasn't always in a rollicking mood. Sometimes she was inclined to be fretful with Joseph. She guessed that it was because his slow deliberateness had always been hard for her to understand. There was one incident especially. Joseph had been up on the Puyallup River chasing cattle through the brush, trying to round up his herd. He was carrying \$500 in gold in a beef can. How typical of him that when the money grew heavy, he would bury it by a white fir tree. When he returned for the gold, he wondered how one forest could have so many white firs. He never found it.

When she was particularly low in spirits, Adeline dwelt on this, picturing what she could have bought with all that money. However, she couldn't blame Joseph too much for she was always hiding things from herself and then spending weeks looking for them. Once she had even mislaid her precious gold chain.

Not that she ever had to worry about money. Oh mercy, mercy no. Joseph seemed to be able to make money in the same big way he did everything else. The land he'd settled on in 1846 and had taken out later as 320 acres of a donation claim, he had doubled since their marriage, filing on a homestead of 160 acres and getting an equal amount by a pre-emption purchased at \$1.25 an acre. Then there was the farm across the Chehalis at Scammon Creek that Harbin liked. And the two farms he'd bought at Adna besides the one in the valley at Bawfaw below the sudden rise of Bawfaw Mountain. Folks now called it Boisfort.

All this, to say nothing of his large holdings over the Cascades at what he liked to call Allensburg for their youngest son. It was really this land that Joseph considered most valuable. He'd never cared for crop farming, but he had always liked to deal in cattle. Early in their married life he'd had the prairie full of beef herds, long-horned cattle he bought in southern Oregon and fattened for the markets in Seattle and British Columbia.

Even now Joseph had just returned in time for Eva's wedding. Every fall he drove immense herds over the mountains to fatten them on the bunch grass that grew so abundantly on his great acres near Allensburg. He was in partnership with the Smith Brothers, wholesale meat dealers, who got 17 cents a pound on foot for Joseph's cattle. He took care of the herds and the Smith Brothers did the butchering and the marketing.

No indeed, Joseph had always been awfully good about money. In fact, he had always been awfully good about everything. She would liked to have blamed him for the little differences that arose between them; but in justice to him, she always had to acknowledge that perhaps it was a bit of jealousy down deep in her own soul that caused the trouble. She was petty about certain things. And Joseph, well, Joseph was as understandable to her as he had been the night of her marriage. He still seemed to be like a religion—to be blindly trusted, but not understood.

Whenever she had a problem that to her seemed very important, Joseph let her talk on and on about it with a perfectly serious face. Then suddenly his eyes would crinkle at the corners, and he'd say, "Mary, remind me to tell the boys it's time to turn the hogs into the artichokes."

And suddenly she hated him for it. But afterwards she realized that the whole thing she had been telling him was very trivial and inconsequential. Then she felt ashamed of herself for even mentioning it to him. Joseph had a bigness about him that was larger than just his size or the amount of

land he had or the money he made.

She often wondered if the pettiness in her nature matched her small stature. There was the way she had held out about Eva's marrying first. It had caused an unpleasant feeling between her two girls.

Right now the difference between them seemed to have been patched up. But Adeline always suspected Ada's sudden decision to leave home and take up nursing in Seattle had been due to Joseph's suggestion. Nevertheless, her absence had temporarily solved Adeline's problem.

There had always been a dissimilarity between the two girls. Ada was a Borst. Adeline always smiled when she thought of Eva, so pretty in her yards and yards of ruffles. Eva, with her great dark eyes, was tiny and dainty and no taller than Mary Adeline herself.

But she felt proud, too, of Ada who had grown into a tall, statuesque, almost queenly girl, very pretty in a striking sort of way. Perhaps the misunderstanding that had arisen between the two girls was her fault for she had always felt that Eva was older and should be married first. When young men called on the two girls at their home, Eva was the one to greet them and show them into the parlor. Ada didn't even put in an appearance. Mary Adeline saw to that. It hardly seemed fair to keep Ada from having beaux; but, she thought firmly as she made a little gesture of exasperation, Eva was the older. She should have been married first.

As she had watched the relations between her daughters become more and more strained, Adeline had had many misgivings. But of course she had been right—of course. She wondered—but whenever she tried to talk it over with Joseph, he'd say, "Bunch grass's growing pretty good this year, Mary," or "Wheat's coming along first rate in the west forty." Then he'd walk off.

She often wondered if she and Joseph weren't growing farther and farther apart. Perhaps he noticed it too and thought they should be together more. That could be the reason he so frequently urged her to make a trip with him east of the mountains. But she had never wanted to go and she had always dreaded to see him start out on one of those journeys over the Cascades.

They'd rented their farm and the big white house and now that she was living in town, she seemed to miss the activity of cooking for the hired men, smoking the hams, curing the bacon, gathering the eggs, feeding her chickens, and the many tasks and chores that had been a part of her existence all her married life. With Joseph away most of the time, and Ada in Seattle, she had only Allen at home to care for. But

even he was away most of the time at school. But the one he attended was very different from the one Joseph had provided for Harbin and the girls.

Adeline always liked to think with a bit of pride that her children had had private instruction; in fact, the first schooling ever given in the vicinity. Joseph had brought Annie Stevens from Olympia to come live with them and teach in their home. Anna Remley had attended and also Annie Buchanan from the Halfway House on the prairie. Her little sister, Mallie, more than twenty years younger than herself, had come up from Oakville to live with her so that she could go to school too.

Adeline liked to picture the golden-haired Annie Stevens. And she remembered she had had to explain to the children why their teacher was called a "Mercer girl" when her name was Miss Stevens. The young teacher, she told them, had come from the East with Asa Mercer, the first president of the Territorial University at Seattle. He'd made two trips to get women made widows or orphans by the Civil War to come out and be school teachers in the new territory. But Annie Stevens, like the rest, didn't teach long. There were so few women and so many marriageable men around in those days.

The second teacher had been a Miss Lord, and then the little school had started up in the log cabin by the Chehalis River where George Washington, their colored neighbor, had lived. A few years later, Mallie had come to live with her again while she attended the first regular school in the vicinity, the board one built at the end of Washington's Lane.

Little Mallie—mercy, mercy, what a time she and Harbin had had with Joseph's pigs. Mallie was married now. They often laughed about her fear of having aroused his displeasure when they met at rather infrequent intervals.

"I'll always remember the expression in Joseph's eyes at my confession of wrong doing," Mallie would say. And then she'd go on to explain how in the top of the large barn there was a chute which let bran down to the pigs when the trap door was opened. "One day," Mallie would continue, "Harbin and I decided to use some of this bran to make cakes. A great time we and the pigs had. We thrilled in our ability to create the unusual in cakes for pigs, and they squealed in hoggish delight.

"The production wasn't equaling the demand, however, so we opened the trap door a bit wider to increase our supply of raw material. Then we couldn't shut it. The pigs were reveling in seven years of plenty within the space of a few minutes. Harbin and I were truly worried. We felt we must have help but dreaded punishment for our wrong doing.

"'But, Mallie,' Harbin argued, 'you tell Pa. You're a girl and he wouldn't punish you.'

"I'll never forget Joseph's look of astonishment at my misdoing. An expression of relief replaced that first anxious one when he saw that the damage was not as great as I had pictured it. He blamed Harbin, but I insisted upon bearing my share and accepting the part that belonged to me. I felt more hurt than if he'd punished me when he explained that he might have lost all of his hogs as a result of their foundering themselves with what he called "much too much food."

Mary Adeline sat in the front room of her home by the windmill on West Main Street. She leaned forward so that her feet would reach the footstool by her chair. Each year the stool seemed a bit farther away to her; a little old woman now 82 who carried her head to one side and thrust slightly forward. It was difficult for her to rise and walk around, but her mind moved about actively and returned her easily to the time when she was still young and straight of stature.

She need only shut her eyes to go back to the time when Allen was a small boy. To relive the painful experience when she had finally acceded to Joseph's pleas to accompany him on a trip east of the mountains.

They were nearing the summit of the Cascades. She had been following Joseph on Bert, her bright-colored bay, an awfully pretty, bitable animal. They had to go by a fallen tree. Allen, of course, cleared it and Joseph, being the fine horseman that he was, sized the distance and bent forward, easily passing under it. But Mary Adeline riding on a side saddled leaned over and forward—but not enough. She was crushed between the pommel of her saddle and the log above. Her beautiful pampered horse kept on going and she was brushed off into the mud. And all without Joseph's knowing!

Suddenly he turned to speak to her but Bert's saddle was empty. Back along the forest trail Joseph rushed. He found her, a tiny unconscious figure lying crumpled in the mud and water.

"Oh, have I brought you here to kill you!" Joseph had cried. He built a fire and warmed her and dried her clothing. It was a long time before she recovered. Mary Adeline shuddered. It wouldn't have happened if she hadn't been riding one of those accursed side saddles or if she hadn't pampered her horse so much. But she always was that way with horses.

She'd never struck one in her life. And it made her positively angry to see any one make a horse run up a hill even with an empty wagon. Joseph had always liked to tease her about the warm day she made the men sweat to save the horses.

They were bringing the grain home from Bawfaw. When they came to the hill, she considered the load too heavy for the team. So she insisted that Joseph have the men make two trips. "By gory, Mary, that's a lot of foolishness", Joseph had said, "Makin' the men sweat to save the horses." But he'd given in to her in a magnificent way.

Then she'd never been able to strike Doll and Gyp, her white and bay pair, who had been so pampered that they backed the wagon over a bank with her when she told them to "whoa".

Adeline sighed. Always foremost in her mind had been a premonition about the land east of the mountains. She hadn't liked Joseph's frequent trips there and she had never wanted to go with him. Her unfortunate accident had especially prejudiced her against those long journeys. But Joseph had kept on driving his beef cattle to fatten them at what he liked to call Allensburg. Folks had misunderstood and began later to call it Ellensburg.

Even now, thirty-five years later, Adeline could remember the shock when the telegram came. It was as if every ounce of blood had leaped to her head. Joseph dead! It couldn't be real! How had it happened? Days later, she sat by the silent Socrates, hardly hearing, as Eva's voice went on and on.

But she finally comprehended that Joseph, who had been having liver trouble for some time, had lifted too much in helping Eva and "Crate" move their household articles. A day and a half it had taken them to bring their things from Yakima, where the train had left them, to the ranch near Allensburg. Joseph hadn't felt well for two weeks after his arrival. Then, suddenly, he was gone.

Folks said she took on terrible, but she couldn't help it. She wept for her husband and for the part of her life that was gone forever. Even now Mary Adeline, the tiny old lady, shed a tear for Joseph and the woman she had been so long ago.

After Joseph's death, Eva and "Crate" had stayed over at Allensburg for a couple of years. But gradually all of the cattle business had slipped away from them. It had required the strength and foresight of a man like Joseph to hold it. But she still had her farms. And she really enjoyed returning to the bustle and responsibility of the chores, the sowing, and the harvest. Helping her were Bob McGee, the man Joseph had brought from east of the mountains to run his farm, and Ed, one of Joe Young's boys.

There was no fire in their sleeping quarters, so after supper she'd detain them so that they might warm and dry themselves by the soapstone fireplace in the dining room. Then they'd join her in talking of Joseph and she'd tell them of

his experiences when he'd first settled the land. And it gave comfort to her.

"He'd talk to me like a father," Ed would say. "He'd call me to him and say, 'Eddie', he always called me Eddie—me and my brother Herman worked around for Joe ever since we were kids and were called the long-legged Young boys. We'd help out at threshing and would get a wagon box of straw for our trouble. Joe used to say to me, 'Eddie, go down to the river and see if the cattle are all there.' And I'd go down to the river—the pasture extended almost to the Whealdon place—and I'd count them and report back that they were all there.

"No sir," Ed would say, "Joe never did things in a small way. You can tell that by lookin' at the big plow and the woodshed, built so a wagon could be driven in and unloaded at his convenience. He kept half a ton of salt in the old Windsor House for the cattle. I've stored 600 bushels of potatoes there in the blockhouse, and I've helped him put 3,000 bushels of wheat in the Windsor House.

"Joe Borst, I tell you, had a master mind." Ed would go on, and Adeline would listen and silently agree. "Why, he had a hog house when other folks had just a pig pen. Remember how he fed his hogs boiled potatoes and soured barley? That was because he knew what fattened them best. He'd say to me, 'Eddie, go put the barley in the kegs and sour it.' And those boiled potatoes were just the things. They acted as a sort of tonic for the hogs.

"And then in the late summer the sows and the pigs were put on the wheat stubble, and then Joe'd say, 'Boys, put the hogs in the artichokes.' He'd brought that idea with him from New York.

"The mother hogs he'd leave there until spring with a little feed—wheat mostly. They rooted in the artichokes all winter, but the young pigs were put in the hog house to fatten, where they were kept clean and dry. The sows would root holes as deep as two feet. But they never destroyed all of the seed artichokes. And we'd plow and harrow them and they'd grow again in the spring. I've seen 'em as high as four feet and all sticky when it got hot.

"Yes, sir, Joe had a master mind," Ed would say. "Why he was the most progressive of all the old growers—even Sargent who had plenty of money to back him, couldn't beat Joe.

"Don't forget he was the first to introduce Poland China hogs and pure-bred Durham cattle. D'ya remember his bull, a three-year-old Durham?" Ed would ask suddenly, his face alight, his eyes catching hers suddenly in a habit he had. "I'd

been forbidden to lead it unless I used a staff in his nose. But I saw he was gentle and I used to lead him with a rope—at my own risk. I'd lead him to the river for water and stroke his neck. And Joe's horses always took the lead too in this part of the country. Yes, sir, Joe had a master mind."

Then Ed's face would lengthen and Adeline always waited for the ending. He always looked that way when he finished his stories with—"In all the time I worked for Joe Borst the only job I had to do that I didn't like was the time I helped Bob McGee, here, dig his grave out on the prairie there."

And Adeline remembered the day she buried Joseph beside her four babies in the little plot with the white picket fence north of the house. And ever since, she'd gone there often to visit the graves and especially the large one which she'd marked by a tall white monument.

Perhaps she'd hoped that someone could take his place. Maybe that was the reason she had married Bob McGee who was about the age of Eva. To herself she had never seemed old. But one stays young only in the mind, she discovered. And soon Bob left to live on the Harbor and she rented the farm and moved into the house with the windmill on West Main, the one that she had built in 1887.

Her attic and the tower of the windmill were full of the things she had kept all of her life. She'd never thrown anything away she thought she'd have use for.

There was her mother's spinning wheel she'd promised to Ada and the Dutch oven she used before she got her cook stove with the high back. And hanks of red carpet warp, and parts of bolts of calico she'd bought from the Coats's store when the little Polish man sold out his stock in the early 60's. Joseph's buffalo skin shirt. The long Kentucky rifle, just short of five feet, now taller than herself, that her husband had used in crossing the plains.

There was the tiny nightcap that Eva had worn at Fort Henness. The little organ on which, though she'd never had any lessons, she had played "Joe Bowers", and many other songs in the days when she and Eva, Harbin, and Ada had been considered among the best singers in the community that was Center-ville.

There, too, was the white cotton dress with its full skirt and short puff sleeves which she had worn as a girl of fifteen when she led the grand march at the first governor's ball in the new territory. The state museum at Tacoma had asked for it and she intended to give it to them before she died.

And then there was the long lock of hair which Allen had made her cut off when the boys at school made fun of him. Perhaps that had been another bit of persistent pettiness but

she'd kept his hair long until after he was seven. He had been her baby; and when he grew too old for curls, she had felt she couldn't cut off all his hair and had coiled one piece on top of his head.

Allen, who had the sweetest of dispositions, at twenty, had married Lucinda Elizabeth Overacker. They had two children named for herself and Joseph—Deborah Adeline and Joseph Overacker. They also had an adopted son, Richard.

Ada, too, had married—had been married for thirty years now. Her husband was John Blackwell and they had adopted a daughter, Grace. Eva and "Crate's" only baby, a son, had died, but Harbin had three boys and a girl—Ray Harbin, Robert Allen, Frank James, and a daughter, Sylvia.

Harbin, yes, she'd been right about her tall son. He'd had a mechanical bent. He liked to tinker with things and to invent contraptions. She'd given him the land he'd always liked on Scammon Creek; and while his family lived in town all one winter, he stayed in his small house on the creek where he set up a little water-power grist mill and ground the flour he sent in for Ollie and the children. There was an impractical side about Harbin she could never exactly understand. For instance, he'd killed his cow and tanned the hide to make bands to operate his little mill. Odd looking bands they were too, with the hair still on the outside.

Perhaps there was an idealism about Harbin—a desire to make things perfect and exact. The builders in town said that his carpenter work was just perfection but he was so slow that it would break them up to take him on contract labor. He was never satisfied unless a job was perfectly done.

Sylvia, his daughter, seemed to have talent along the line of creating things too. She was studying sculpture at the university in Seattle. And then maybe Harbin's sons took after him too. Ray made a model of a steam engine when he was about eleven, using the foot-power lathe in his father's shop in their barn and even casting some of the parts himself. And when she was in Seattle, Robert showed her the long-handled lawn mower he had rigged up so that he could stand at the top and cut the grass on his steep terrace.

She liked to think of her children and grandchildren and wonder which of their traits and characteristics came from her side of the family and which from Joseph's. She could never decide exactly. She seemed to see so much of both of them in each child—like strips from two pieces of calico appearing again and again in one of her braided hit-and-miss rag rugs—distinct in itself, yet blending into the pattern of the whole.

And in the storeroom at the rear of her house she had also found room to keep the grain she brought on her night

drives from the farm at Bawfaw. She had loved those drives alone through the pitchy blackness when she gave her horses the reins and she could sit back in the dark and think of the harvest season which was just over.

How she had loved threshing at Bawfaw. All was bright sunlight. There was the long, long table out in the cool shade of the trees; the women bustling about all day—laughing, talking, arguing—preparing meals for the hungry threshing crew. And out in the field, the roaring machine throwing the yellow straw high into the air. The chaff flying in the wind. The men tossing the sheaves, the machine spewing out the grain. At noon and in the evening, the gang of sweating men rolling like a wave up to the pump; and, then, after washing, surrounding the long table which suddenly seemed too short to hold everyone. Yes, she had loved threshing at Bawfaw.

Mary Adeline had often thought that she would write of her own life and so one day she did. She told of the journey across the plains, their trials as the first homesteaders on Grays Harbor, and she carried the story as far as the winter of 1854 when her family stayed in Olympia—the winter that she led the grand march at the ball and her father was first door-keeper at the Legislative Assembly, as the lower house of the state legislature was then called. But, like so many other things that she had put away for safe keeping, she couldn't find it.

She was like Joseph with his beef can full of gold. She couldn't remember just where it was. Perhaps she had wound it in the center of one of her many balls of carpet rags. She didn't know. She'd asked her cousin, Emma Roundtree, who was now the widow of Jacob Salzer, to come help her hunt. She'd told Emma that they'd just sit with her carpet rags and nobody would be the wiser. And Emma had come several times. Moths flew out as they rewound. And moth holes were all they had found so far in the balls of woolen rags.

She didn't know just why she felt so desperately that she must find this story she'd written of her life unless it seemed as if her youth were lost with it, and to find one would be to regain the other. Emma was coming again tomorrow and they would rewind more balls of carpet rags.

And lately her mind had been trying to find something else. Every evening when she was lying in the great walnut bed Joseph had bought for her, her mind went searching for her husband. It was as if he had never died and if she looked long enough, she'd find him. Like the time she hunted hours for little Eva—in the barn—under the stairs—in the blockhouse—everywhere—even along the river where she fearfully peered into its depths for the little red calico figure. Then she had

found her on the chopping block behind the shed, her pet chicken locked in her tiny arms. Both of them sound asleep.

Out somewhere in the open spaces of time, Joseph must be too. Not dead—only asleep—waiting for her to find him. Every night—sometimes it seemed the whole night through, she was sleeping less and less—her mind searched all the places he'd been—peering across the stretches of the wide plains—up the heights and down the valleys of the Great Mountains—in the deep recessed bays of the upper Sound—along the dark shadows of the trail over the Cascades. Every night she searched for Joseph—only asleep like little Eva—waiting for her to find him.

And during the day she thought about him as she sat knitting. The needles clicked away the minutes, the hours, the days. She could feel time slipping past her, a gentle breeze rustling the folds of her memory. What a beautiful thing time seems when we have so little left, she thought; so little until she would find Joseph. She counted as she cast off the stitches of the heel—a stocking for Joseph, her husband.

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Mary Adeline Borst passed quietly away on February 20, 1920, in her house on West Main Street by the white-towered windmill. She was in her eighty-third year.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOMESTEADING ON THE HARBOR

(An Autobiographical Account by Mary Adeline Borst)

EDITED BY DONNA TISDALE

After her death, Mrs. Borst's daughters found the story she wrote after she was eighty years of age telling of the experiences of her family in crossing the plains and as the first homesteaders on Grays Harbor.

Written on tablet paper, now brown and crisp at the edges, the manuscript is in the possession of Mrs. Eva McElfresh, her oldest daughter, who has given permission for it to be reproduced here.

I have made a few additions to include a brief account written by Mrs. Julina Jane Roundtree Weaver, Mrs. Borst's younger sister. I have also added a conclusion containing material found in newspaper clippings in the scrapbook of Mrs. Emma Salzer, a cousin, and in the family records assembled by Miss Sylvia Borst, a granddaughter.

Mrs. Borst began her narrative by explaining that her family left Knox County, Illinois, on April 10, 1852 for the Pacific Coast. They were Dr. James H. Roundtree, her father; Emeline Riddle Roundtree, her mother; their children, Mary Adeline, Mrs. Borst herself who was then 13 years of age; her brother Jasper Newton, 12; and her sister Julina Jane, age 7. She describes their journey as a long perilous, wearisome one of almost six months across the plains and deserts before they reached Oregon City on September 30, 1852. Mrs. Borst continues:

We started out with one four horse team, one two horse team and one heavy provision wagon with four yoke of oxen attached to it, and eight head of good milk cows. We drove to Council Bluffs, where Omaha now stands, and laid in six months provisions, that being the last chance for obtaining supplies.

[We were in a company of about sixty or more wagons and families. Usually about two or three men would ride on horseback and go ahead to find a good camping place, water, and range for the stock. We had to ferry rivers by having the wagon beds tied fast to the running gears of the wagon and the men swam along side of the oxen to drive them over the river.—From Mrs. Weaver's Account.]

We experienced no excitement or fear from Indians until the day before reaching the north fork of the Platte River. There a man was calling every train to a halt to prepare for an Indian fight on the morrow, when they would reach the north Platte crossing. The Indians had made an attack on a small train the day before, and killed and robbed the most of them. After our train had increased to about 100 wagons, we drove on to the crossing. There were lots of Indians around in hiding, but only about forty came up to counsel.

[Well do I remember the first Indians who came to our camp one evening in their paint and feathers and the safest place I could find was to hide under my mother's apron, but later we got over our fears.—From Mrs. Weaver's Account.]

The emigrants ahead of us had made a rough bridge across this small stream to cross on, and the Indians thought that they would compel the emigrants ahead of us to pay a big toll for crossing on it. They made a demand on our train, but made no threat. There were more white men than they were expecting, so were content with what was given them.

The big train kept near together for a few days, fearing that it might encounter a night attack, but after the emigrants thought they were beyond danger, they divided up again into small companies on account of feed for their stock, which had to be watched and guarded every night.

[The men had a regular system of standing guard at night. When we got on the plains where the Indians were dangerous, the wagons were drawn in a large circle which formed a kind of stockade, where the cattle and horses could better be protected from the Indians or being stampeded by the great hordes of buffaloes. One day the buffaloes ran past us and made the ground tremble like a train of cars passing.—From Mrs. Weaver's Account.]

After a month or two of traveling, the Indians stampeded our stock one dark night, taking four of the cows and two of the horses. After that we were more or less doomed to misfortune, losing one by one out of our teams, until we were compelled to leave one of the wagons by the wayside, and a part of our clothing and bedding. When we reached Thurston County, Oregon, we had one light wagon, two cows, one yoke of steers, and one horse.

[We spent one night on the Clackamas, where Oregon City now is. From there we had our first temporary home at Milwaukie, Oregon, where mother and us two girls spent the winter of 1852-3.—From Mrs. Weaver's Account.]

The doctor rented a small house in Milwaukie, five or six miles above Portland, wherein to shelter his wife and two

of his children. Then, with a scanty supply of food, he started with his son, who was under eleven years of age [Mrs. Borst's brother was then past twelve], and an old German, who had fallen in with us, to hunt for a new home for the family. They went down the Chehalis to Gray's Harbor, where they found a lonely white man, on the harbor.

He was a little Frenchman living in a little log cabin, about eight by ten and six feet high with an opening in one end to go out and in and to admit daylight. He kindly let them stay with him. The doctor and the German very soon found land that seemed to satisfy their longing and they went to work to put up a cabin on the doctor's land first, as they were anxious to get the family together in their new home.

By this time their meager supply of food was growing slim, and the doctor was planning on going up to Olympia to get some supplies before going after his wife and other two children having to depend upon the Indians for transportation and await their good pleasure.

Finally to their surprise there were two white men who made their appearance and asked to stop with them. The request was happily given. It did not take them long to see and feel all of that desolate world that they wanted. Next morning the oldest man, Chapman by name, wanted to return to civilization but the younger man wanted to go on around to Shoal-Water Bay so he hired some Indians to take him down to the seashore where he could walk on down on the beach. Mr. Chapman and Mr. Roundtree rolled up a little bedding, a little "mucamue" provisions, a few matches and an ax, and started up the Chehalis in a canoe to get some provisions.

They made good time the first day going with a favorable tide, but after they got above the Satsop River, their progress was more slow. They lost control of their craft, were upset, and lost everything but their lives. They had a hard struggle to reach land again. This was in December, the ground covered with snow all of from two to four feet deep and very cold.

They waded through the brush and snow all of the rest of that day as they could see their way; then beat a track around a large tree, where they ran around all night to keep from freezing. Next morning, as soon as daylight dawned, they started out on their journey. After several hours, they came to a stream. Cedar Creek, which they had to wade because the ice was not strong enough to bear their weight, traveled on until they reached Black River where again they had to do much wading in the ice cold water, almost waist deep.

By this time Mr. Roundtree had become almost exhausted from cold, hunger, and fatigue, and could hardly walk. Finally he told Mr. Chapman to go on and save himself as he did not think he could go farther. Mr. Chapman would not leave him but took him by the arm and helped him along until he saw a house—the first and only house on Mound Prairie. Mr. James had just recently settled there. Mr. Roundtree again told Mr. Chapman to leave him as he could not go any farther so Mr. Chapman laid his burden down, covered him with snow and went on to the house and told them his distressing story.

It was almost dark, but Mr. James and his oldest son started out to bring in the man. They scratched off the snow and pulled him up and dragged and carried him along as best they could until they got him home. He was entirely unconscious, but with warm nourishment and Mother James' good care, they saved his life but not his feet. He lost three toes from one foot and two from the other, and was not able to walk without crutches for over six months. Fortunately for Mr. Chapman he was a younger and stouter man and after a day or two of rest and a few hearty meals, he went on his way.

It had been over two months since there had been any communication between the doctor and his family. There was a rural mail route from Monticello, on the Columbia River, about once a week. The mail was carried on a "Siwash Kuitan's" [Indian pony] back. The doctor's family had given him up as lost or drowned or perhaps killed. Finally a man who had traveled half way across the plains as one of the doctor's teamsters, started to find the missing ones, if possible. When he reached Fords Prairie on the Chehalis River, he found a frozen cripple. It was a joyful meeting for both. The teamster then returned to Milwaukie to help the mother and two daughters over to joining the father. They came down to Portland to St. Helen's landing, on the west side of the Columbia [flows north here] on a good sized boat, called the "Lot Whitcom," then crossed over the Columbia in a canoe, paddled by Indians. They stopped overnight with Mr. Huntington and next day started up the Cowlitz River in a canoe with the Indians, reaching the first old Cowlitz Landing on the third evening and went from there to Fords Prairie with an ox team. [On the trip to Fords Prairie they stayed over one night with Mr. Jackson on Jackson Prairie. The other sister tells me.—Note added by Allen T. Borst, a son.]

At old Judge Ford's house February 12th we met our dear old crippled father with rejoicing thankful hearts. The next anxious thought was to find brother and the old German. It took a whole day of parleying to get the Indians to consent to take us down to Grays Harbor. February 14th, with four Indians and two canoes, we started for Grays Harbor reaching our destination the 17th. There we had another joyous thankful meeting with the old German and our brother who were almost famished for something fit to eat. All they had to eat was dried peas. Sometimes some fish to hang up before the fire to broil, and eat without salt, or when the tide would go out they could find some crabs. They had not seen bread of any kind for months. Two happier mortals I never saw.

There were quite a number of Indians at that time, scattered about on both sides of the Harbor, and when our arrival was announced among them, it awakened their curiosity. They seemed quite anxious to make our acquaintance; no doubt thinking that they would have quite a picture frightening a white woman and her children. It only took three trials to convince them that they had found a woman who did not scare worth a cent. The first one she run off carrying two heavy stripes on his body.

The next one she sent home with a broken arm. He came to the house when the father and mother were both gone out to get some board timber, leaving the old German and the children at home. This Indian took advantage of the occasion to get into the house, which was strictly against her order. He kept up such a racket trying to get in that we were terribly frightened when the parents returned, they told of their excitement.

An hour or two later the same Indian came back as pleasant and sociable as he never thought of an evil thing. Mother asked him why he had done such a mean thing when he knew they were gone. He put on a very innocent face and told her he could not understand what she meant. 'Well,' she said, 'I will make you understand' and when she took down her crabapple club, he started to run. She, right after him, striking him every jump and broke his arm. In a few minutes he and his brother came back on the war path. She argued him that he was the transgressor and she would not offer any apology.

Father then felt sorry that his arm was broken. The husband was working nearby and called to him and told them he could mend it. The doctor went into the house and brought out material for bandages and linament, and made some splints, set the arm and gave them some medicine to bathe it with, also a silver dollar. That made peace, after that he was a

good Indian and often talked of her bravery.

Their Hyas Tyee (big chief) ridiculed his braves for being afraid of a woman; told them he would go up and give her a trial some day. Sure enough, he did, and brought five or six of his Tilacum with him. We saw them in time to meet them outside. The mother had her ax right at hand beside her club; of course the chief introduced himself to her as being the ruler of that country and tried to be very important indeed. After he finished his conversation with her, he spoke to his men and made a start to go into the forbidden door where the family slept and where all their belongings were stored. She called him to halt. He turned his head towards her and gave her a defiant look and made another start. She grabbed the ax and made after him quickly. When he turned his head next time his face wore a different look, and when he saw that uplifted ax just ready to split his head open, he begged for mercy and said he did not intend to go inside. Just wanted to look in. He never came back to try her courage again.

The next exciting time we ever had with the Indians was when a lot of them were over from Shoal-Water Bay, where they had been together to gather oysters where a schooner was landing for San Francisco. They had received a bountiful supply of whisky. Long before dark they were drinking, fighting, cutting and slashing in a great shape.

Our father had gone up the river to get some supplies. The poor old German was no protector whatever. He feared an Indian almost as death. Mother told him and the two younger children to go to bed and she would take the gun and go outside and stand guard; but I being the oldest must also stay up. That was an easy task for me. No danger of going to sleep when one is expecting every minute to be murdered. They were making the air ring with their hideous fighting, screaming, and yelling. I don't know what my mother's thought and feelings were, but I never will forget my own."

Just before dark a poor, bloody, cut-up victim came on a run, begging mother for protection. She told him to keep on running into the woods. In a few minutes there came three more after him. Mother told them she did not know where he was, and that they had better go back to camp. I guess that they thought the same thing, as they saw that she was likewise prepared for battle. No more of them put in an appearance that night.

The most lonely, desolate place on earth was certainly here. The privations and hardships which we had to endure were too disheartening to think of putting in another three years with no assurance of anything better.

In November we bid goodbye to all of the homestead we had. Father made a bargain with the Indians to take us up the river to Mill Creek, where two men were making an attempt to build a lumber mill, but we never completed it. Father worked two months for them. They had four other hired men, making seven men. Mother cooked for them for our board.

About the first of February, we started out on foot, on a miserable, old, muddy Indian trail. Each one of us had a pack to carry as we knew that we would be compelled to camp one night at least. We all walked single file through the mud until almost dark. Father thought we had a good camping place. He started up a great fire to get warm by, by which he prepared for us a bed of fir boughs, under a big cedar with long heavy limbs hanging low. Then we ate our little lunch, and retired for rest.

Snow fell during the night, and we found ourselves under an extra white blanket next morning. The prospect did not look very inviting under the present circumstances but it was no use to whine. We just had to face the music. Father soon kindled a great hot fire to warm by while we ate our lunch. Then he arranged our packs and we again set out on the muddy trail through snow and rain all day.

We reached Black River about the middle of the afternoon, but there was no way to get across, and the water was high. Father had sent our goods around up the Chehalis, then up Black River by the Indians in a canoe. They did not reach it until dark, and everything was as wet as water and snow could make them. They unloaded their craft on the opposite side, and then set us over.

There was not a dry spot to be found on which to sleep, so we all had to sit as close as possible to a tree, without anything to eat, while the rain simply poured down. The next morning we started out early for another long walk until we found a shanty to go in for rest and shelter while Father went on to Mr. James to get them to go out with him after the goods. After we got our goods all dried out, we went to Olympia and stayed there until the next spring, and then moved down on the Black River.

[That winter Dr. Roundtree became doorkeeper of the house of representatives at the first session of the territorial legislature. In the spring of 1854, he took out a donation claim of 320 acres on Black River and became the first postmaster at Union, later Oakville, and the first justice of the peace and first probate judge of Chehalis, later Grays Harbor County. At Union, Demaris Edna, (later Mrs. William Goodman) was born on December 7, 1854, and another daughter, Mallie Angeline (Mrs. Gilbert M. Ward) on March 14, 1861.

About 1880, Dr. Roundtree and his family leased their holdings at Oakville and moved to Centerville, later Centralia, where he set up a small drug store.

Mrs. Roundtree died November 27, 1892, while visiting her son in Oregon. Doctor Roundtree soon afterward moved his drug store to Oakville, but returned to Centralia two years later and made his home with his oldest daughter until his death. He was survived by Mrs. Borst, his son Jasper, and two daughters, Mrs. Weaver and Mrs. Ward. The latter, who is still living, now resides at Retsil, Washington.]

## CHAPTER X

### THE JOURNAL OF PATTERSON F. LUARK (1852-1858)

EDITED BY LEONA HELGERSON

Patterson F. Luark has left his own story in three journals. Only selections from the first are reproduced here—those that include a brief summary of his life and his account of crossing the plains and proving up on a donation claim north of Centralia. Rather detailed day-to-day happenings, they are, written in a style as simple and direct as that of the Bible.

The important events of his life—for the most part travels and misfortunes—he recounts deliberately and sincerely, compressing forty-four years into a single page on the fly leaf of his journal.

A casual account he makes of the great sweep of westward migration along the Oregon Trail, associating everyday happenings with well known places. St. Louis is entered as the place he "bought 255 pounds of pilot bread at 4 cents." Crossing Wolf River, a "little deep ugly thing," he journeyed up the historic North Platte; then climbing to Wind River Mountain, he "drank of water that empties into the great Pacific." And on westward he traveled—Fort Boise, "camped amongst the bull wheat" and John Day's River, "started at dark to cross a dessert of twenty-five miles to the Columbia," "had a peep at old Hood" and finally Portland, "fed wild hay at 25 cents per hundred."

Of greater importance to local history, however, are the entries between September 29, 1853: "Crossed Skookumchuck and struck the gravelly prairie" and June 27, 1858: "Prepared to start to Grays Harbor with family, stock, goods, etc., bag and baggage." For between these, he records the history of the perilous times in this vicinity. He helps build the Borst Blockhouse, observes the flight to Fort Henness, the calling up of volunteer troops, and the surrender of arms by the friendly Chehalis Indians.

But all this, Patterson Luark mingles with ordinary occurrences—"sowed oats" . . . "administered plenty of lard to three sick cattle" . . . "went to Olympia, done some trading." As in the journey across the plains, every day details realistically dwarf the larger movement of which he is a part.

Patterson Luark's is the truest surviving picture of early settlement on the prairies near where the Skookumchuck joins the Chehalis—of the cultivation of the soil, of religious observances, of frequent visits and journeys, of fort building and barn raisings.

The following material I have selected and edited from the journal of Patterson F. Luark, attempting to choose those parts which, in my opinion, best give the atmosphere of the period. From the original faded script written almost a hundred years ago, I have copied this account. I am indebted to Mr. Justin Luark of Montesano for his kindness in permitting me to use his grandfather's journal.—Leona Helgerson.

### PATTERSON LUARK SUMS UP HIS LIFE

I, P. F. Luark, was born the 16th of December, 1814, in the State of Tennessee, Sullivan County. Was removed by my parents, John Luark, and wife, Catherine, in 1816 to Washington County, Virginia, and from there in 1822 to Fayette County, Indiana, which was at that time thinly populated. Removed to Rush County, Indiana in 1832. Was hired to John Luark, Jr., oldest full brother, for three years and nine months for something over three dollars per month, board and clothing included.

In 1833 gave Father note of hand for \$35 and started out into the world on my own hook without a dollar and poorly clothed. In the fall of the next year I entered into partnership with Thos. J. Luark, second brother, for three years in farming. At the end of one year mutually dissolved said partnership. In fall of 1835 or, rather, winter of '35 and '36, attended last school, attending 15 days, principally to study mathematics.

In the fall of 1836 entered of government 80 acres of land, four miles southwest of Anderson town, Madison County, and on the 8th of March 1837 was married to Matilda Ann Withum (of same County) and immediately settled in the wilderness. After having made something of a farm in the summer of 1840, removed to Bond County, Illinois, having been made bankrupt by a brother, being surety for him. Arrived in Tuckerdom with wife and two sick children, one horse and wagon and \$1.50 in cash. Was soon taken sick and before recovery buried wife and oldest child. In the meantime bought 120 acres of unimproved land, making a debt of 185 dollars, 50 of which was at 12 per cent interest. In November, 1840, was able to do the first day's work with M. J. [Marcellus], oldest son, still sick.

On the 19th of December in 1841 was married to Mary S. Hodge of Bond County, Ill., formerly of Tennessee, and immediately settled on said land in the open Prairie near

Shoul Creek, 8 miles west of Greenville and 4 miles north of Pocahontas. And as will be seen by a pursual of the following journal, in August of 1852, I sold my farm for twelve hundred dollars cash and over four hundred dollars worth of other property and crossed the plains to Thurston Co., W. T. in 1853, loosing by the way, \$1,000 worth of stock. Bought a donation claim at \$600, proved up in 4½ years and sold for Sixteen hundred dollars and took a homestead claim in 1858 on the great Pacific in Chehalis County and on Gray's Harbor, 2½ miles south of the entrance.

### PATTERSON LUARK WRITES A JOURNAL

[Here begins the bidding of farewells "no doubt for eternity," the purchase of "Dime and Duke, a yoke of oxen for \$75," and the other preparations necessary before Patterson F. Luark and his family "rolled wheels for the land of promise."]

A. D. 1852

Monday, October 11—Left my property in his [George Arnold's] care and started to the State of Indiana to visit Father and Mother and the rest of my relations.

Wednesday, October 27—Returned to Father's near Anderson Town and stayed the last night with them. Father is teaching perhaps his last school. Also being now seventy-eight and a few months.

Thursday, October 28—Made a present to Father and Mother of cash two dollars and parted, no doubt, for Eternity.

Friday, October 29—Stayed with Sister Sally, no doubt for the last time in this life.

Tuesday, December 7—Today I went to George Donnal's to attend a meeting of members of a colony bound for Puget Sound, Oregon Territory. Also bought of Wm. Edwards one yoke of oxen for the trip across the plains, \$45.

Wednesday, December 8—Bought of Simon Knickeendall one pair of sorrel mules three years old next spring, paying cash \$200.

Saturday, December 18—Received of Greenwood and Company of Pocahontas, one wagon for the trip across the plains to the Pacific. Also bought of Wm. Watkins one bolt waggon sheeting for the trip.

A. D. 1853

Friday, January 21—Bought two bushel of dried apples (\$2.50) and two large bells (\$1.55).

Monday, January 24—Bought of William Ray one hundred dozen oats at ten cents per dozen.

Wednesday, February 2—In the city of St. Louis bought a sheet iron cooking stove and fixtures for eight dollars.

Monday, February 28—Bought of John Drake two yoke of oxen, 120 dollars, one of them being for Edward Duggar.

Wednesday, March 9—Hauled a hickory log to Brown's Sawmill to make waggon touns for the plains.

Tuesday, March 22—Brother Michael F. arrived at my house to cross the plains with us.

Saturday, March 26—Traded a note on Brad and Ray to Sadler for a very heavy Spanish saddle, \$18.00. Also bought Duke and Dime, a yoke of oxen, for \$75.

Monday, March 28—This morning we rolled wheels for the land of promise. Our stock consisted of two waggons, four mules, two mares, five yoke of oxen, six cows. We had living four children, Brother M. F., and Merri Labance along. Camped in middle fork of Sugar Creek.

Wednesday, March 30—Bought in Illinois town one skillet and lid for ninety cents. Crossed the Mississippi into St. Louis, Missouri, ferriage \$3. Bought of M. Dimick one revolver, one spyglass, and compass for \$35 and 225 lbs. of pilot bread at 4 cents and rope at nine cents per pound, and etc. Camped in the city.

Wednesday, April 6 — Passed through Williamsburg. Bought eggs at 5c per dozen.

Thursday, April 7—Traveled 45 miles. [The farthest the Luark party ever travelled in one day.]

Wednesday, April 20—Found Blackwood and Hamilton from Montgomery County, Illinois. Bought of Mr. Harron 304 lbs. of bacon at 8 cents per pound. My head and ears continue to grow worse.

Thursday, April 21—Went to St. Joe. Bought various goods. Suffered severely. Engaged two more men to travel with us.

Friday, April 22—Received Charles Ranolds and Albert Skittinger to cross with us.

Monday, April 25—Today we move to St. Joe.

Tuesday, April 26—Moved our wagons as close as possible to the ferry to take our turns. Received also Jonas Rhodes to travel with us. I also visited a dentist who cleaned my teeth, which was the cause of my pains in my head and ears.

Thursday, April 28—Received of Rhodes cash as pay for his bond, \$20. Finished crossing the Missouri River after paying at St. Joe about \$100 or more. Our ferriage was \$4.50. (Dentist's fee \$3.50 for cleaning teeth.)

Saturday, April 30—Today we traveled 20 miles over a beautiful rolling prairie country interspersed with oak and some other trees. Crossing Wolf River, a little deep ugly thing. Here we paid toll to Sock Indians for crossing a toll bridge builded by emigrants. We camped near the Ioway Mission.

Here we remained over the Sabbath. Today we got in company with Messrs. Blackwood and Hamilton. Samuel Hill and John and Fray Gear had been with us all the way, being four wagons, 10 men, 2 boys, one woman, and 3 children.

Wednesday, May 4—Stayed at camp and washed some; guarded stock all together.

Tuesday, May 10—Hard frost freezing ice in our buckets.

Wednesday, May 11—Eighteen miles today to Big Sandy on passing Big and Little and Dry Sandies.

Saturday, May 14—Eighteen miles and camped on Blue River. We experienced a very hard wind today with rain so hard as to slick the wheels of the waggon as we rolled along.

Sunday, May 15—Lay over and rested the Sabbath. [The custom the first part of the trip, but later disregarded.]

Tuesday, May 17—This morning at half past three I being unwell got up and found the water of the river under my tent and wagon. Got all up, gathered up gears, cooking vessels, etc., out of the water and rolled our wagon by hand out to dry land. M. F. and some others waded to the log across the river and found all stock. M. F. swam over the mare and the balance followed. One or two having to be taken off the willows.

Wednesday, May 18—Drove off north 5 or 6 miles. Passed around the bend of the stream and round to the road again being partly quieted by the lay of the country and partly by Walter's Guide [Book].

Thursday, May 19—Passed into the Nebraska on Plat bottom. We passed Fort Kerny at four p. m. Here we learned that there had passed already on the southern side of the Plat this season (besides what had passed on the north side) and before us, 1360 wagons, 450 head of cattle, 1754 horses, 742 families, 3,344 men, 905 women, 1207 children.

Sunday, May 22—Another Plat storm last night. Five miles brought us to a place where the river is about a mile wide. Here many were crossing over from the south to the north side by hitching their wagon beds. We also followed suit, attaching on team, six yoke of cattle on my oxen wagon and six horses and mules on the other. I crossed twice myself. Some went before on horseback and some on foot. The water was from ankle deep to almost swimming and the giving of the sand beneath kept a continued clatter in the wagons. At times there would be quicksand that would almost swamp the team. We were five hours in crossing three times.

Tuesday, May 31—Viewed Chimney and Courthouse Rocks this evening off of Bluff.

Wednesday, June 1—Traveled 17 miles today, passing ancient bluff roads. They look like castles in ruin. I rode on

top of two of them. There is Cedar near by—the first timber for 100 miles or more. The Cedar is not mentioned in our guide book, being one mile from road and not in view nor numerous.

Saturday, June 4—Twenty-three miles, passing Blue Rock Bluff where there is plenty of rattlesnakes. Also passed some quicksand, prickley pear, swamps.

Monday, June 6—The Plat rose over three feet last night. Washed off bridge across Laramie River near Fort Laramie, also a ferry across North Plat opposite the Fort. Camped near a temporary Indian village, Laramie's peak still in full view.

Tuesday, June 7—Traveled 22 miles over and among the Black Hills. Some places is quite picturesque indeed, high peaks and bluffs partially covered with pine and cedar. At one hill it was fully important to have more than one lock chain.

Friday, June 10—Twenty-three miles, the last eight of which was some for winding and twisting over hills and rocks, twisting in all kinds of shapes, almost twisting us all out of shape (our patience, at least).

Monday, June 13—Four miles brought us to the bridge across North Plat, a good looking bridge 125 yds. in length. Here I learned that 905 waggons has already crossed this season. Crossed one ravine and the mud of which literally stank.

Tuesday, June 14—One mile to summit of Prospect Hill. In a gulch to the left was a bank of snow. A bucket full of which I raked off and carried to camp. Also found some rare flowers growing within a few feet of the snow. The snow was five or six feet in depth.

Wednesday, June 15—Five miles from Independence Rock is what is called the Devil's Gate. The sight of the water rushing and tearing (or rather) foaming amongst the rocks is a sight worth seeing. Near the gate is a sort of adobe fort of traders.

Thursday, June 16—We saw some Indians in evening that was shying about. Some of the men rode out but the Siwash sloped [rode away]. We kept a sharp lookout at night for our stock.

Sunday, June 19—Today we passed the ice swamp which is certainly a curiosity. There is plenty of ice one or two feet under the surface of the swamp. I saw a chunk of it raised up a little distance. It is a swampy place and there is also alkali plenty five miles from the swamp.

Monday, June 20—Yesterday brother M. F. was taken with what is called the Mountain Fever and confined to the wagon. Across a stream the snowy mountains called the Wind

River Mountains loom up to our right.

Tuesday, June 21—This is the last camp we made on the waters of the Atlantic.

Wednesday, June 22—Seven miles and we drank of water that empties into the great Pacific. 8 miles more to where one road to Oregon leaves the road to Salt Lake. Little Sandy, 6 miles on the northern route which we traveled.

Thursday, June 23—Five miles to big Sandy and camped three miles below road at both Sandys. We propped up our wagon beds on ox yokes, still some things got wet. Here commenced a desert.

Friday, June 24—At Green River was a number of ferrys and in consequence of a disagreement amongst them we ferried our waggons over for \$2 each and our stock for 50c each.

Saturday, June 25—The price of ferriage was raised again this morning to eight per wagon and one dollar per head for stock.

Monday, June 27—Very cold, snowing considerably besides considerable ice this morning. A real nice day.

Tuesday, June 28—The ground is white with snow this morning and still cold.

Friday, July 1—Six miles this morning brought us to the summit of Bear River Mountain. After passing the first fir grove on this summit is the highest point of the road between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Here we had a fine view with some hundreds of emigrants' wagons at one sight, mostly all rolling wheels for the Pacific Coast.

Saturday, July 9—Seven miles from here we pass over to the valley of the Snake River.

Sunday, July 10—Large grass, or rather wild wheat and wild yellow currents in this valley. Marcellus [Mr. Luark's son] was thrown from his mule or fell from a cliff (which he never could tell) and stunned so he could barely speak.

Tuesday, July 12—Four miles this morning brought us to the American Falls of Snake River. Here is a grand sight. Falls twenty feet or more, leaping, roaring and plunging amongst the rocks. Here the face of the country changes, looking barren, rocky and volcanic, and streams generally passing between rugged banks of black rock. Fourteen miles from American Falls we camped, after having passed between two high rocks where plenty of names are inscribed on the rocks; also swift-running creek with stony bottom.

Wednesday, July 20—Seven miles and camped three miles above the Salmon Falls on Snake River at a little above which there is a ferry now, there is a large quantity of water bursting out of the Bluff on the opposite side of the river, forming beautiful cataracts of cascades.

Monday, July 25—At noon on Catherine Creek I bought some fish of Indians. Also sold to a man from Oregon, by the name of Mulki, \$5 worth of tobacco, having previously sold one dollar's worth to the same man at Rock Creek.

Thursday, July 28—Returned to road one and one-half miles to creek. Here we filled our vessels with water, it being sixteen miles of desert and here is one of the hills to ascend. Ox-team was until near sundown in reaching camp near the river, a spring near the mouth of dry branch.

Saturday, July 30—Rested all day. Three of us went up creek to the mountains. Plenty of balm of gilead, alder, and red haw up creek.

Sunday, July 31—Four miles to hot springs—too hot to hold a hand in. One-half mile more is another. Eleven miles to camp. This evening we lost an ox, having bled too much at the tail. Two days since we had bored most of our cattle's horns and split their tails which were hollow. This one was split too much. I am now convinced that many cattle die on the plains yearly of a disease called hollow horn.

Friday, August 5—At Fort Boise we camped amongst the bull wheat.

Saturday, August 6—Three miles from Buck Creek we have the last sight of Snake River which passes down between mountains and the road over to and up Burnt River. We made only ten miles and camped on Burnt River. This is a beautiful country, well watered, plenty of grease-wood and water.

Tuesday, August 9—Got in company of T. F. Berry and Mr. Dilts today.

Thursday, August 11—Eighteen miles today brought us four miles into the Grand Round Valley. This is a beautiful valley partly surrounded by mountains covered with yellow and other pine and fir, and etc.

Saturday, August 13—Ten miles today in the mountains and camped on a ridge guarding stock in valley to the left. There is water and lots of wolves.

Monday, August 15—Eight miles again and we emerged again into the open country. This is the last piney region in the Cascade region. Eight miles more and camped on the Umatillon River, near where the road to Walla Walla leads off. I bought this evening of Mr. Smith of Missouri twenty-five pounds of bacon at thirty-three cents a pound.

Tuesday, August 16—Yesterday several of us were made sick by eating too many haws or thorn apples.

Wednesday, August 17—I lost another ox. He has been out of the yoke only one day on the road when we were traveling.

Thursday, August 18—Twenty miles today. Left the river at the Indian agency and passed fifteen miles of sandy road to Butter Creek. Good camp. About sixty wagons on creek tonight.

Monday, August 22—Eight miles today. Five to John Day's River. After climbing the bluff we rested until evening. Drove stock back to river for water and started at dark to cross a dessert of twenty-five miles to the Columbia. This is not exactly a dessert, there being an abundance of grass but no water or wood.

Thursday, August 25—We started late. I sent the ox wagon and one trunk of heavy articles along in charge of M. F. to Portland. M. J. and Rowland accompanying to the Dalles to bring back the team. The balance went with us across the mountains. Camped on Ten-Mile Creek by Mt. Hood.

Saturday, August 27—Today we passed Indian Creek where there is plenty of Indians and brush and the steepest hill to ascend, I think, on the whole route.

Sunday, August 28—Today one of my oxen is sick.

Monday, August 29—Passed the famous Barlows Gate and commenced to ascend the mountains. Here I came very near losing my wagons and mules and myself over a precipice.

Tuesday, August 30—A little shower this morning. Started early. Seven miles up creek to Mount Hood and move up to the summit of the mountain, one mile down to branch, after crossing which we had a peep at old Hood.

Wednesday, August 31—Rained all day. Prairie grass short. Our stock is suffering with cold.

Saturday, September 3—Travelled one and one-half miles to foot of Black Bone, in climbing of which we left another ox. Working the wheel mules, hitching on two yoke of oxen at hills and at steep ones doubling teams. Twelve thence to brow of Soap Hill, a dangerous place when wet. Took our wagons down by hand. Hundreds of logs lay around towards the foot of this hill that have been hitched behind wheels of wagons descending. We camped at foot of hill. This hill was so slick that the teams could not walk down it in the track. I bought flour for from 12 to 15 cents a pound and potatoes at 5 cents a pound.

Sunday, September 4—After crossing Sandy and climbing four hills, the last one a long one, and steep, we came to the white settlement once more. We payed a dollar and a half per hundred for hay and one dollar per dozen for oats and ten for flour.

Wednesday, September 7—Two miles east of Portland. Here we fed wild hay at 75 cents per hundred until the 12th. Glad to rest a little.

Thursday, September 8—Today we went to Portland to inquire about the way to the Puget Sound country. I found wagon and so forth stored.

Friday, September 9—Today Berry and Dilts went to Portland with William Cock, Esq. to make arrangements for going to Monticello in a barge of Henry Windsor's. I went to Oregon City on business.

Sunday, September 11—We moved down to the river opposite to Portland and drove our stock to the Columbia Bottom. The boat arrived and would start on Monday sometime.

Monday, September 12—I sold my ox wagon for 89 dollars. The freight and storage on the same was 30 dollars. After putting our things aboard, the families in care of Dilts, I and Berry returned to stock.

Tuesday, September 13—took our stock out of pasture at Sangs. Cost me 2 dollars. Drove to Switslers, Berry going ahead to make contact for ferriage.

Wednesday, September 14—Got stock. Wind unfavorable. Finally succeeded in getting 11 head over to M. Switsler's. The boat didn't return.

Thursday, September 15—We got over the balance of stock, which cost us one dollar per head. Mine was 14 dollars.

Friday, September 16—Travelled twenty miles, swimming stock over Vancouver slough, and stayed in a house on the banks of the Lewis River, leaving stock on opposite side.

Saturday, September 17—Ferried horses and mules across Lewis River, swimming cattle (\$1.75) and travelled six miles where we left the bottom, finding very bad trail. Had to help up my mare once.

Sunday, September 18—Camped on Kalama Creek, a salmon fishery here. Bought one and was ferried over creek. (75c).

Monday, September 19—In the afternoon we swam and ferried the cows, and camped opposite Monticello and went over and stayed with our families all night.

Tuesday, September 20—Started up the Cowlitz River and camped nearly opposite the boat with our families in.

Thursday, September 22—Drove out to Cowlitz Prairie and united our families.

Friday, September 23—Waited until afternoon. The mail boat came up, but no families went back.

Saturday, September 24—About nine o'clock our goods landed and I found myself in debt for the passage from Portland \$65. Then bought flour and tea, \$3.25.

Monday, September 26—Hitched up and rolled wheels once more toward Puget Sound.

Tuesday, September 27—Traveled to the Newaukum prairie at Sumatas. Bought of Roberts one-half bushel of potatoes for one dollar.

Wednesday, September 28—Travelled a few miles and camped on overflowed land (at high water). Prairie a mile or more south of Skookumchuck.

Thursday, September 29—Crossed Skookumchuck and struck the gravelly prairie and stopped at noon to rest and concluded to look around a day or two. This evening M. F. overtook us. I also proposed to buy the improvement of William Leower where we were stopping. All hands of us men was to start on the morrow to look at Mound Prairie and Black River country etc.

Saturday, October 1—This morning after saddling up to start, Leower told me his price, when he looked at my stock and struck up a trade. I gave him six hundred and thirty-five dollars for the improvement, three hogs and stove with other fixtures. I paid him a pair of mules at three hundred, a yoke of oxen, and a hundred and fifty dollars, a cow at seventy dollars.

Monday, October 3—I harnessed up two mules and started toward the Cowlitz in search of seed wheat, having once more settled myself on a home, three miles north of the mouth of the Skookumchuck (on the prairie in Thurston County, Washington Ter.). Arrived at a Frenchman's by the name of Marcelle Bernier. I stayed overnight.

Tuesday, October 4—Bought of him  $12\frac{1}{2}$  bushels of wheat at \$2.50 per bushel. Also five bushels of red spring wheat at \$2 a bushel and five of oats at \$1.50 per bushel (\$48.75). Ate dinner with Mr. Saunders [now Chehalis].

Wednesday, October 5—Today sowed the first wheat in Thurston County, Washington Ter. For the balance due Leower, I gave two notes of fifty each, eleven months after date at 15 per cent interest.

Thursday, October 6—Today Leower moved out of the house and left us in full possession.

Friday, October 7—This morning M. F. and myself started for Olympia. I to trade and he to hunt work. [This first of 53 trips Mr. Luark makes to Olympia during the next five years. A total of 3,180 miles.]

Saturday, October 8—I went to Olympia and saw for the first time in my life the salt water. I paid one dollar for fifty peach pits. M. F. stayed at Tumwater. He got work at Cap Crosby at \$3.50 in Sawmill.

Tuesday, October 11—I went to S. S. Ford's.

Thursday, October 13—I went to George Waunch's, the blacksmith.

Tuesday, October 18—Went to Olympia and bought of various men, goods, \$14.

Thursday, October 20—Delivered load to Sanders and stayed overnight with him, on my way to Cap Drew's mill. [Above Cowlitz Landing]. Amount of hauling, \$19, being \$4 per hundred.

Saturday, October 22—Went to Drew's mill. Here I sold to Drew revolver for three hundred pounds of flour. Raising to Jackson's. Borrowed of J. R. Jackson \$40 cash at 4 per cent per month interest.

Sunday, October 23—Reached home after night by leaving my wagon beyond Skookumchuck.

Wednesday, October 26—Lodged Coulter with the express, and Mr. Smith.

Monday, October 30—I went to Borst's and Waunch's.

Tuesday, November 1—Moved my canoe to the Chehalis River for M. F. and we speared the first salmon.

Thursday, November 3—Went to Olympia and bought besides other things a crosscut saw and frow.

Wednesday, November 9—I have been working for George Waunch for the last 2½ days. Paid him for a moderate sized wedge \$2.25.

Saturday, November 12—I went to the Mound to L. D. Durgess' and agreed to dig potatoes for the eighth bushel.

Tuesday, November 22—Finished digging Durgess' potatoes, making 1½ bushels per day by very hard work, boarding ourselves except dinner.

Saturday, November 26—In the last three days, I have caught, dressed, and salted down 75 salmon.

Friday, December 2—Today M. F. commenced work on a new claim joining me on the south. I hauled house logs for him.

Monday, December 26—Drove to Saunders Landing [Chehalis] and unloaded into canoe and had load landed at the mouth of Skookumchuck.

Tuesday, December 27—This morning I started to Tumwater to work in Ward and Hay's sawmill and stayed at Bushes.

Thursday, December 29—Went to work at \$2.50 per day in mill.

A. D. 1854

Friday, January 13—At ate [eight] this morning, the mill broke. I settled with Ward. Received 2 pair blankets at \$9 each and cash \$18.50. Went to Olympia and bought goods, \$3.75.

Saturday, January 14—Started for home on foot. At Yantises (Rocky Prairie) I met with a chance of riding as far

as Mr. Tilleys. Ate a bite and made my way home on foot the same night.

Friday, January 20—Six or eight inches of snow this morning and very cold.

Monday, January 30—Attended the first General Election (at S. S. Ford) ever held in Washington Territory as a territory district.

Saturday, February 11—Attended a School meeting at J. W. Goodell's.

Sunday, February 12—Went to Mound Prairie to Chas. Byles to hear him Preach, being the first sermon heard by us in W. T.

Tuesday, February 21—Have worked on public highway 2 days.

Monday, March 6—Sowed some cabbage and 20 bushel potatoes at \$2 per bushel.

Friday, March 10—Snowing hard. M. F. and me finished today a job of making 3,000 boards for Wm. Holmes at 75 cts. per hundred.

Monday, March 13—Sowed red wheat.

Thursday, March 16—Sowed red oats.

Friday, March 17—Sowed peas.

Sunday, March 19—Beautiful weather the past week. Mary and me took a walk to the hills to view the snow-caped mountains and had a peep at three at one sight.

Thursday, March 23—Planted some potatoes, corn, beans, cucumbers and sowed onion seed, etc.

Tuesday, March 28—Capt. H. Vale of Shoalwater Bay, and Mr. Feister Hemler elected from Pacific County to the legislature, lodged with us.

Thursday, March 30—Planted potatoes under sod, the ground being covered with snow.

Friday, April 14—Received 3 hens, 1 cock of Holmes.

Wednesday, April 19—Sold to H. Dilenbaugh one mule for the making of 5,000 rails and 30 dollars cash.

Monday, April 24—Went up the Chehalis River in a canoe to Saunders' Landing, taking up a load for Johnson and receiving of him 18 bushels of wheat.

Monday, May 1—Received of George Waunch one plow, weight 54 lbs., cost \$25.

Friday, May 12—Set out cabbage plants.

Sunday, May 14—A white frost this morning. Mary and me went to Chas. Byles' to church [on Scatter Creek, just above the bridge at George Pearce's.—Note by J. R. James.]

Tuesday, May 23—Gave Surveyors of the Territorial road their dinner.

Sunday, May 28—This morning I met a black bear be-

tween the house and garden. The Mr. Bruin came up within 20 steps of me before I spoke. Then he made his black slick coat shake.

Thursday, June 8—Went to Olympia.

Saturday, June 10—Paid to J. Borst cash on note with interest, \$55.20.

Saturday, June 17—Went to Cochrans to a barn raising.

Monday, July 3—Commenced slashing in bottom.

Saturday, July 15—Went to Waunches to a barn raising.

Friday, July 21—We had a barn raising.

Sunday, July 23—Went to church at J. W. Goodell's. Mr. Whitworth was minister.

Saturday, August 5—Harvested peas.

Monday, August 7—Went to Skookumchuck to a bridge letting.

Tuesday, August 8—Went to Armstrong's mill for lumber. [Cedarville]

Monday, August 21—Helped M. H. Judson raise a house.

Monday, August 28—Finished harvesting wheat.

Friday, September 8—Went to Olympia and paid my taxes, \$7.42.

Tuesday, September 26—Sold load of wheat to Cap Crosby for \$2.25 per bushel.

Friday, September 29—Sowed rye.

Monday, October 2—Commenced sowing wheat [winter wheat].

Thursday, October 26—Sold my first vegetables and eggs.

Tuesday, October 31—Received of Borst three poor sows to fatten on the halves.

Wednesday, November 8—Helped M. F. raise a house across the Chehalis River for R. Pilkinton. [Now Calvin—Note by J. R. James.]

Friday, November 10—Received of Wm. Cooper 1,500 brick at \$18 per thousand.

Monday, November 13—Chas. Van Wormer built a chimney for me and a bake oven.

Saturday, November 18—A. B. Dilenbaugh and I finished job of rails, 3,000, two thousand being settled by Cooper and Van Wormer.

Monday, December 4—M. F. started to Olympia for me with 2½ barrels of sauerkraut.

Saturday, December 9—J. K. Lum surveyed round my land.

Friday, December 15—Mary was sick and brought forth a son, William Iramus.

A. D. 1855

Tuesday, January 9—Chas. Van Wormer helped me

thresh wheat for feeding his cattle.

Saturday, January 13—Butchered pork fatted on shares of others. 500 lbs. for ourselves.

Monday, January 22—The water from Skookumchuck is now spreading over our prairie, into the field and roaring over the bank north of the barn, washing away the road.

Tuesday, January 23—I started to the mouth of Skookumchuck but I found the water in the road near there. Swimming and had to return.

Wednesday, January 24—We made a temporary dam north of the town to stop the water from washing away the prairie.

Thursday, January 25—Started to mill [at Tumwater] and found Scatter Creek so high that it ran over the top of the front wheels and end of my wagon.

Friday, January 26—Went to mill. Sold wheat, kraut, eggs, cabbage.

Monday, January 29—I commenced Sowing wheat and dug carrots after their being submerged one week, part of the time 5 feet. The weather is butiful and pleasant.

Wednesday, February 7—Swapped 14 bushels of wheat and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  dozen eggs to Chas. Van Wormer for 50 bushels of oats.

Thursday, February 15—This evening Ida M. Luark caught her dress on fire. Her mother being near by the house, reached her in time to save her, getting her own hands badly burned. We applied cold water continually until the child went to sleep.

Saturday, February 17—This afternoon I went to the mouth of the Skookumchuck to help hunt the body of George Stevens, nephew to Governor Stevens. He was drowned yesterday in attempting to ford Skookumchuck on a horse.

Sunday, February 18—Had to poultice Ida's leg with cow manure to take out the inflammation.

Sunday, March 4—This morning when we were starting to milk the cows Mary espied three deer feeding in front of the house near the cattle. I took down my rifle, slipped around the brush and shot down a doe, heavy with two young, being the first deer that ever I shot at.

Tuesday, March 13—Bought of L. D. Durgin and Co. 40 one-year-old apple trees at 75 cents per tree.

Monday, March 19—Crop of red wheat finished, cleaning up 22 bushels.

Tuesday, March 20—Helped secure in the Chehalis River the body of George Stevens found by Indian.

Wednesday, March 21—Helped take out and examine the said body. It was deposited in a verzik coffin.

Monday, March 26—Bought of S. S. Ford one two-year-old heffer for which I am to haul him from Armstrong's mill 4,000 feet of lumber (\$60). Also sowed wheat in bottom.

Tuesday, March 27—Bought of Galiton Hartsock one wheat fan at 60 dollars. Butiful weather, warm and pleasant.

Friday, March 30—Thunder and lightning today.

Tuesday, April 3—Grafted some apple on crabroots.

Monday, April 9—Went to S. S. Ford's and made out notification of land claim.

Wednesday, April 11—Cleaned up balance of last year's crop of wheat, being all told 190 bushels.

Saturday, April 21—My mare Fan brought a blaze-faced sorrel mare colt.

Saturday, April 28—Attended the Democratic County Convention as a delegate.

Monday, May 7—Commenced planting potatoes under sod.

Tuesday, May 22—Helped S. S. Ford raise a barn. Also helped M. F. rig wheels to my plow to break sod without a holder.

Saturday, June 16—Have been shearing sheep for J. Borst for 3½ days for three dollars per day.

Friday, June 22—Heard some political speeches at J. W. Goodell's by Col. Anderson. Judge Strong, and O. Cush, candidates for delegates to Congress. Democratic, Whig, and Republican. Some of their talk was Cultis Wa Wa.

Wednesday, July 4—All hands went to J. W. Goodell's to celebrate the day, taking lots of ictas with them. There were over a hundred persons in attendance and J. W. Goodell delivered a good oration. [In the grove at the foot of the hill. J. K. Lum played the clarinet; Rob Brown, the violin.—From notes of J. R. James.]

Saturday, August 4—By measurement found our May peas had yielded eighty fold.

Saturday, August 11—Harvested wheat sowed in February.

Friday, August 24—Killed mare. She had been failing some time and was down, having lost the use of her hind legs. We cut her open and found her lung badly affected. I think by alkali on the plains.

Tuesday, September 12—Sold a lot of vegetables, bears oils, and etc.

Sunday, September 16—Went all hands to Scatter Creek to camp meeting where we remained till the 18th. [At the Tilley, later the Sarver place.—From note by J. R. James.]

Saturday, September 29—I went to George Waunches and helped set a tire on my wagon and returned home, work-

ing mule and Curl mare home in wagon.

Monday, October 1—We started to Armstrong's mill for lumber for S. S. Ford, hauling down 500 lbs. of flour for Chas. Van Wormer.

Sunday, October 14—Went to church. D. Byles, Mr. Devore, organized a M. E. church.

Wednesday, October 17—Received word that the citizens of Mound Prairie were about to commence building a fort, believing there was danger of the Indians east of the Cascades. War having already broke out on White River and in Southern Oregon. I went over to the Mound Prairie and had a talk with citizens. I for one thought the building of a fort not only unnecessary but injurious to our friendship with our neighboring Chehalis Indians. Therefore I did not help build the fort, which was commenced today on Mound Prairie.

Saturday, October 20—Today a company of volunteers started from Olympia to fight the Indians and news also reached us that Major Maller of the regulars was driven back to the Dalles by Yakima Indians. [Major G. O. Haller retreated October 6 to 9.] D. F. Byles and Mr. Smith ate dinner with us on way in from survey.

Thursday, October 25—This morning I went to Goodell's and made a foolish trade in swapping my mule for two white Indian horses, and fifty dollars cash with the mail carrier, Forth Windsor.

Tuesday, October 30—Started to Olympia and camped out on Rocky Prairie all alone. Quite cold. News having come in that McAlixter [McAllister] was shot by the Indians in Puyallup. The citizens is moving together.

Wednesday, October 31—Today will long be remembered as the day that most of the citizens of Thurston County rushed into the half-finished forts. I went to Olympia, found business almost suspended and families moving into town and Tumwater from the country. Payed my taxes, \$8.11. Started home and camped near Bushes in company with E. Goodell, this prairie being deserted all but Gabe Joneses family.

Thursday, November 1—Came home. Found Mound Prairie deserted except at the fort. My family ignorant of the fact.

Friday, November 2—Went to S. S. Ford's and with him to fort.

Saturday, November 10—Went to Fort Hennis and helped appraise the horses of the volunteer company raised there under Capt. Hennis.

Monday, November 12—Went to Fort to finish appraising property and sold to Joseph Axetil [Axtell] one white horse for \$20 cash and \$60 script.

Tuesday, November 13—Spent most of the day at Ford's, where the friendly Chehalis Indians were collected and delivering up their arms.

Saturday, November 17—Sold 17 bushels of potatoes to S. S. Ford for Indians.

Wednesday, November 21—Went to Fort and delivered flour to Ford for Siwash, 115 lbs. at \$3.00.

Friday, December 22—Sold potatoes to Ford for Siwash at 75 cts. per bushel.

A. D. 1856

Wednesday, January 16—Went to Olympia. Done some trading.

Saturday, January 26—Sent to Albany, N. Y., for the Country Gentleman and Register.

Tuesday, January 29—This morning at the first cock crowing we heard the report of some 10 or 15 guns at Ford's and a terrible yelling of the Indians and dogs. So we rose immediately and prepared ourselves for defence, supposing there must be trouble at Ford's as there was near a hundred Siwash camped there and only 6 or 8 white men. There was a German staying over night with us and at light Mr. Stearns came along from Goodell's place. He returned to the fort in haste. The trouble was two strange Indians having been seen and heard by the friendly Indians. They was greatly alarmed. S. S. Ford gave some of them guns to stand guard, in company with the whites. A great owl finally alighted near the barn and made a hen squall so up draws the Indian and fired at the owl and instantly all fired off their pieces and ran screaming and yelling old-fashioned like. We finally in a evening got four men and watched the road all night by pairs but no siwash.

Thursday, January 31—I went to fort and Mound and received of Campbell 30 fruit trees, apple, paid for.

Sunday, February 10—Went to fort and ate dinner at Metcalf's on the Mound.

Tuesday, February 12—Transplanted apple trees.

Thursday, February 14—I sold white horse to J. K. Hurd for government for \$75 script. [Hurd was quartermaster stationed at Skookumchuck.]

Thursday, February 21—Sowed oats and Sid Ford started out with some 50 Chehalis Indians as soldiers against the hostiles. [Green, McCaferly and Thos. Ford with the company.—Note added by J. R. James.]

Wednesday, February 27—Today we found three head of cattle sick, and swaying like crazy or drunken things. We administered plenty of lard.

Sunday, March 2—Gave one steer the second dose of lard and sweet milk, he being swelled and unable to stand. This

dose succeeded.

Monday, March 3—News today of the death of William Northcraft. Shot by the Indians while driving a loaded team for the troupes [This was between Yelm and Chambers Prairie. The body was found by Ford Indian scouts.—J. R. J.] also William White was shot and wounded fatally in Chamber's Prairie while returning from a visit with his family. The family escaped by crowding the team home.

Tuesday, March 4—Marcellus went to guard team. Hauling for government from Skookumchuck. [Oliver Shead, captain.—J. R. J.]

Saturday, April 5—Sent cash in letter to Editor of Oregon Standard, \$2.50.

Tuesday, April 8—Went to Olympia with team, hauling in two muttons for W. B. Goodell, also sold eggs at 37½c and butter for 75c.

Thursday, April 10—Came home and found wife sick. Went over to Skookumchuck to work on government block house, returning at noon to wait on wife.

Sunday, April 13—Mrs. McCormik and Rhodes visited Mary who is consistently vomiting.

Monday, April 21—Mary able to be up most of the time and I commenced working on the blockhouse.

Saturday, April 26—Sent to Foulmer and Wells cash \$7.45 for Life illustrated and the water cure and the Friend Logically Journal and some books.

Saturday, May 3—Finished working on the blockhouse. Settled and took a due bill for script. For all my and Marcellus's labor. The horse and feed, and etc. was \$180.

Friday, May 23—I commenced plowing under green rye.

Thursday, June 5—I went to Olympia. Sold eggs for 37½c, 40 dozen, and brought this book of G. A. Barnes.

Saturday, June 7—This week we had some fresh, young peas, potatoes, carrots and turnips.

Saturday, June 14—Last night about midnight our youngest child (William Iramus) departed this life, being 1½ yrs. old, lacking one day. His complaint appeared to be some disease of the head, apparently there was a premature development of the brain which brought on weakness of the spine and finally some kind of fit. He had been failing perceptibly only one or two months. We interred the body on my premises under a small oak near the brink of a slough, on the edge of the prairie southwest of my house. J. W. Goodell delivered a short sermon at the grave. Last night at dark an Indian by the name of Stamelo was brutally shot from his horse near Fort Henness by some white man with a black heart. The Indian had been to Olympia in charge of Messrs. Jones and Peter. In company

with other Indians, Stamelo was intoxicated, had been whipping his wife, who ran into the fort for protection and received the dead body today in return.

Monday, June 16—Today I spent most of the day at Ford's with the Indians. I helped make a coffin and saw the body put therein, wrapped up in four shirts, two pair of pants, 1 vest, three coats and twelve blankets and quilts. With a number of butiful beadwork pouches, comb, brush, and pistol, with numerous articles all in the coffin.

Friday, July 4—We spent the day with Thomas James, etc. Hunting whortleberries near the old brick kiln on the edge of Mound Prairie and getting two Commux [Indian dogs] at Goodell's.

Tuesday, July 8—A soldier by the name of Garkee stayed with us last night with two mules.

Thursday, July 10—Heard some political speeches at Fort Henness by Messrs. Brown, Ward, Wesley, Baker and Goodell.

Monday, July 14—Attended our annual election at Fort Henness and served as one of the judges.

Monday, July 28—Helped S. S. Ford splinter a heifer's leg.

Friday, August 1—Received through the mail Hydro-pathic Encyclopedia and other books sent to Fowler and Wells for.

Thursday, September 18—Finished cutting wheat for the season.

Monday, September 22—Attended the sale of government property at Olympia. Property used in Indian War.

Saturday, September 27—Bought of A. B. Dilenbaugh \$78 worth of war script for \$25 cash.

Monday, September 29—Bought of Charles Byles 2 cows and 2 calves, paying war script \$318.87, and six dollars cash.

Thursday, October 9—Butchered two-year-old steer and sold four [fore] half to Ford for Indians, 238 lbs. at 12½c per lb.

Saturday, October 18—We commenced threshing grain with Hubbards and Forbses machine.

Monday, October 20—We had eleven hands employed today and threshed of wheat 344 bu., large measure.

Thursday, October 23—Finishing threshing. Had between 900-1000 bu. wheat, besides rye and oats, all raised on my place and M. F.'s.

Tuesday, October 28—Payed for threshing my part of grain, \$24.20. Butchered two hogs.

Saturday, November 1—Sent for Godey's Lady book by J. K. Lum, cash \$2.00.

Saturday, November 8—Delivered 15 bushels of wheat at Tumwater in aid for the building of a M. E. church in

Olympia. We commenced digging potatoes yesterday.

Sunday, November 9—Marcellus went to Olympia to attend the school in that place [Rev. Isaac Dillon's Puget Sound Wesleyan Institute].

Tuesday, November 18—Sold 18 bushel potatoes to S. S. Ford for Siwash, at 50 cts.

Saturday, November 22—This morning near daybreak Mary brought a daughter, myself and Mrs. Rhodes only being present. Doing quite well.

Monday, November 24—Sold S. S. Ford 40 bushel potatoes for Siwash.

Thursday, December 4—Went to Olympia and sold eggs at 56 cts. Also bought of Sylvester two lots 78 in block of Olympia for which I pay two hundred dollars in produce or rather, in grain.

Wednesday, December 10—Went to the place of Wm. Holmes Deed [dead] to help appraise property of said estate.

Saturday, December 13—Snow gone by noon, finished remeasuring wheat and dividing, there being over 1,000 of wheat besides 5 or 6 hundred of oats and peas.

Wednesday, December 24—Went to Olympia. Finished paying Sylvester for lots. Sold pork at 8 cts. \$34.86, eggs at 75. A. D. 1857

Saturday, January 3—There is 10 to 12 inches snow. Mailed to Fouler and Wells postage stamps in payment for Freenodegecal and Water cure journals and Life illustrated, \$4.50.

Saturday, January 25—Marcellus returned home from Mr. Dillens High School in Olympia.

Thursday, January 28—I commenced building a brick chimney for myself which is the first brick ever I layed.

Saturday, January 31—Finished my chimney. Draws well.

Thursday, February 5—Went to S. James' to a debate at night. Payed him \$1.50 for 6 lb. timothy seed.

Friday, February 6—Bought of Gangloff 200 apple trees at 50 cts. each (insured).

Friday, February 27—Rec'd for oats sold to Quartermaster Cants for Fort Steilacoom, \$45.50.

Sunday, March 1.—Mary went to E. Milles to attend to his knee, being inflamed and very painful from cold taken in a cut. Relieved him soon by a poultice from the cowyard.

Tuesday, March 3—Cleaned up balance crop of peas, about 120 bushels.

Thursday, March 5—Grafted some cherry and pecan, etc.

Saturday, March 7—Mary and children payed a visit to Mr. James. G. Byle, Wm. and Thos. James came over and we played checkers and dominoes till cock's crowing.

Thursday, April 30—Attended the sale of estate of Wm. Holmes Deed [dead] and bought one bay mare and colt, paying cash \$115.

Saturday, May 23—Grasshoppers are becoming very numerous and of all sizes from hatching on upward.

Friday, May 29—Weather dry and unusually warm. The thermometer is said to rise to 96 or 98.

Friday, June 5—Commenced plowing under green rye. M. J. left for school at Olympia.

Tuesday, June 16—Attended church preaching by Rutledge of Portland.

Friday, June 19—Attended a political meeting at S. S. Ford's by Stephen Garfield and Ereny.

Friday, July 5—Sold fowls at 4 dollars per dozen.

Friday, July 10—Attended the exhibition of Mr. and Mrs. Dillens School in Olympia and stayed over night with Mr. Elwood Evans.

Tuesday, August 11—Today I started in company with Mr. and Mrs. James, J. W. and Wm. Goodell, Mr. Gates and Chas. Byle for to explore the lower Chehalis river and Grays harbor. [The first of the six trips Mr. Luark makes to the Harbor before he settles there two years later.]

Tuesday, August 25—Went home [from Gray's Harbor] and butchered a hog. The trip to Gray's Harbor cost me only \$3.00 besides my grub and time.

Friday, August 28—Finished hauling in upland wheat, mostly harvested by M. F. in my absence.

Monday, August 30—Went to Tumwater. Sold wheat at \$1.50 bl. and eggs at Olympia at 37½c dozen. Also a red three-year-old steer.

Tuesday, September 1—Returned to Mr. Jameses for the night and rented my place to A. J. McCormick and S. James.

Thursday, September 3—Started for Grays Harbor.

Thursday, September 10—Concluded to locate on the south side of [John's] river. Spent half the day at work and finally decided to take John's old claim and pay bill for the house.

Saturday, September 19—Ran up to blockhouse where we met Mr. James. Lent my Chinook to Carter and Eliot and reached home after dark myself.

Wednesday, September 23—Started to Olympia. Sold potatoes to Rhineheart for \$1 per bl. Payed my taxes, \$26.75.

Friday, October 2—Went to Olympia. Payed for recording deed to two lots in Olympia, \$1.50. One of my eyes is getting quite sore.

Wednesday, October 7—Confined to my bed with my right eye.

Wednesday, October 14—Went to A. B. Dilenbaugh and bought a work ox, paying cash \$65.

Wednesday, October 21—My eyes are so weak I cannot hold them open.

Thursday, October 22—Hauled a lot of things to block-house, preparatory for starting to Grays Harbor.

Monday, October 26—My eyes being better we started with yoke of cattle of M. F.'s and two cows of Cap Eliot's and reached Claquamish. [On a second trip to the Harbor.]

Saturday, November 14—I went home; found all well and my eyes are better.

Friday, December 4—Entertained Messrs. Liado Jackson and Hutchinson, members elect from Cowlitz and other county to the legislature. Also two other gentry.

Sunday, December 6—The ground is covered with snow today.

Monday, December 7—Rained off the snow last night. Went to Tumwater and stayed with McHapman.

Tuesday, December 8—Went to Olympia. Sold eggs at 50 cts. Went into the legislature a while.

Wednesday, December 23—Sold A. Mills 12 hogs for cash \$17.50.

A. D. 1858

Tuesday, January 5—This evening we had a kind of a social gathering. About 50 persons to dinner and music and the young folks had a little dance until midnight. Mr. and Mrs. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. McCormack remained overnight.

Wednesday, January 6—Ground white with snow. Attended singing school taught by Mr. Stearns on Mound Prairie.

Wednesday, January 27—All went to E. Mills to a party.

Sunday, January 31—Attended a protracted meeting at Mound Prairie. Quite a revival is indicated.

Saturday, February 6—Have attended church all this week. Twenty persons have joined the M. E. church and some will join other churches.

Sunday, February 21—Attended church and me and M. F. attached ourselves to the Presbyterian church at its organization on Mound Prairie.

Monday, February 22—Today I started to view [survey for] a Territorial road from Mound Prairie, Thurston county, to Grays Harbor, Chehalis county.

Thursday, March 18—Reached home after an absence of 25 days.

Monday, April 5—I also in company with (Rev.) Chas. Byles started to open trail we viewed toward Grays Harbor.

Saturday, April 18—Today we returned from the woods wet and tired, having cut about 25 miles relocateing consider-

able portion of it, we lacked about 1 mile of reaching the end of our former viewing.

Monday, April 26—Today about 3 P. M. we started with our raft for the Harbor. We have between 39 and 40 thousand feet belonging to Chas. Byles, D. F. Byles, W. B. D. Newman, and myself.

Saturday, May 1—This is the first lot of sawed lumber ever landed at any point on Gray's Harbor.

Sunday, May 2—Settled with the Indians who helped on the raft. My bill was \$9.25.

Sunday, May 23—Reached home on horseback. Very tired.

Sunday, June 20—Went to camp meeting.

Saturday, June 26—Hauled the family to J. K. Lum's to see his museum of stuffed animals and insects.

Sunday, June 27—Prepared to start for Grays Harbor with family, stock, goods, etc. bag and baggage. [During the following three months, Mr. Luark settles his family on the Harbor.]

Friday, September 24—Went up to the old place. [On Fords Prairie.]

Tuesday, September 28—Went to Skookumchuck and bought of J. Cochran of said place 7 cows and 3 heifers for 65 dollars each; also 5 heifer calves at \$25.00 each, making in all Seven hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Friday, October 1—Left my load at the barnyard and returned to old place and to Browns. At S. S. Fords at night.

Saturday, October 2—Received of Thos. W. Brown, fifteen hundred and sixty dollars cash and delivered up deed deed for farm. Also payed to E. Mills for J. Cochran \$750 cash and rode to Henry Mills and back to Mr. Jameses.

Sunday, October 3—Attended church today and tonight.

Monday, October 4—Sold Thos. W. Brown a lot of hogs for hauling a load to mill and back to Cedarville on Kluquamish. Started to mill and stayed at Mr. Doyles.

Tuesday, October 5—Went to Olympia and made final proof on donation land claim.

Tuesday, October 12—Reached home [on the Harbor] at daylight this morning.

## CHAPTER XI

### JAMES K. LUM

BY SHIRLEY LARSON

James K. Lum, doubtless one of the most versatile of the pioneers in this locality, took up a donation claim in 1853 northeast of the Ford claim on what is now known as Fords Prairie. His land extended to the base of Davis Hill, where his small cabin was located. Later he took up a homestead adjoining his original grant.

Mr. Lum was born in Braintown, Pennsylvania, on January 3, 1823, and was graduated from the Wyoming Institute at Kingston. He was considered an ingenious man, known for his many and varied accomplishments. By trade a watchmaker and taxidermist, he was also a surveyor, musician, world traveler, and inventor. In addition, he painted and wrote poetry.

He was described by Charles Geiger as being of medium height and having deep auburn hair and moustache, and a dark complexion. He was rather exclusive, quiet, and even-tempered.

It is recalled that Patterson Luark wrote in his "Journal" in 1858:

"Saturday, June 6—Hauled the family to J. K. Lum's to see his museum of stuffed animals, birds, insects, etc."

And, judging from accounts of early residents, the Lum "museum" was an unusual sight in the wilds of Washington Territory. Fastened along the wall, and in glass cases on the floor of the picturesque, two-story cabin were many stuffed animals and birds of the Pacific Northwest, as well as those Mr. Lum had secured in several foreign countries.

Opposite the door stood a large cougar, the prize of his collection. This animal, amazingly lifelike, is remembered by many of the early residents of this locality. "Its teeth showed through its open mouth as it parted its lips in a snarl," Henry Brown vividly recalled. Bob Waunch, who remembers seeing the cougar when he was still young enough to wear dresses, said, "Its teeth were bared and its eyes peered up at you when you opened the door." While Mallie Roundtree Ward, who often went to the Lum cabin when, as a child, she visited her sister, Adeline Borst, said, "When I saw that snarling, stuffed cougar—well, I didn't know whether to stay or not. But Mr.

Lum was the dearest old fellow, and didn't I love him!"

And it was the joy of all the children from miles around to visit the cabin of "Old Man Lum", as he was called; for Mr. Lum was a good storyteller and gave interesting talks on each of the specimens in his collection.

In the center of the room was a cage four feet square and two feet high in which were many small animals and wild birds, including humming birds which he had killed with mustard shot. On the walls were the heads of larger animals.

His skill in the work was well-known among the other pioneers. Some of his specimens were sold to institutes and museums.

George Anderson said of Mr. Lum, "He was the best taxidermist in this part of the country. These other fellows don't make the animals look natural like he did." And he added, "He told me and my brother he made two thousand dollars a year sending specimens to the Smithsonian Institution. We sold him skins for fifty cents to a dollar apiece."

Mr. Lum's skill as a taxidermist is further vouched for by Mrs. Anna Whealdon, another early pioneer: "I've seen him pluck a bunch of feathers, put them on a stuffed bird, and smoothe them so you'd never know they'd been moved. He was that used to doing it."

At one time Mr. Lum left his claim and went East. While he was gone, someone broke into his cabin and disarranged his animals. As a joke, the intruder put his cougar in the doorway and set a little bear on the stairs as if it were climbing up to the loft. Other neighbors, thinking he was gone for good, took over some of his possessions. Upon his return, Mrs. Whealdon recalls, "He was pretty mad. He warned his neighbors not to fool around his place for they might be poisoned by mistake with the strychnine and arsenic he used in his work."

Some of the mounted animals were so valuable that after Mr. Lum's death his brother, Albert, sent them to a museum at Portland. Mrs. F. T. Camp, whose husband was Mr. Lum's nephew, said, "A fire destroyed part of the collection and the remainder was later sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., by John Camp, my husband's brother." Mr. Lum's great-great nephews, Ellis Oliver and Ronald Graves, still have a monkey and squirrel that this pioneer taxidermist mounted.

Mr. Lum was also adept as a painter. Mrs. Will Oliver, his great-niece, when a child, had a small cabinet which he had made and decorated with hand painted glass panels. Mrs. Camp, her mother, also had the original of an illustrated map of Mr. Lum's donation claim and homestead. He drew it himself, and, with water color, tinted the sketch of his cabin, barn, spring, and witness trees.

Mr. Lum was greatly admired by all who knew him. He was a good friend of the Indians and on one occasion, according to Mrs. Camp, he took advantage of their friendship and made them the object of an experiment. Being quite an inventor, he had rigged up some sort of electric machine. One day while tinkering with it, Mr. Lum instructed an Indian who was visiting him to touch the apparatus. He did so, and received a shock. Seemingly, the redskin enjoyed the sensation for later he brought a whole group of his fellow tribesmen; and to them, one by one, Mr. Lum applied a strong electric current and knocked each off his feet.

Another of his inventions was a windmill. Eva Borst McElfresh, now 85 years old, remembers that when she was seven or eight, Mr. Lum set up the wind machine near the Borst house so the family might see it. "It was about nine feet high, and perhaps five feet square at the base. There was a wheel at the top and when the wind blew, it turned. We'd never seen a windmill before, and we all thought it fine." Although it is said Mr. Lum applied for a patent on his windmill, he received no monetary gain from it. for his financial backer was drowned when returning to California after viewing the invention. Stored in the attic of the Phelps's woodshed for many years, it was the plaything of the Phelps children. Mr. Lum is also said to have invented a water wheel. Furthermore, he repaired the watches and clocks of most of his neighbors. "Kind of a watch tinker, he was," recalled Riley Ticknor.

Mr. Lum is listed as staying at Fort Henness during the Indian War of 1855-1856, and is named on the Muster Roll, or volunteer list, of Company F as serving during that same time. He also helped build the Borst Blockhouse in 1856 and boarded some of the other workers at his cabin. Among the group was Marcellus Luark who wrote in his journal that one day while dinner was being cooked in a kettle on the fireplace crane "the chimney back, made of clay and stones, fell in, showering the kettle with rocks and sand. Mr. Lum, a pious man, quite incensed, exclaimed: 'The devil did that! He got in behind the fireplace and kicked it in just to torment me!'"

It was but a few years later that J. R. James of Grand Mound remembered Mr. Lum as pushing his "neat little wheelbarrow" six or more miles from his claim to the store on the Mound to secure his supplies.

About 1875, according to Stacey Coonness, stepson of George Washington, Mr. Lum surveyed the first plat of this city, then known as Centerville, for its colored founder. It is recorded in the Luark "Journal" that he also survey the Luark claim in 1854, and Riley Ticknor, formerly of Ticknor Prairie

near Bucoda, believes that his father's land was also surveyed by Mr. Lum about that same time.

A devout and civic-minded man, Jim Lum organized the first local Sunday School, held in the Alder Street School, and was its superintendent. "He led the singing, giving us the pitch with his clarinet as well as accompanying our songs," explained Mrs. Ward, who attended the school as a child. He also played this instrument at the first Fourth of July celebration held at Grand Mound in 1853.

The first schoolhouse on Fords Prairie, located near Mr. Lum's cabin, was called the Lum Schoolhouse. The Lum Road now runs off the Pacific Highway in a northeasterly direction and joins the Fords Prairie-Waunch Prairie Road a short distance from a grove of small oaks that marks the site of this old school.

Although James Lum was never married, he did have his "English Lady." This was a wax doll the size of a five-year-old child. Its long golden curls were dressed in the style of the 19th century. Its clothing also belonging to that period. Polly Phelps Garrison, now 91 years old, knew Mr. Lum, and her son "Ab", as a boy, used to stop in at the cabin when hunting. They remember his wax doll well. "It had awful pretty hair," they agreed. "Don't know why he kept it or where he got it. Everybody wanted it, but he wouldn't give it to anybody." The doll, rare in those days, was envied by every little girl who saw it, and more especially by little Emma Shields (Mrs. Schuyler Davis), who wished above all else to possess it. She remembers its being kept in an airtight glass case to protect its delicate wax face from sudden changes in temperature which might cause it to crack or melt.

A further evidence of his unmarried state seemed to be evidenced by what, in the eyes of capable pioneer housewives, was the small attention Mr. Lum paid to his housekeeping. This was of course typical of most bachelors, but those neat ladies of the prairie shook their heads sadly when they heard the report that Jim Lum's plate at the table was said to be clean only in the center where he used it most.

The shortcoming amid so many virtues but proves the man human as does the incident of his attempt to protect his savings from his more prodigal brother. "Jim Lum was awfully tight-mouthed," said George Anderson. "He told Remley and Borst—they were the only ones he confided in—that he had thousands of dollars buried on his place. He said he did it to keep it away from his brother, Albert. He didn't tell them where it was hid, and after he died they went over and looked for it but never found it."

Nevertheless, upon his death, James K. Lum's last will and testament bequeathed his donation claim and homestead to his brother, Albert Lum, also a single man, and a taxidermist like his brother. "Albert Lum was an awful odd man, awful odd. Never said much," said Mrs. Garrison. Albert took over the land, but later lost the homestead portion through speculation in land investments. The donation claim, however, was inherited by F. T. Camp, a nephew, whose daughter, Mrs. N. L. Witherow, still resides on a portion of it.

James Lum died from poisoning contracted through his work for which he was so well known. In preserving the many birds and animals, he used several different drugs, including arsenic. Eventually, after his body had absorbed a quantity of this poison, he became ill. Until his death he was cared for by the Phelps family. He died during the month of July, 1881, and was buried at the old Tullis Cemetery. Later his body was moved to the back part of the Mount View Cemetery.

## CHAPTER XII

### OWNERS OF THE HOLMES DONATION CLAIM

#### I. WILLIAM HOLMES

BY OWEN HANSEN

William Holmes, the man of mystery of the early fifties. So might be called the first owner of the 320 acrer that now make up the northwest section of the city of Centralia. For mystery and controversy surround his nationality, his life, and even the circumstances of his death.

"William Holmes was over six feet tall and spoke with a Russian accent," wrote John R. James of Grand Mound in a notebook he called his "Reminiscences". "We are told he was a Russian," continued Mr. James, "and for some reason concealed his true name. That did not make any difference with the old pioneers, who treated him all the same as if he belonged to their church. Joe Borst, Joe Remley, Sid and Tom Ford, George Waunch and George Washington formed a neighborhood on the Skookumchuck and Chehalis rivers. The big, strong, good, natural man, Holmes, took his place in this society quite satisfactorily. He came to see us at Grand Mound in 1854. Said he wanted to see how father succeeded in building the first barn in the settlement."

Other farming activities of William Holmes which show his interest in his neighbors, it will be recalled, were reported by Patterson Luark in his "Journal". Friday, March 10, 1854, Mr. Luark wrote, that he and his brother, Michael F., "finished today a job of making 3,000 boards for William Holmes at 75 cents per hundred," and later, on March 25, he recorded, "Stayed overnight with Holmes." April 14 of that same year he made an entry to the effect that he received from Holmes "three hens and one cock."

All agree that he was a single man and the fact that his donation claim consisted of but 320 acres tends to prove the fact. But Phoebe Goodell Judson, who also resided at Grand Mound, in her book "A Pioneer's Search for an Ideal Home," disagrees with Mr. James' statement concerning William Holmes' nationality. She calls him a tall Norwegian "bach" and she gives a vivid picture of him crossing the prairie on a "kiuse," or Indian pony, his head thrust through a hole in

a blanket which served as his overcoat. She, furthermore, presents the romantic side of his nature and remembers his attempt to court a young lady of higher social standing, who repeatedly refused his offers of marriage. "I can still hear his insistent voice," she wrote, "pleading for her hand as they sat by the open fireplace. It brings a smile as I recall her repeated answers that she didn't like him, and knew nothing about the duties of a farmer's wife." None of these refusals, however, cooled his ardor in the least and he continued to press his suit by presenting as an inducement the number of his cows and promised to do all the churning. But, even this inducement failed to win the girl, and she later married an Olympia business man.

Soon after this, the Indian wars broke out, and Mr. Holmes enlisted. His name appears in the Muster Roll of Company B of the Puget Sound Volunteers, as having served three months as a private, from October 14, 1855 to January, 1856.

Two stories are told of his death. One, related by the descendants of Joseph Borst, goes as follows: Holmes and Mr. Borst were to take a supply of grain from the Borst Blockhouse, which served as government storehouse, to soldiers fighting in the Puyallup Valley. However, one particular morning Mr. Borst was slow in completing his chores, so he suggested that Holmes go ahead with his wagon and ox team and he would try to catch up with him. When Mr. Borst finally overtook the wagon, he found it overturned, the grain stolen, and Holmes dead on the ground. He had been attacked and scalped by Indians.

However much the claim may have been for the truth of this story, evidence decides that the authentic one is that told by John Axtell and recorded by J. R. James, who, he declares, described to him how the tall foreigner was killed in the Grande Ronde Valley in eastern Oregon while taking part in an Indian fight. John Axtell, it will be remembered, was a member of Captain Henness' Company C which led the dashing charge into the valley and pursued the fleeing Indians for 15 miles. William Holmes was a member of Captain Francis M. P. Goff's Company K, a small detachment of which took part in the battle, and the muster roll of that company gives this brief remark concerning him: "Killed in action July 18th in Grand Round; one horse lost in action."

In his notebook, Mr. James wrote: "William Holmes and [William] Lyle were pursuing some Indian scouts and gaining on them when Holmes jumped off his horse on the side nearest the Indians to get a better aim to shoot. One of the Indians wheeled on his horse and shot, killing Holmes."

For the next ten years the Holmes's estate was to be involved in court litigation, and was to cost almost as much as its value, in legal fees. William Holmes died without proving up his claim. The court, however, ruled that the land belonged to his heirs, but none could be found; nor had he made a will. Sidney S. Ford, Sr., in 1856 was made administrator of the estate and three neighbors, Patterson F. Luark, Charles Van Wormer, and James Cochran, were declared appraisers. The former wrote in his "Journal", December 10, 1856, "Went to the place of William Holmes deed [dead] to help appraise property of said estate." Then followed a sale of the personal property to settle the debts. Mr. Luark records on April 30 of 1857, his purchase of "one bay mare and colt, \$115."

The estate was at that time in the boundaries of Thurston County, and on April 11, 1859 the land was declared the property of that county. In the meantime, the county boundary shifted and Lewis County became the owner. The 320 acres became known as the Lewis County Farm. December 19, 1860, F. Kenedy and Isaac Hays were granted a judgment in the Supreme Court of \$850.90 against the estate. Accordingly, it was sold at public auction and James Tullis was the highest bidder, offering \$1750. Mr. Tullis, however, was unable to meet the payment and the Supreme Court commanded a resale. On January 19, 1862, it was purchased by Besalee F. Kendall of Bethel, Maine, for \$1,110.

When Kendall died in 1865, his heirs sold the property and James Tullis again put in his bid, this time for \$1400, and the 320 acres came into his permanent possession. With the exception of four acres he deeded to the Centralia Cemetery Association and a strip for the Northern Pacific right-of-way, the estate remained intact until 1888 when Marion G. Denton and G. H. Ellsbury paid \$7488 for the property and later platted it into First and Second Railroad Additions of the city of Centralia.

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## II. THE JAMES TULLIS FAMILY

BY ALICE GUNDERSEN

The early pioneers thought of Jim Tullis, an emigrant of Kentucky and the second owner of the Holmes donation claim, as a typical Southern gentleman. Naturally averse to labor, he employed the Indians to work on his land and very much in the Southern plantation style, their "quarters" were out of sight of the house. "Uncle Jim", as his neighbors affectionately called him, didn't do any heavy farming. Mrs. Hattie Rhodes explained, "He raised cattle on stretches of open and wooded

land; but his chief duty was to weigh the stock in the fall and spring. While the Indians did the work, 'Uncle Jim' did the bossing."

Strongly resenting the fact that his donation claim bordered that of George Washington, a colored man, Jim Tullis proclaimed that his fences would never touch those of a Negro. Consequently, he built his fence six feet to the north of the original line; but George Washington, not to be outdone, erected the cedar rails enclosing his land six feet to the south of his boundary. The twelve feet between the two donation claims was known as "Tullis Lane." Many years later, this strip of land was widened and renamed Hanson Street.

Although the Tullis house of one-story "box" construction did not resemble a Southern mansion, it was situated near the river. The only house in that area, it was used as a landmark in early days. Built on higher ground, it often offered a hospitable refuge for distressed families during high water. The first schoolteacher stayed at the Tullis house and it also served as a post office when Jim Tullis was appointed postmaster July 30, 1867.

Instead of the trim beard of a Southern colonel, "Uncle Jim" had a long flowing one which proved to be his undoing at least once in his life. At a church meeting, his children were publicly rebuked for misbehaving by a Mr. Cheryhome. Pride in his family and a quick temper caused Jim Tullis to immediately call on Mr. Cheryhome in an attempt to avenge his family honor, but Cheryhome quickly took the offensive and grabbed a handful of the Tullis beard and held it in his grasp. In this undignified position, "Uncle Jim" could neither avenge his family honor or even protect his person. To add to his distress, Mrs. Cheryhome repeatedly stuck her head out of the door yelling, "Shall I bring the shotgun, Cheryhome? Shall I bring the shotgun?"

"Uncle Jim," like all Southern gentlemen, had fought in the "war". But in his case, it was not the War of Secession, but the earlier Indian war of 1855-1856. There he was ordered to serve as a lieutenant in a company of rangers whose organization was authorized by Acting Governor Mason. Snowden, the historian, records that on October 27, 1855, he went to Olympia to raise recruits for his company.

The Kentuckian had chosen as his wife Mary Elizabeth Ward. She was an average-sized woman with rather small brown eyes and brown hair and in the only picture of the family known to exist, she sits demurely with her hands folded in her lap with her hooped skirt bellowing about her. She was a sister of Mrs. Clem Crosby, and Henry Ward.

Mary Tullis, the eldest child, died of tuberculosis, as did most of the other members of her family. Mrs. Anna Whealdon remembers Mary as a little girl who was lame because leeches had been applied to her leg when she had scarlet fever. She died on June 8, 1864, at the age of eight.

Cyril Tullis, much like a modern airplane pilot, was the idol of every small boy in town, for he was a railroad engineer. Sam James of Grand Mound said that the first time he ever saw a train, Cyril Tullis was at the throttle.

During his school days, Cyril was a tease as Mallie Roundtree Ward well remembers. One morning while she, Cyril, and Harbin Borst were walking to school together, it seems that Harbin captured a squirrel and Cyril persuaded them to have some fun with it. On arriving at school he deposited the small animal in the only closed desk in school—the one belonging to Stacey Coonnes, the stepson of George Washington. The three culprits did not hear the word of prayer and bit of scripture with which Mr. Hovey, the teacher, opened school that morning. They were too intent on watching Stacey's desk. As soon as the last word of scripture was read, the colored boy opened his desk and gave a loud yell as the squirrel and he both leaped into the air at the same time. Although the room was in an hilarious uproar, Mallie, now Mrs. Ward, remembers that she did not join in, feeling quite ashamed of her part in causing the disturbance. But this was evidently neither Cyril's first nor last attempt at mischief for Bob Ready averred, "Cyril Tullis got two out of every three lickings given in that school." Nevertheless, when the young mischief-maker grew into manhood, Herman Young declares, "He was a very orderly gentleman and conducted himself in a graceful manner." He died March 9, 1890, at the age of twenty.

"Annie wasn't blond or brunette, but betwixt and between," is the way Mrs. May Jackson of Tenino describes the next of the Tullis children. Annie was the second girl and had large eyes and small round face. She was married to Pete Church, also a railroad engineer, and not long after she, too, contracted tuberculosis. Upon returning from California, she was so ill that the train made an extra stop at Magnolia Street so that she might be carried on a bed to her home which was then located where the Gesler-McNiven Building now stands. She died soon after on November 13, 1885, at the age of 20.

Frank, the youngest, seems to have been a tease like his older brother. Ada Ready Smith said, "I went to school with him and that was proof enough for me. He and I were the only two scholars in the first grade. When we went to the teacher's desk to recite, I stood at one end of the desk and Frank at the other."

Even as Frank grew older and started working in the Barnaby Shingle Mill, he was still up to mischief. When Herman Young walked to work with him every morning, the two men passed a choice pear orchard. The only hindrance to obtaining some of the fruit was a mean watchdog. But one dark night they silently climbed over the fence, picked a pail of large, luscious pears, and so outwitted both the owner of the pears and the sleeping dog.

After the loss of a leg in an accident at Martin's Mill, Frank ran a small cigar store on Tower Avenue.

The Tullises acquired the Holmes donation claim in 1865 for \$1,400, and in 1888 received \$7,488 for most of this land from the Washington Land and Improvement Company. Having no permanent home, the family, after renting several years, bought back part of their farm in the form of three city lots on North Pearl Street which, in the meantime, had become part of the fashionable residential district. Apparently this property cost a large sum of money for Frank was remembered as having laughingly said, "Father sold his whole farm to get enough to buy part of it back in three city lots."

James Tullis and his wife Elizabeth died in the 1890's and their son Frank is thought to have followed them soon after.

Though all the Tullises have passed on into eternity, their farmhouse still stands and is used as a residence on Euclid Way. Moved and remodeled, it is now scarcely recognizable as the "box constructed" house, part of which was built as early as 1854. And pieces of the Tullis furniture are prized by Centralia residents. Mrs. Hattie Rhodes, until the time of her death, slept in a spool bed that was made for little Mary Tullis. Mrs. Anna Kaestner has four straight-back chairs and a settee of walnut that, upholstered in red plush, used to stand stiffly against the wall in the Tullis parlor. Blue plush has replaced the red in the furniture owned by Mrs. Joe Cole—a chair, a settee, and a sofa, upon which Elizabeth Tullis used to sit in her hooped skirts entertaining the socially-elite of early Centerville.

## CHAPTER XIII

### OWNERS OF THE KRITZER DONATION CLAIM

#### I. NOAH KRITZER

BY DOROTHY D. CANFIELD

Since Noah Kritzer, first settler on the donation claim of 160 acres that now comprises the Boulevard and Logan districts of the city of Centralia, left this vicinity shortly after the sale of his claim to Henry Barnes in 1865, little is known concerning him. In fact, his very name has been forgotten by the early settlers who call the quarter section of land the "Barnes claim" for its second owner. His name, however, appears on certain public records. He is thought to have settled on his land in 1853.

According to the federal census of 1860, in which his name is spelled "Kritz", he was a single man, twenty-eight years of age, and was a native of Pennsylvania.

The Muster Roll of Captain Edward Warbass' Company L of the Washington Territorial Volunteers lists him as serving in that company during the Indian wars, from April 3, to October 3, 1856. He is also named in the Muster Roll of Company B of the Puget Sound Mounted Volunteers formed to fight Indians east of the Cascades; but since no date of enlistment is given, it is thought that he did not serve with this company but, instead, joined with Captain Warbass.

The agricultural statistics from the census of 1860 lists the value of his farm as \$1,100, his farm implements, \$200; and 2 working oxen, \$150. But he does not seem to have cultivated his land to a great extent, for he is not credited with having produced any crops during that year. Half of his 160 acres were given as being improved.

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#### II. THE HENRY BARNES FAMILY

BY JEAN SPICER

Edited by Dorothy Canfield

Ten-year-old Artemisia Bowman crossed the plains in 1844 with her parents and grandparents, the David Kindreds, in the party of 300 under Colonel Cornelius Gilliam. Also in

the train were George Waunch, first settler of this vicinity, and Artemisia's aunt and her husband, Colonel Michael T. Simmons, under whose leadership she and her grandparents were to settle near Tumwater and to be in the group of the first Americans to establish residence in the territory north of the Columbia River.

Artemisia's granddaughter, Estele Ward, recalls stories her mother, Annie Barnes Ward, told her of the dangers of the journey westward. Once, little Artemesia was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake. A cure was effected, however, by milking one of the cows and placing the child's hand in a bucket of warm milk which turned green when it drew out the poison. Shortly after she recovered, the little girl awoke one night and cried out, "There's a snake in my bed." Her Grandmother Kindred tried to soothe the frightened child by saying, "Go back to sleep. There's nothing there. You're just imagining it."

"But I know there's a snake in my bed. I can smell it," she tearfully insisted. To quiet the child's fears, Grandmother Kindred threw back the bed covers, and, sure enough, there lay a rattlesnake coiled up in little Artemisia's bed.

Soon there was another danger, one that threatened the entire party of 300. The food supply was running low. The train had expected to buy provisions from the Indians, but the red men had none to offer. Each year the tribes laid away only enough to last their members. So many emigrants had come along the trail to the West that year that all of the stores of the natives were gone. There was no dried fish or corn in sufficient quantities to spare for supplies to the Gilliam party.

But at the Whitman Mission at Walla Walla the travelers secured wheat. And boiled wheat became their only substantial article of diet for a whole year until crops could be planted and harvested.

The Hudson Bay Company was supreme in the land north of the Columbia River and discouraged any American settlers from making their homes in the region even though, by treaty, it was open to citizens of both England and the United States.

Accordingly, the Hudson Bay people offered the Simmons party, which included little Artemisia and her grandparents, attractive land on the Rogue River. But Michael T. Simmons who had earned the title of Colonel serving in the Kentucky Militia didn't fear the Company and despite opposition and even threats decided to carry out his desire to settle on Puget Sound in the land north of the Columbia.

Artemisia's parents went on to Oregon, but she remained with her grandparents who stayed with their daughter and

son-in-law, the Michael Simmons. It was cold for Artemisia and the seven families who camped that winter on the present site of Washougal, for the Company would give them no shelter or supplies. So the group subsisted on boiled wheat and lived in the only protection obtainable—a sheep shed owned by a friendly Kanaka. And in the spring young Artemisia greeted a new cousin—little Christopher Columbus Simmons, the first white child born north of the Columbia River, who on April 14, 1845, came into the world, his birthplace, the open sheep shed.

Little Artemisia stayed in the camp at Washougal and helped watch over little Christopher Columbus while some of the men of the party explored up the Cowlitz River, and on to her uncle's goal—land on the salt water of Puget Sound. Then in October, 1845, the little girl and the other members of the seven families started for their new home. After ascending the Cowlitz River to the Hudson Bay Post at the Landing on large rafts, poled against the current, Artemisia, the women, and other children camped along the way for fifteen days.

The men went ahead and swamped out the road, returning each evening to move the women and children and ox carts along the trail-like road cut through the dense stand of timber.

When Artemisia passed by the prairie where the Skookumchuck joined the Chehalis, it would likely have attracted more of her attention had she known that twenty years later she was to live on its northeast edge, the mistress of a log house and 180 acres of land.

But in the fall of 1845, there was much of the present to occupy the child. For each day brought its bit of joy and its many hardships to the seven families who made history in the northwest when they settled on farms surrounding the little settlement at the falls of the Deschutes which her Uncle Michael Simmons first named New Market and was known later as Tumwater.

By 1852, another emigrant train had brought the Nelson Barnes family of New England to Tumwater. The Kindreds and Simmons made Tumwater history in the forties and the Barnes family were to do likewise in the fifties, becoming prominent in the banking, commercial and mercantile circles of the new town. The year after their arrival, a son, William Henry Barnes, married Artemisia Bowman.

Henry Barnes and his wife settled on Rocky Prairie, south of Olympia, where the ground ripples along in series of small hummocks. There he began farming but was soon forced to

leave his land temporarily. About this time the Indian uprisings were beginning. As a measure of protection, a stockade was built at Tumwater and all settlers were warned to come into the fort. But according to his daughter, Mr. Barnes had stock on his place which he didn't care to leave so he refused to go to the fortress. But one night after retiring, he and his wife heard shooting near their home, and, becoming frightened, stole out of the house with a blanket, spread it between two little hummocks on the prairie, and spent the rest of the night there. They discovered later the shooting had been done by some of the settlers themselves who had gone to the Barnes place in an attempt to frighten them into coming into the stockade. They then decided to move their stock into the fort where they lived the rest of the year.

A few years later Henry and Artemisia Barnes came to the prairie by the Skookumchuck and on March 31, 1865, purchased a land grant of 160 acres from Noah Kritzer for \$1,000 and also an adjoining tract of twenty acres.

Their first home was of logs, had a stick and mud fireplace, and was located on the north end of their property near the Skookumchuck River. Their nearest neighbors were the James Tullis family, who lived one mile away. A later house was a "box construction" of rough lumber brought from Tumwater. According to Schuyler Davis, local contractor and builder, more and more lumber was added to the exterior walls until they were four layers thick.

The Barnes had been married 15 years when they began to prepare for the birth of their first child. They rented their homestead to the J. C. Ready family for a period of three years and moved to Tumwater so that they might stay with the Nelson Barnes family and also be closer to Dr. Rolland, the nearest doctor. Then on May 17, 1868, Annie, their only child, was born. A gold dollar piece was placed in the tiny baby's hand as a gift and she wore it on a ribbon and kept it all the rest of her life.

A year or so before the railroad came through, the family returned to their homestead. Little Annie enjoyed the excitement of railroad building and especially the "short bits" and "long bits," as ten and fifteen cents were called in that day, that the railroad men gave her when they came to the Barnes place to buy her mother's eggs. In fact, little Annie saved \$13 she was given by the construction men. "I had no place to spend it in those days," she said in recalling her youthful experience in saving money.

Quite the favorite of William Bryan, the large colored homestead owner to the south of the Barnes place, little Annie

was likewise the idol of her father and mother. "Baby Pet," her mother called her and as "Baby Pet Barnes" she is still known by many of her former schoolmates who affectionately recall the rather delicate little girl who was scarcely ever seen away from home unless in the company of her mother.

On his farm, in addition to a large orchard, Mr. Barnes raised the usual crops of wheat and oats, and each year made the two-day trip to and from Tumwater to have an entire year's supply of wheat ground into grist. While there, he would purchase other necessities such as corn meal, sugar, and green coffee, which was roasted and ground at home. Mrs. Barnes and Annie often accompanied him although sometimes they remained at home to care for the stock.

Wild life was abundant in the forests surrounding the homestead and it was necessary for all to be able to use a gun in order to protect their livestock. For this reason, and because she was often left alone during her husband's trips away from home, Mrs. Barnes became an excellent rifle shot. Annie Barnes Ward related that her mother also often shot salmon in the river. Mr. Barnes, too, was an expert, at one time shooting three deer, standing together in a small clearing on his land, before any could flee.

In the latter 1880's, Henry Barnes built a new white house with a long hall dividing it in half. Of planed lumber, also, was the new barn and chicken house erected with equal care and also covered with the white paint he had carefully mixed himself. This house, surrounded by a white picket fence, stood on the corner of what later became Ward and Kearney streets. It was moved away about ten years ago.

Artemisia Barnes, known affectionately as "Aunt Mit" by local residents, died January 9, 1888. "The Centralia News" of January 12, 1888, printed the following announcement:

"It is with regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Armita Barnes who died on Monday evening of erysipelas and blood poisoning, at 51 years of age. Thus passes away one of our old pioneers." She had lived in Lewis County for more than thirty years. Henry Barnes died January 30, 1890 at the age of 65. Both were buried in the old Tullis Cemetery.

In December 1888, about a year after her mother's death, Annie married Sidney Ward. He was a nephew of Mrs. James Tullis and Mrs. Clanrick Crosby, and also came of an old pioneer family; his father, Henry Clay Ward, having carried messages as runner during the Indian wars.

The young bride, who lived in the white Barnes house, had new furniture upholstered in thick-piled plush—a large lounge,

in garnet red, a big platform rocker in the same, and five straight chairs, three in garnet and two in old gold. The new wall paper, of a cream and light tan in an embossed design, was so heavy, a daughter, Elvay, recalls, that it was removed from the walls and used again when the house was remodeled later. Annie Ward's front yard, it is remembered, was so beautiful that town residents used to walk there just to stand and look over the picket fence at her flowers, laid out in pattern beds.

Sidney Ward sold much of the old Barnes claim in lots and one-acre tracts, reserving sixteen acres for the home place for Annie and himself. He also had a hop yard in the present Boulevard Addition and a short distance east of his home operated a shingle mill and a machine shop and foundry. In the "hard times" of the nineties when there was no money for wages, some said they would rather work for "Sid" Ward than for others, for he always paid off his men, even if it was in shingles.

Ward Street and the Ward Addition were named for the family. Several years ago the Wards established the present home on Waunch Prairie where Sidney Ward passed away in April, 1939, and his wife, Annie, a year later on June 21, 1940. Two daughters, Estele and Elvay, now reside on Waunch Prairie. A son, Donald, lives in California; V. M. lives in Tacoma, and Richard in Portland.

Such is the story of the family of Artemisia Bowman Barnes, one of the first American settlers north of the Columbia River and of her husband, William Henry Barnes, second owner of the Kritzer claim—better known to pioneers of this vicinity as the Barnes place and now the northeast section of the City of Centralia.

## CHAPTER XIV

### BY THE CHERRY TREE

(The Story of the Charles Van Wormer and John Buchanan Families)

BY EUNICE MARTINA AND JACQUELINE INGALLS

Two winters ago a large cherry stump blew down in a wind storm near the residence of C. A. Prestel on Fords Prairie. This was the last of what was once known as the largest cherry tree in the state and stories concerning the planting of it are many and varied.

Since the early 1920's when the tree died, ivy had clung around it softening the contour of the scarred stump. Many remember the seat that encircled the large trunk when its branches covered nearly 500 feet of ground. In June, 1888 when the tree was owned by Frank B. M. Hall, "The Centralia News" described it as measuring 69 inches in circumference one foot from the ground, and "the distance being 32 feet from outside to outside of its branches which covered nearly 500 feet of ground."

A few persons are still living who sat under its shade as long as 70 years ago. "And it was a good-sized tree even then," recalls Charles W. Geiger, remembering when he first saw it on a trip to Washington Territory as a boy of eight.

"Its cherries weren't so good but it had lots of them," said Anna Whealdon, thinking of the time she was 16 and canned its fruit when she cooked at the Halfway House. For the big cherry tree marked the stage stop at one of the first way-stations or inns in this locality and closely tied up with its story are the lives of the families who lived in the log and shake house, the inn where stage passengers stopped for meals and travelers often spent the night.

The members of the Charles Van Wormer family are the first who are known to have resided in the old house and it is thought that they built the structure.

The family at their arrival in this locality in the fall of 1854, consisted of Charles, the father, age thirty-four, and a native of New York; his wife Mary, twenty-eight, who was born in Ohio; and their two children also born in the latter state, John V., six; and Ella A., five.

The arrival of the Van Wormers after their trip across the plains is described by Phoebe Goodell Judson. In her book, "A Pioneer's Search for an Ideal Home," she says: "The company was composed of Mr. Judson's father, mother, and sister, my brother William, his wife and child, Miss E. A. Austin, a very dear friend, and Charles Van Wormer and family. Mrs. Van Wormer was my husband's cousin. With glad hearts we began at once to make arrangements to build a more commodious dwelling for their reception.

"On the eighth of October, 1854, while on watch, we sighted the white covers of their prairie schooners as they hove in sight off Point Axtell's, a mile away.

"Our friends were in no hurry to locate claims until they had more thoroughly prospected the country, and for that purpose Mr. Judson and Charles Van Wormer made an extended journey down the Chehalis to Grays Harbor, following along the beach to Shoal Water Bay."

Mr. Van Wormer, however, returned to this locality and took up a claim of 320 acres on the east side of the present Pacific Highway about a mile north of Fords Prairie School.

The next mention of the Van Wormers occurs in the Luark "Journal" in 1854 and 1855 and refers to the building of a chimney and bake-oven, the buying of rails, the threshing of wheat, and the "swopping" of wheat and eggs—all by Charles Van Wormer.

During the Indian wars, Charles Van Wormer served under Captain Edward D. Warbass in Company F and was detailed as "ferry guard at Skookumchuck."

The federal census of 1860 shows the value of his farm to be \$2,500, having improved but 20 of his 320 acres of land. His livestock was worth \$800 and included four horses, six milk cows, two working oxen, thirteen other cattle, and six sheep and four swine.

Nothing is mentioned of his farm products in that year, however, except 170 bushels of wheat. This is likely because his interest had turned toward other things. On October 10, 1857, he became the first postmaster of Skookumchuck Postoffice, which almost two decades later was to be moved to the new town of Centerville, and, in the early 1880's was to be changed to the name Centralia Postoffice. Mr. Van Wormer continued to hold the office until May 22, 1863.

"Charles Van Wormer was the first blacksmith around here to shoe horses," recalls Mrs. Amelia Mauermann. It's likely that he also shod the horses of the stage line which were kept in the large barn on his place and where a fresh relay was exchanged for the jaded ones during the rest period at his way-station.

It must also have been during the Van Wormer residence at the Halfway House that the cherry tree was planted. Some say it was a seedling and that was the reason its fruit was not particularly choice. Others claim that Ulysses S. Grant when a young lieutenant traveling between the military posts at Fort Steilacoom and Fort Vancouver stopped at the Halfway House. While there, he carelessly stuck his riding whip, one he'd cut from a cherry tree, into the ground. The switch grew and years later became the largest cherry tree in the state.

Unless there was an earlier owner of the way-station, it seems doubtful that this story might be true in any particular, especially since Grant was not stationed in this part of the country after the fall of 1853 and the Van Wormers did not arrive until the next year.

Mrs. Ellen Bennett Butterworth, whose aunt, Mrs. Cyrus Sweet, lived in the old house in the 1880's, said that the tree was planted by Pedro Antonio Swateger, an old Mexican War veteran who was osler for the stage horses. It's thought that a passing wagon carrying a bundle of small cherry trees dropped one when stopping at the Halfway House. The old osler planted it and cared for it.

Mrs. Anna Whealdon recalls the Van Wormers, especially the children Johnnie and Ella. "Ella used to chum with my sister, Beva," she said. "Mr. Van Wormer was sandy complexioned and his wife about the same."

Three more girls were born before 1860—Carrie, Beill, and Annie. In 1864, the Van Wormers sold their claim to John Farran or Faron for \$1,100 and moved to Grays Harbor.

The father became blind and both he and his son lost their lives in a tragic accident which Mrs. Flora E. Wartman-Arland of Montesano has described by saying: "John Van Wormer carried the mail by rowboat from Montesano to Willapa. January 9, 1878, he and his father, who was blind but a very fine oarsman, left Hoquiam with the mail bound for Point Chehalis and were last seen about 11 o'clock that morning a couple of miles from shore. January 11 the mail boat with John's body and the mail lashed to the boat was found on the north side of the harbor, but the body of the father was never found. John's body was brought to Montesano and his funeral was held January 13."

In 1870, John Buchanan bought the Van Wormer donation claim from John Faron and established himself as the proprietor of the Halfway House. He was born in 1832 in Henderson County, Illinois, and when he was 21 years old he and his parents came across the plains and settled at Bawfaw, now known as Boisfort.

In 1858 he returned to his old home in Illinois and there

he married Emeline Beers on February 5, 1859. Immediately after the wedding, he and his bride left for the West, traveling by ox team.

When the young Mrs. Buchanan arrived at Cowlitz Landing she felt she had never before been in such a wild country and when she heard her husband speak to the Indians in the Chinook jargon, she became frightened for fear she herself had married a redskin.

When the Buchanans sold their home at Boisfort and settled themselves at the Halfway House on Fords Prairie, they became quite the center of community life in this locality for their dwelling, in addition to being a way-station for travelers, was a landmark in the community. The one-story hewed log structure at this time had an addition at the rear built of sawed boards which sheltered the kitchen.

Mrs. Anna Whealdon who worked for the Buchanans in 1872 when she was 16, said that the stage stopped there for dinner and then went on to Olympia. "If the roads were too bad and travel slow, then the passengers stayed overnight," she recalls. "The roads were something terrible. I remember they were always complaining about it. Travelers who weren't stage passengers often stayed overnight.

"Generally we had biscuit for breakfast and beef or mutton—fried if it was for breakfast," Mrs. Whealdon said. "Then we had the most wonderful salt-rising bread. It was made by 'Nigger Pete,' the Kanaka cook. I had the ironing but an old Indian woman did the washing. I remember she didn't finish one day so she slept in the woodshed that night and a rick of wood fell over on her. She was scared pretty bad about it."

"'Nigger Pete,' as we called him," continued Mrs. Whealdon, "lived over next to the hill on the old Lum place about where Mrs. N. L. Witherow lives now. Once I recall he played a mean trick on us. The house was full of ministers who stayed all night. The next morning after breakfast was all ready and they were just going to sit down to the table, in sneaked Pete. Mr. Buchanan was pretty mad.

"'Nigger Pete' died suddenly one morning in his little house over against the hill. When they found him he was still on his feet, stooped over just as if he were reaching over to tie his shoe."

Aside from running the Halfway House, Mr. Buchanan was very prominent in buying and selling property on Fords Prairie and at one time or another owned much of the land there.

In the early 1870's he and his wife became charter mem-

bers of the first Christian Church in his locality, a small structure located just across from their way-station. He was also a member of the board of directors when the building was moved from Fords Prairie into town to the corner of Gold and Pine streets where it still stands.

Business at the Halfway House declined after the building of the railroad so in 1884 the Buchanans moved into Centralia where a partnership was formed with John Peele in a grist mill situated on what is now Tower Avenue, at about the present location of the Reliance Grocery. The little mill made a brand of flour called "Old Honesty." In 1885 the partners rented their mill to C. F. Clubine.

In 1886, Mr. Buchanan was appointed on the first board of trustees which drew up the ordinances for the newly-organized town of Centralia. Later, in the early 1900's he owned and operated a general merchandise store situated on the present location of J. C. Penney's.

In 1891, on March 3, Mrs. Emeline Buchanan died. Later Mr. Buchanan married his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Beers Thorpe. His second wife died in 1893. He then married Mrs. Elizabeth Canby.

On Sunday morning, March 15, 1908, Mr. Buchanan died at the age of 75 years, being survived by his widow and two adopted children, Annie (Mrs. G. W. Null) and Fred Buchanan. The latter is still a resident of Centralia.

When Mr. John Buchanan sold the Halfway House, it was purchased by Cyrus Sweet who lived there for a number of years. Their niece, little Ellen Bennett, frequently went out to visit them and fifty years later she wrote about her recollections of the old Halfway House. She has kindly given permission to print these sketches which she dedicates to her mother and which she has written in memory of the little town of Center ville she knew in the early eighties.

## THE OLD HALFWAY HOUSE IN 1885

BY ELLEN BENNETT BUTTERWORTH

We were gathered about the old fireplace, where the back log often burned for days, where from an iron crane hung an iron tea kettle, steaming in song as its cover gently lifted and fell with the boiling of the water. Uncle sat in his cushioned rocker. Aunty was braiding a rug. Brother lay on the old bear skin caressing its head. The others were comfortably seated while we all waited for the crackling flames to die down enough to pop corn. I sat on a stool beside Aunty, silently hoping she would tell us more of early days in the West. My father and mother talked so much, there was no

stopping place, so I leaned over and whispered to ask Aunty how long she had lived in this house. "It's awfully old isn't it?" I asked real loud.

"Indeed it is," she answered "no one knows who built it but a Mr. Van Wormer ran it as an Inn. We bought it from John Buchanan two years ago. He told us he thought it was built about 1852 or 1854, when the country was all Oregon Territory. The inn was called Half-Way House."

"Half way to where?" we asked.

Aunty looked down at me as she said, "Olympia was the capital then and is now. There were no railroads, and to reach Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River one went on horseback or by stage. You could leave Olympia in the morning by stage, stop here for dinner at noon, change horses, ferry across Chehalis River at Borsts, then follow the old military road to Pumphry at Monticello Settlement, where you went aboard a steamer bound for Fort Vancouver or Portland, arriving in late afternoon, in time for supper. The stage used four horses. They were cared for by an old Mexican War veteran called Pedro Antonio Swateger. He was the man who planted our cherry tree. Only eight passengers were allowed—no more—for various shipments were carried as was also the mail. This was Skookumchuck Postoffice."

"This house doesn't look like an Inn. It's too small." Mother said.

"It was large enough to accommodate the travelers," Aunty replied. "The two front bedrooms are connected, the two others open off this room. Many times men weary after hours on horseback fell asleep in front of the fire. Traveling was dangerous in those days. Indians were hostile, rivers were forded or ferried, and one made his own road across the prairie." Aunty picked up the corn popper and a milk pan which she handed to father.

When she came back, I asked, "Wasn't this a log house, Aunty?"

"Yes," she said, "originally, but the front part has been covered with shakes, the other part's lumber."

"Shakes!" muttered my brother, "Handshakes!"

Laughingly Aunty said, "Yes sir, hand shakes, because they were cut by hand from pieces of cedar logs using a draw knife. That is a long blade of steel with a short, straight wooden handle at each end. Uncle will show you how the old settlers cut them before lumber mills were built.

"I don't think the old house has been changed," she continued, "except that the part of the woodshed that is floored was the kitchen or cook room. My kitchen was the dining room which extended across the width of the house."

My sister noticed the wide floor boards and how they were slivered in front of the doors. Aunt's braided rugs, the cougar Uncle killed, with the old bear rug in front of the fireplace covered most of the worn places. The kitchen door was made of upright boards held together by narrow strips nailed across the top and bottom. It had an old iron latch. I had never seen one—nor have I ever seen one since. If you wished to keep the inside door closed, you wound a narrow leather thong around a nail on the door frame. There were no locks on doors or windows. No one in this new country had need of locks—the windows were held open with a length of stovewood.

"It's nine o'clock," mother exclaimed as she heard the old clock strike, "your bed time, children." We did not want to leave the fire nor the popcorn. Mother's goodnight was positive. We had to go.

Next morning the October sun was bright. I went out in the yard. As far as my eyes could see, stretched the old rail fences. The hills beyond were green with trees, holding an irregular blue line against the sky, nearer the earth a deeper blue; nearer still maple trees flamed in glorious colors of red, green, and gold. In the orchard a few late yellow apples still clung to the trees. I picked a late rose bud from the bush climbing up a trellis almost covering the porch. The trellis was made of strips of cedar wood, where it had split it had been wired. The porch boards were wide. In a secluded corner stood a leather-thonged rocking chair, exclusive and inviting. The porch steps were low, beyond them large, flat stepping stones lay snuggled in the earth reaching almost to the cherry tree that stood just inside the fence near the gate.

I heard a call from the house. Going inside, I noticed a door between the fireplace and window. "May I open this door, Aunt?" I called.

"You may, and explore the attic if you wish."

So I went up two steps, opened the door, climbed narrow, winding stairs, pushed up a trap door, and crawled inside. One could stand only in the center of the floor. What an aroma of spicy fragrance filled the room! Over the rafters hung huge bunches of hoarhound and sage, onions hung by their dried tops, ears of corn tied together by the husks, strings and strings of dried apples and pears. Spread on the floor to ripen were brown russets and golden Belle Fleur apples. I shall never forget that attic, its trap door, its warm mixed redolence of dry grasses and apples. I came down into the kitchen, eating a pear. Aunt was preparing dinner as the

noon hour was near.

"Won't you run out in the shed and bring me some kindling for my fire?" she asked me. Gladly I went, for even the shed held a fascination for me, with its conglomeration of this and that, so new to me.

On the sides of the shed were many wooden pegs, over which hung gunny sacks, bits of harness, bags of feathers of grouse and pheasants, their tails tacked one above the other to compare their size. Over in the corner, a pair of gum boots stood like soldiers on sentinel duty. There was one for the cat with her four kittens, one for the dog who wagged his tail in greeting.

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About 1887, Frank B. M. Hall bought the old Halfway House and a year or two later tore down the old structure to make a room for a more modern dwelling. But the large barn which would stable twelve or more horses stood until the 1920's. "When we tore it down," recalls Mrs. C. A. Prestel, who still resides on the old place, "we had wood enough from its huge beams and rafters to last us all winter."

The cherry tree died in the late 1920's, but the ivy that clung around its stump was but a slight substitute for the crown of snowy petals it had worn and showered on the families who lived in the old Halfway House and on the travelers who sat on the large circular seat that encircled its trunk—the travelers who, in the days of the stage coach, journeyed the old Military Road and stopped to rest beneath its wide-spreading branches.

# Picture Section

by

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Illustrations reproduced from  
Early daguerreotypes, tintypes and old photographs

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Winslow Anderson, former member Centralia High School Camera Club, for faithful assistance in copying photographs.

And the many others who aided by lending and helping collect the hundreds of old photographs from which the selections were made for this picture section.



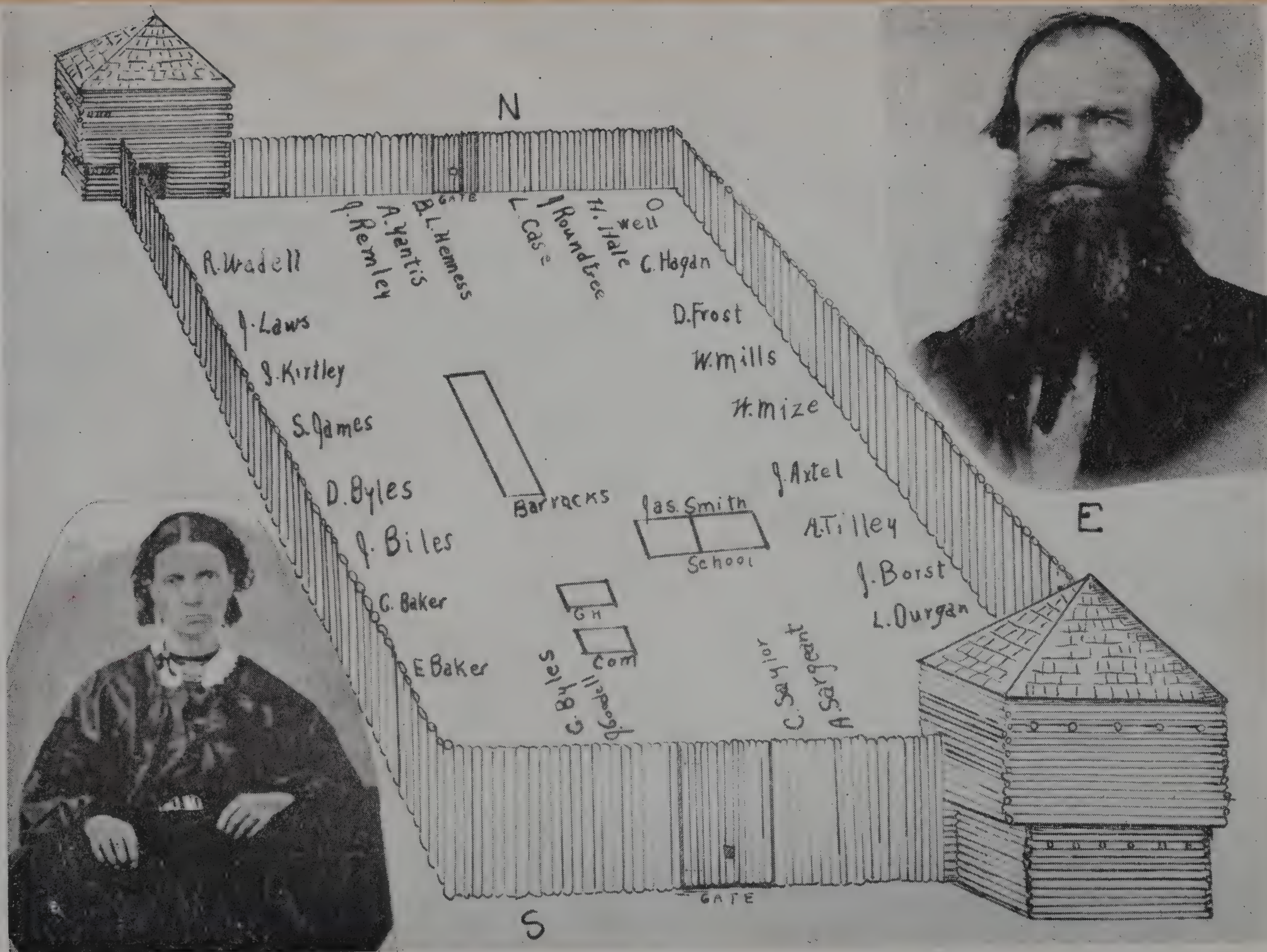
1—BORST RESIDENCE, FERRY AND FORT BORST

On the Military Road connecting Fort Steilacoom and Fort Vancouver; the Borst house, erected in the early 1860's, was considered the finest dwelling along its route.

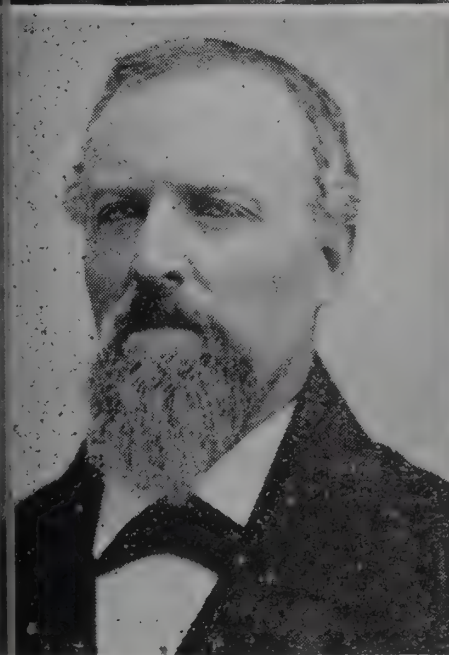
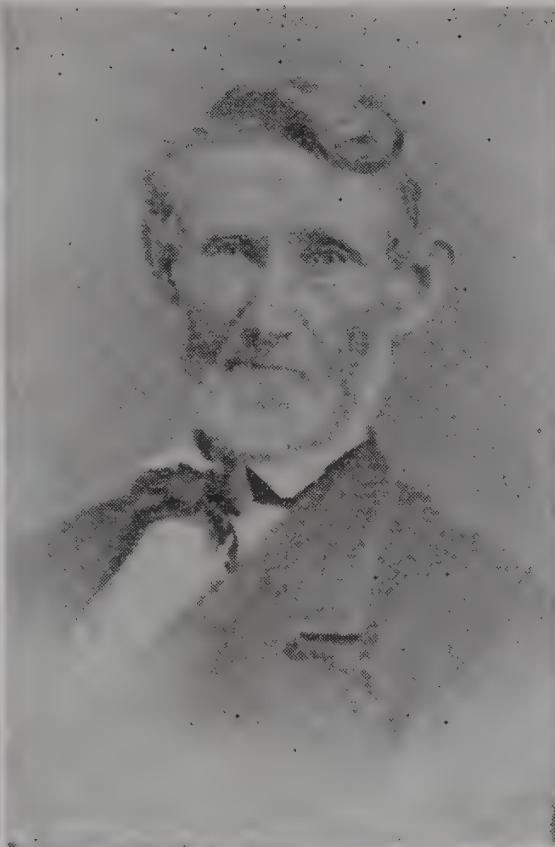


2—UPPER: CENTERVILLE W. T., JULY 4, 1885

LOWER: WEST FRONT STREET (TOWER AVENUE), CENTRALIA, W. T., LOOKING NORTH, 1887



3—PLAN OF FORT HENNESS (1855) AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. BENJAMIN L. HENNESS



#### 4—INMATES OF FORT HENNESSY

Upper: Etta Yantis (Mrs. Sidney Hanaford), Alexander S. Yantis, William and Ann (Yantis) Martin

Lower: John C. Axtell, Mrs. Samuel James, Sr., John R. James



5—THE FAMILY OF GEORGE L. WAUNCH, SR.

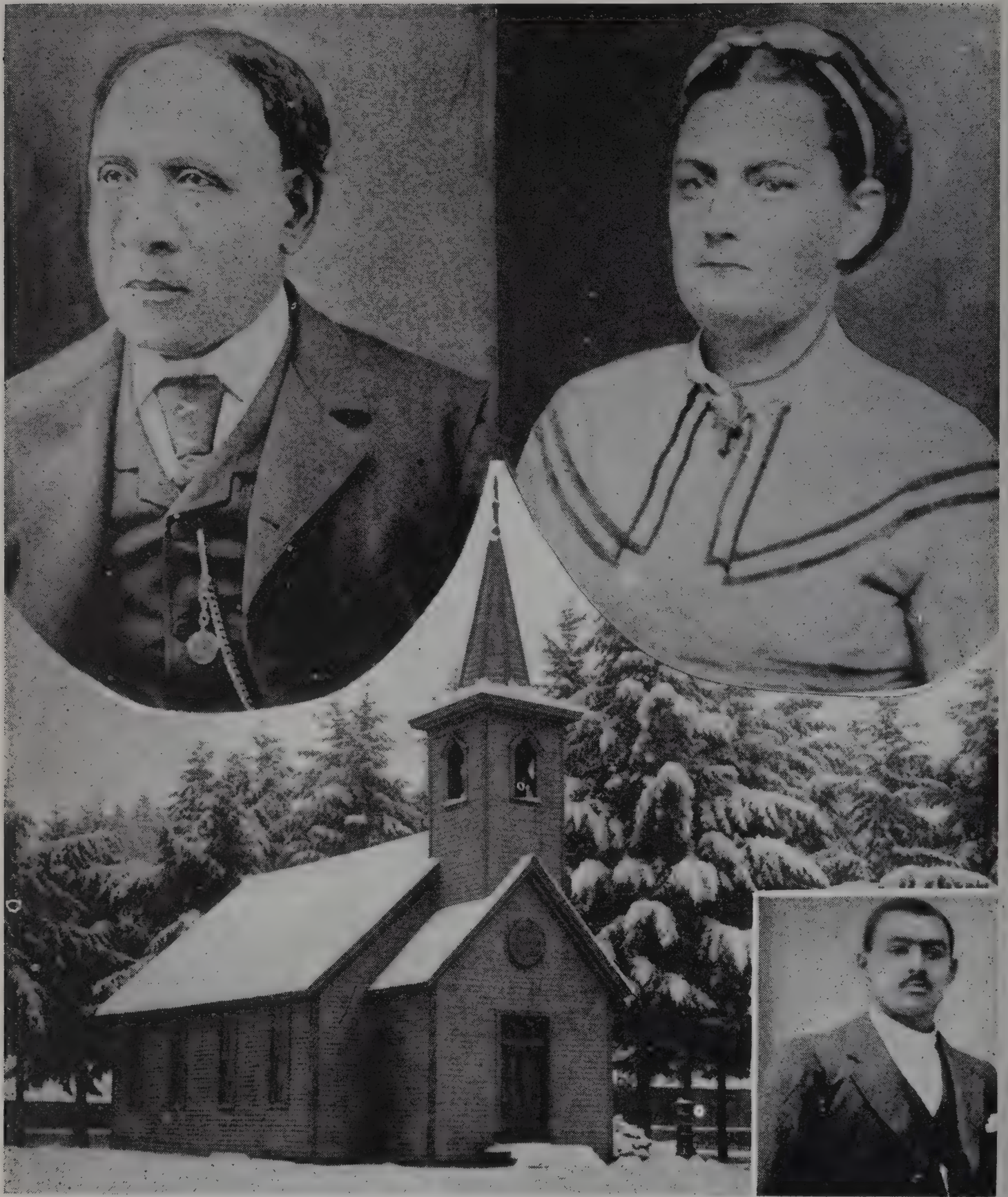
Upper: Amelia (Mrs. Adolph Mauermann), George L. Waunch, Sr., and George L., Jr.  
 Lower: Frank and Jessie (Ford) Waunch; George L., Jr., and Kate (Wallach) Waunch, with Lottie (Mrs. W. A. Jennings), Flora, (Mrs. Chester Sherwood), and Mary (Mrs. J. A. Jennings).



#### 6—THE WAUNCH FAMILY

Upper: Edward and Angie (Ford) Waunch with Jessie (Mrs. Curtis Howell), Maude (Mrs. C. R. Patrie), Eddie and Charlie (insert).

Lower: Edith (Mrs. Charles Rebbles), Flo (Mrs. Lee Minard), Fred Burgerson, and (seated) Mary (Hagar) Waunch (Mrs. August Sewall).  
(Lower Right) Walter, Frank, and (seated) Ed and Will Waunch.



7-UPPER: GEORGE AND MARY JANE (COONNESS) WASHINGTON

LOWER: First Baptist Church (Centerville's first church) for which George Washington donated the land and hewed the sills and rafters.

INSERT: Stacey Coonness.



7A-UPPER: THE OLD HALFWAY HOUSE IN 1885

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Sweet and their son Frank with Old Dolly.

LOWER: The Old Cherry Tree in 1918 and John Buchanan, owner of the Halfway House.



# 8—THE FAMILY OF SIDNEY S. FORD, SR.

Upper: S. S. Ford, Sr., and his wife Nancy (Shaw)

Center: Harriet Jane (Mrs. Samuel H. Williams), Fernando "Sunny", and Elizabeth "Lizzie" (Mrs. Joel Ticknor).

Lower: The log house (1847-1901), a "skookum" house or fort during the Indian Wars and a prominent landmark and stopping place in early territorial days; the Ford Mansion (1858-1891) erected of finished lumber brought around the Horn.



9—Upper: THE TREATY OF COSMOPOLIS

Mural in the Grays Harbor County Courthouse at Montesano, Washington, painted by F. Rohrbeck.

Governor Stevens, with his aides, negotiates with the Chehalis Indian Tribes. S. S. Ford, Sr., stands bareheaded just behind the central figure of the Governor; Tom and S. S. Ford, Jr., at the extreme left.

Lower: Angeline Ford (Mrs. John Shelton) at the age of fourteen and Sidney S. Ford, Jr.



Joseph Borst



10—THE JOSEPH BORST FAMILY  
Eva (Mrs. S. S. McElfresh), Harbin and  
Ada (Mrs. John Blackwell)



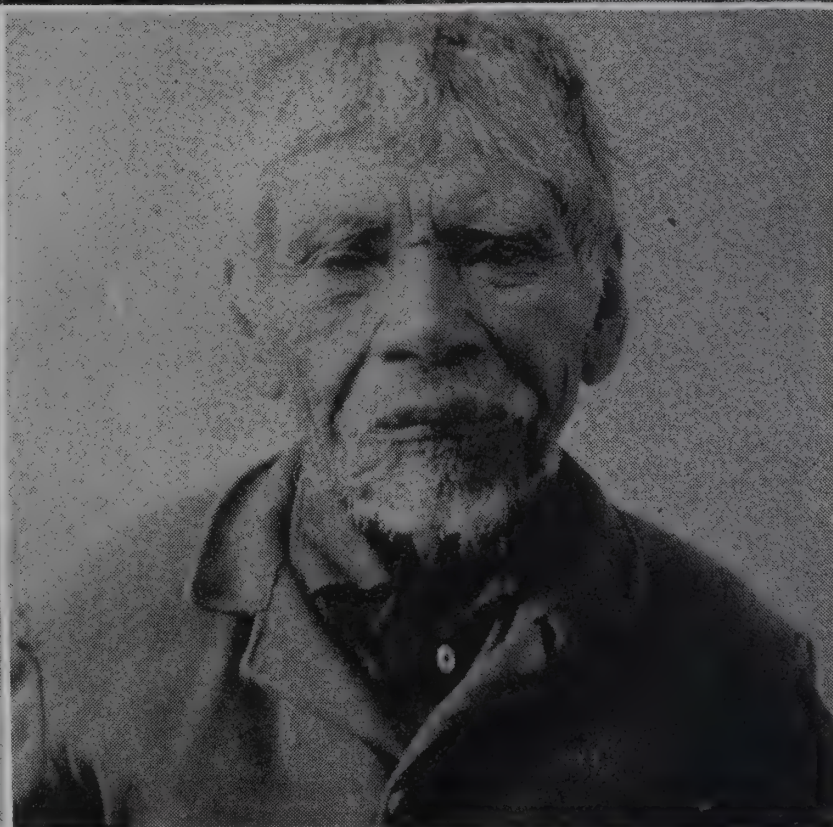
Mary Adeline (Roundtree) Borst



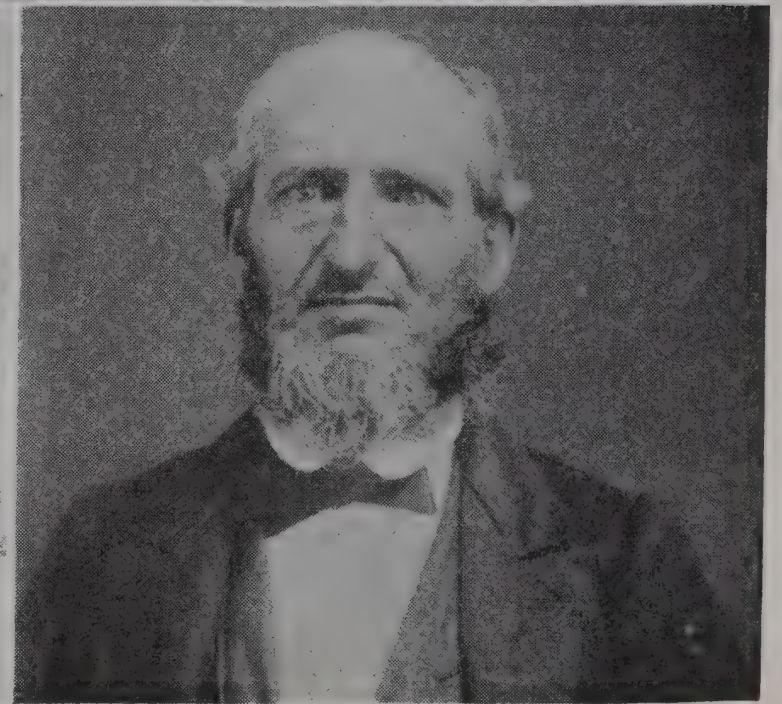
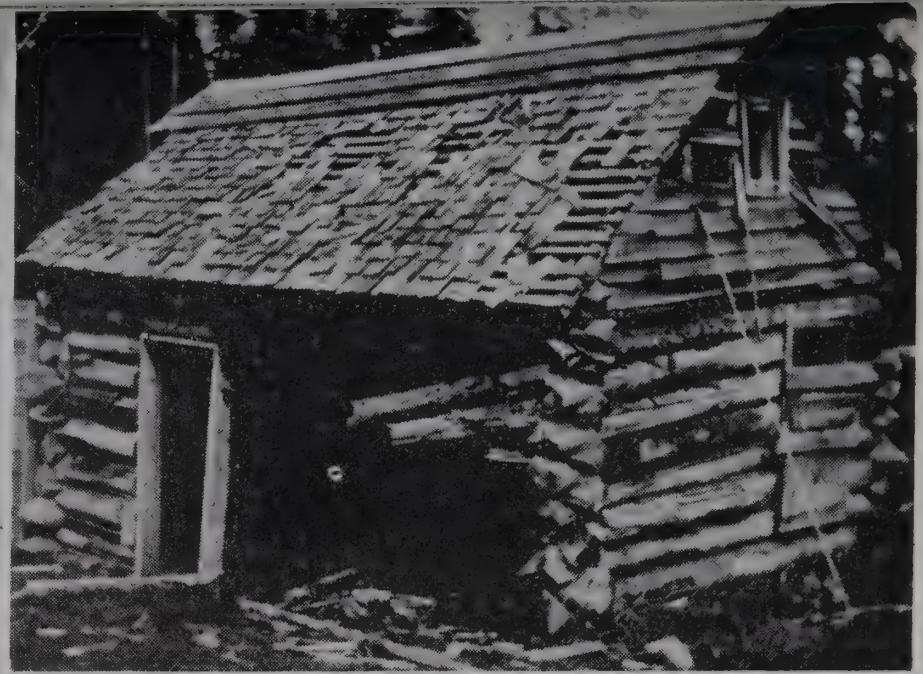
11—Upper: THE BORST COMMUNITY ON THE CHEHALIS RIVER

Fort Borst, Borst residence and old Coats store building (extreme right); Jasper Roundtree (extreme left). This is a posed picture; Fort Borst was never attacked.

Lower: Mary Adeline Borst standing beside her handmade rocking chair laced with buckskin thongs and wearing the dress in which, as a girl of fifteen, she led the grand march at the first Governor's Ball in Washington Territory.



12—Upper: Dr. James H. Roundtree and his wife Emeline Cole (Riddle)  
Lower: Patterson F. Luark and Plug Ugly (John Yockton).



13—JAMES K. LUM, HIS CABIN AND DONATION CLAIM

Ruins of the "museum", where Mr. Lum, a pioneer taxidermist, exhibited his birds and animals. He made the drawing at the left, tinting it in water colors, to show the location of his donation claim and witness trees.



14—Upper: **THE JAMES TULLIS FAMILY**

James Tullis, Annie (Mrs. Pete Church), his wife Mary Elizabeth (Ward), and Cyril.

Lower: **THE HENRY BARNES FAMILY**

Henry Barnes, his wife Artemisia (Bowman), and daughter Annie (Mrs. Sidney Ward) at the age of sixteen.



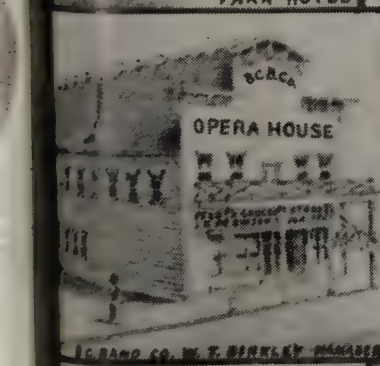
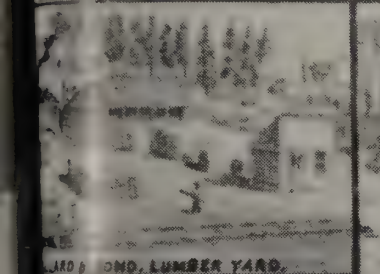
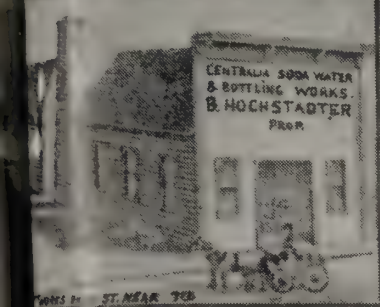


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- 1 RACE COURSE
- 2 N ST. SCHOOL
- 3 ROCK ST. SCHOOL
- 4 PRESB. CHURCH
- 5 CHRISTIAN CHURCH
- 6 BAPTIST CHURCH
- 7 METHODIST CHURCH
- 8 EPISCOPAL CHURCH
- 9 GRACE SEMINARY

COMPLIMENTS OF **TAYLOR & FLEMING,**  
 Real Estate, Insurance & Loan Agents.  
 INVESTMENTS FOR NON-RESIDENTS. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.  
 CENTRALIA, WASHINGTON.



## BIRDSEYE VIEW OF CENTRALIA, WASH. LOOKING NORTHWEST. (FROM SPOKANE ADDITION.)

CENTRALIA is "The Banner Town" midway between the Columbia River and Puget Sound. She is destined to become the leading city of Western Washington. Owing to her central position geographically, the vast agricultural, timber and mineral resources surrounding, and her advantages as a railroad center, from a population of 800, Jan. 1st, 1888, she has grown to have over 3,200, April 1st, 1890, and by the end of this year, judging the near future by the immediate past, 7,500 people will at least be her population.





16—MICHAEL GUDERYAN FAMILY

UPPER: William and Dora (Hense) Guderyan, Julius Guderyan and his daughter Alma (Mrs. Charlie Edwards), Michael Guderyan and his wife.

LOWER: Logging with a double ox team—Tige and Swan, leaders; (from left) William Guderyan, Hugh McElfresh, John Remley, Dave Birch, Kimble Teeters, Al Anderson (driving oxen).



# 17—THE ELKANAH MILLS

UPPER: Vianna L. (Wisdom) and Elkanah Mills; Joseph Moses, William P., and Samuel T.

LOWER: The Mills House on the Chehalis River Homestead; Five generations of the Mill' family: (rear) Mae Prather (Mrs. Sherman French), Frances Brown (Mrs. Tom Prather), Mrs. Mills, Walter French,



### 18—THE ROBERT BROWN FAMILY

UPPER: Robert and Mary Jane (Mills) Brown; Five Generations of the Brown Family: Grace Smith Holmes (Mrs. Ernest Hill), Eva Brown (Mrs. Ed Smith), (seated) Evelyn Holmes (Mrs. Milo French), Gracie French, Mary Jane Brown; Henry, John, Tom, and Logan Brown.

LOWER: Before the Brown Home in 1888—Logan Brown, Allen James, Sam James, Esther Brown (Mrs. Grant), Samuel T. Mills, Lawrence, Lena (Mrs. Henry Balch), and Edward Brown, Mary Jane Brown, Roy Brown, Henry Brown, and Jim Mills.



19—UPPER LEFT: Rustic-Covered Log Homestead Home of the Joseph Remleys  
 UPPER RIGHT: William and Anna (Remley) Whealdon with Joe (rear), Beva (Mrs. L. A. Stahl), and Willie.  
 LOWER RIGHT: Joseph and Jane (Cahoon) Remley.  
 LOWER LEFT: The August David Hilperts: (standing from left) Mr. Hilpert, Magdalena (Gephardt), Selma (Mrs. William Wagner), little Lona Pitzer (Mrs. Sigard Thorlakson), Hannah (Mrs. Fred Schoefer), Pauline (Mrs. Fred Reece), Rheinolt, (seated) Helena (Mrs. Herbert Schaefer), Phillip, Hattie, (Mrs. Robert Teeter), and Otto.



20 —THE SOLOMON ALLREDS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS IN 1889

BACK ROW: Worker in Barnaby Shingle Mill; Solomon Allred, Del Tupper, Dan Allred, George Doty. THIRD ROW: Millworker, Sol Allred, Frank Allred. SECOND ROW: Mr. Hobson, mill worker, Tom Allred, mill worker, John Roup, three mill workers. BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND: Mary Sanders and two Doty grandsons. FIRST ROW: Mr. Doty, Alice Doty, Lizzie Allred (Mrs. George) Doty, a neighbor and child, Mary (Walker) Allred, Flora Allred, (Mrs. Jim Rush), Kate Linkner, Mrs. Doty.



21—UPPER: James C. and Sarah (Martin) Ready, Joseph Phelps

LOWER: (insert) Robert T., (left) Olive (Mrs. Harbin Borst), Ada (Mrs. Jesse Smith), (center) Sophia (Mrs. Ben Willey, (left) Anna (Mrs. Victor Barton), and (right) May (Mrs. Frank McHard).

LOWER RIGHT: Isabelle (Brown) Phelps.



22—THE JOSEPH SALZERS

UPPER: (from left) Joseph Salzer and his wife Anna Marie, Gustave, Dan, and Paul.

LOWER: Gottlob, Joe, Jacob, John, and Fred.



### 23—THE JOSEPH INGALLS FAMILY

UPPER: Mattie (Mrs. H. H. Tilley); The Ingalls brothers (standing, from left) Theodore, Charles G., (seated) Wallace and Fred; Flo (Mrs. E. N. "Bill" Turvey).

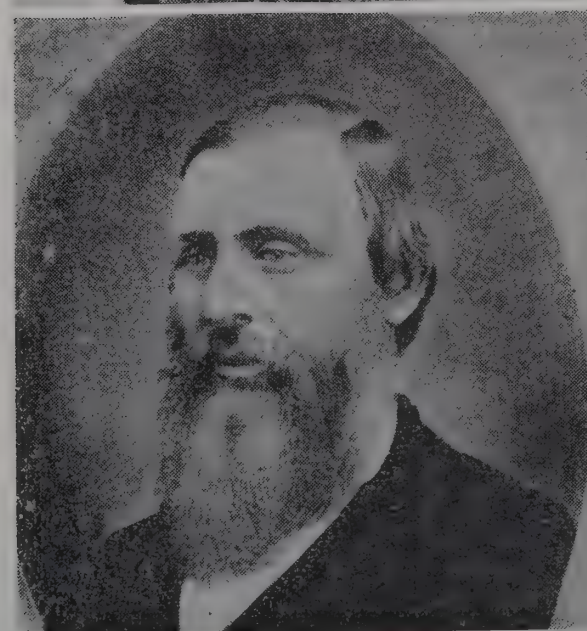
LOWER: Joseph Ingalls; The first house on Lincoln Creek and the Ingalls family in 1895 (from left) Charles G., Theodore, Mary (Stearns), Lulu (Buck), (in front) Jessie (Mrs. I. C. Kosola), Joseph, Fred L.,



#### 24—SETTLERS ON LINCOLN CREEK

UPPER: (from left) Frank M. Stephens, John A. Stephens, Stephen Mayes, and J. Amor Stephens.

LOWER: Joseph Whealden, the Greenwood School on Lincoln Creek in 1897, David Ames. The school group (rear from left): Hannah Matson (Mrs. Arvid Johnson), Lizzie Palmer (Mrs. Carl Munson), Philemon Payette, Anna Stephens (Mrs. Clifford Little), Dora Jones (Mrs. S. E. Baker), Daisy Mauermann (Mrs. Charles Yates), Edwin Mauermann, Fred Mauermann, Walter Stephens; (front, from left) Annie Malnerich (Sister Zosima), Emma Matson (Mrs. Emory Schanck), Sylvia Parks, Maude Parks, Maude Mauermann (Mrs. Neal Myers), Emily Payette, Frank Mauermann, Chester Grimes, and Frank Palmer.



### 23—THE JOSEPH INGALLS FAMILY

UPPER: Mattie (Mrs. H. H. Tilley); The Ingalls brothers (standing, from left) Theodore, Charles G., (seated) Wallace and Fred; Flo (Mrs. E. N. "Bill" Turvey).

LOWER: Joseph Ingalls; The first house on Lincoln Creek and the Ingalls family in 1895 (from left) Charles G., Theodore, Mary, Melvin (three children in front) Earl, Guy and Elmer, Julia (Meloy), Frankie (Mrs. Barney).



## 24—SETTLERS ON LINCOLN CREEK

UPPER: (from left) Frank M. Stephens, John A. Stephens, Stephen Mayes, and J. Amor Stephens.

LOWER: Joseph Whealden, the Greenwood School on Lincoln Creek in 1897, David Ames. The school group (rear from left): Hannah Matson (Mrs. Arvid Johnson), Lizzie Palmer (Mrs. Carl Munson), Philemon Payette, Anna Stephens (Mrs. Clifford Little), Dora Jones (Mrs. S. E. Baker), Daisy Mauermann (Mrs. Charles Yates), Edwin Mauermann, Fred Mauermann, Walter Stephens; (front, from left) Annie Malnerich (Sister Zosima), Emma Matson (Mrs. Emory Schanck), Sylvia Parks, Maude Parks, Maude Mauermann (Mrs. Neal Myers), Emily Payette, Frank Mauermann, Chester Grimes, and Frank Palmer.



## 25—LINCOLN CREEK SETTLERS

UPPER: (left) Joseph Buck, Amelia (Waunch) and Adolph Mauermann, Nathan and Arbella (Fuller) Bannister.  
 LOWER: Chehalis River Ferry at Lincoln Creek Outlet in 1896; Martha (Childers) and Joseph Whaling, (stand-



## 26 —THE HANAFORDS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

UPPER: Sidney Hanaford, Charlie and May (Webster) Jackson, Ella (Hanaford) and William Yantis with Ed (left) and Willis.

LOWER: Christopher Columbus and Emma (Hanaford) Thompson with (left) Minnie (Mrs. Frank Rector) and Andy, Theophilus Hanaford, Alexander N. "Soney" Yantis.



## 27—HANAFORD VALLEY SETTLERS

UPPER: Six McElfresh brothers (standing from left) James P., Jr., Josephus, Lowe, (seated) S. S. "Crate", Hugh, and Jesse; James P. McElfresh, Sr., and his wife Rachel; Anna (Zenkner) Shimek and her five daughters (standing from left) Annie Zenkner (Mrs. Caleb Berry), Julia (Mrs. George Thompson), Emma (Mrs. Ellsworth Garreon), (seated) Augusta (Mrs. Bluford Kirtley), Mrs. Shimek, and Antonia (Mrs. Fred Salzer).

LOWER: Charles P. Anderson and his wife Mary Ann (Cahoon); Al Anderson, George Anderson, Austin Zenkner, Anton Zenkner, William and Elijah Packwood.

## CHAPTER XV

### GEORGE WASHINGTON—FOUNDER OF CENTRALIA

BY DOROTHY MAE RIGG

(With acknowledgement for the use of material collected by Jack Elley.)

A white marble seat rests on the green grass of Centralia's City Park. Engraved on it is an inscription: "In memory of George Washington, donor of this park."

My mother read it to me when I was still a very small child. After sliding my fingers over the smooth surface and then over the more interesting rough edges of the carving on the side, I scrambled up with much effort and sat on the top. "Mother," I asked, "who was George Washington?"

"He was the man who founded, who made the very beginning of Centralia, and gave the land for this park." That was all mother knew of him and it satisfied my childish curiosity—but not for long. For my interest was aroused. And now, twelve years later, I am writing of his life—the life of a man who despite birth and color, founded a town in which he was respected and loved for his justness and kindness.

Nearly fifty years before the end of the Civil War gave equal rights to the Negro, a little colored boy was born on August 15, 1817, in Frederick County, Virginia, within two miles of the historic city of Winchester. The father, whose name was Washington, was part Negro and a slave; the mother, a white woman of English descent. Shortly after the child's birth, the father was sold to a new master a great distance away. The mother's white friends, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Cochran, agreed to take the child into their home until he should reach the age of twenty-one. They named him George.

Harrison's victory at Tippecanoe and the building of the Cumberland Road were drawing many families in search of new lands. Everywhere people's thoughts were turning westward. When George was about four years old, James Cochran felt the call also. He gathered his family and George and their belongings together and moved into Delaware County, Ohio. Once they had felt the breath of virgin lands, it urged them farther westward. And when George was nine, the family pushed on into northern Missouri.

This life was to shape the destiny of the boy. The wild

backwoods produced a new kind of men who became sturdy fighting the untamed forests and cultivating the untouched soil. They were self-reliant and resourceful men who judged one another by their ability to use the broad axe and the rifle.

By the time he was ten, George had killed several deer and all the tree squirrels he brought down were shot squarely through the head. As he grew older, he acquired such skill with the rifle that he'd make a cross on a piece of paper, place a tack in the center of it, then at forty yards with a grip as steady as though held in a vise, he'd raise his rifle until the intersection of the lines was hidden by his gun sight. Out of the twelve times he'd pull the trigger, eleven shots would hit dead center.

It was well that he learned the use of firearms, for when he was eighteen he sat under a tree all one night during the Mohawk War, his rifle in his hand, keeping watch for prowling Indians.

He learned the self-reliance of the pioneer in domestic skills as well. Anna, or "Mother," as he called Mrs. Cochran, taught him to cook, spin and weave, and make his own shirts and trousers. In one day he could knit himself a pair of long, ribbed socks with double heels and toes.

He also learned to tan beef hides, using a special preparation and working them until the finished product was as pliable as a piece of buckskin. And he could lay a threshing floor with the heads of the grain so placed toward the center that only a cupful or two of grain would be lost in the straw as the farm animals—yearlings, two-year-olds and all—were driven round and round treading out the grain.

Mrs. Cochran told him about God and read to him from her Bible and taught him hymns from her book that had no music in it and indicated only the rhythm by the words "long meter" or "common meter."

When the law of the state of Missouri didn't permit him, a colored lad, to be taught to read or write, much less to go to school, he did not let that stop him. He taught himself. And he learned to figure so that he could work out a problem in land dimensions in his head before others could do it on paper.

He also became so skilled with the broad axe that the puncheon floors he split and laid were water tight and as smooth as though they had been surfaced with a jack plane.

Swinging the axe developed the great muscles of his arms and back. And when he had attained his growth, he was a man of unusual strength, six feet in height and slightly less than 200 pounds in weight.

By 1837 George Washington and the Cochrans had moved into Bloomington, Missouri, where they erected a grist mill and a distillery. There Washington built a handsome brick house and learned the tailoring trade. But he stayed in Bloomington only one year. He liked the out-of-doors. Within fifteen miles of where "St. Joe" now stands, he and a partner rented a sawmill. Then for the first time in his life, he encountered real difficulty. He sold a bill of lumber to a certain Jeremiah Coyle, taking his note in payment. However, Mr. Coyle refused to pay when it became due and in the resulting suit, Washington secured judgment, but before he could collect the amount due him, Mr. Coyle had taken advantage of unjust laws and had George Washington arrested, claiming that although he was a free man of color, he had no rights in the state of Missouri.

The state was made the plaintiff and the trial attracted a great deal of attention. In the meantime, Mr. Cochran had taken a petition around requesting that the state legislature grant his foster son the rights of a citizen since his mother was a white woman of English descent, and he was free born and of good moral character. By a special act, the Missouri legislature then gave him all privileges and immunities of a citizen except that of holding office.

When his sawmill was destroyed by high water, again he yielded to the urge to go to new lands. He moved to Schuyler County and entered eighty acres at the land offices of Fayette, Missouri. Some time later he went to Illinois and purchased a patent right for making whiskey and bought equipment for putting out a barrel a day. While he was erecting the building to house his distillery, however, he found that the legislature, then in session had passed a bill prohibiting any person of color from manufacturing, handling, or selling spiritous or malt liquors.

In disgust, he sold everything and returned to Missouri to visit his foster parents at Lancaster—"the old people" he affectionately called them.

"Mother, I'm going to the Oregon country," he said to Mrs. Cochran. But she thought he was joking. Several days later he mentioned it again. "Yes," he said, "I'm going to get a couple of yoke of cattle and I'm going to Oregon. If there's any decent place in the world, I'm going to find it."

"We want to go with you," said Mr. and Mrs. Cochran. "Yes, we want to go, too," said ten-year-old Sarah Jane Fletcher, their little granddaughter, who had made her home with them since the death of her mother six years before. So they decided to go together and he told his foster parents that they could depend on him always, for he would never leave them.

George Washington purchased four yoke of oxen and a wagon to carry the provisions and bedding; Mr. Cochran, two span of Canadian ponies and a light wagon in which cots might be set up for himself, his wife, and little granddaughter. And so that little Sarah Jane might travel in greater comfort, George Washington made a little chair of hickory with withes of the same, steamed and peeled and woven back and forth to form the seat. Also in his wagon were his two-pound tailoring scissors with 12-inch blades, his long-barreled Kentucky rifle, and a hymnal two inches thick like the one from which Mrs. Cochran had taught him the church songs when he was a boy.

It was early spring, March 15, 1850, that the rumble of the heavily-loaded wagons sounded the starting note. Fifty-six armed men were in the train of fifteen wagons.

Slowly the wagons moved forward. Winter was tardy in leaving; the wind was cold, the grass was reluctant to grow. It was April 7, when the wagons arrived at Council Bluff with their first two hundred miles behind them. Winter seemed determined to detain them. The grain supply must be conserved; so the travelers waited one month until the prairie grass attained sufficient growth to support their animals. Not until May 6, was the Missouri River reached.

The scenery seemed endless, unchanging most of the time. Once in a while George Washington shot a deer, a welcome change of fare from the bacon and beans and the corn bread cooked in the Dutch oven. Then perhaps, when they lay over on Sunday, there'd be biscuits cooked over the camp fire with the aid of a reflector and called by the Cochrans "seldom" after the old Southern custom of so-naming that which seldom varied the corn bread diet.

Twice the party had encounters with the Indians. The first time an elderly chief came to protest that some of his horses and animals had been killed. But the emigrants were left unharmed when they convinced him that this had been done by the train just preceding them.

The second time, however, results were far more serious. A young man in the party, about 21, frequently went hunting and as the train traveled slowly, he found it easy to rejoin them whenever he wished. He constantly talked about killing redskins though the captain of the party repeatedly warned him, "If you see any Indians let them alone. We don't want any trouble." But one day while they encamped near a watering place in a grove of shade trees, the young fellow saw a squaw. He raised his rifle and killed her. The captain immediately ordered all the cattle yoked up ready to start for

he knew the Indians would soon be after them. He was right.

About 4 or 5 o'clock that afternoon, five or six hundred of them were seen approaching. Hurriedly, the emigrants arranged their wagons in a circle and put the women and children inside. About 250 yards away, the Indians stopped and a handsome young chief came toward the circle and dismounted. In perfect English he said, "One of your party has killed one of our women. If you turn him over to us, there will be no trouble. If you do not, all of you will be massacred."

There was nothing to do but surrender the young man. While the emigrants waited within the circle of their wagons, they saw the Indians build a fire about 200 yards away, skin the young man alive, and throw his body into the flames. Then the train was permitted to go on its way, unharmed.

When the party reached Oregon City after 117 days of travel, George Washington sold his cattle and rented a place near there for "the old people." He then went to work slashing and cutting timber for \$90 a month and board. He was glad to be back felling forest trees. He liked the feel of the axe in his hands. He liked the out-of-doors.

Three months later, however, he became seriously ill. The Cochrans took him to the only hospital in Oregon Territory, the one at Vancouver Barracks. But "the old people" were informed that the government hospital was only for soldiers. Nevertheless, when the doctor realized that the patient was in a serious condition, he took him in, operated on him, and cared for him for three or four months. During this time, the Cochrans were living five miles from the hospital, and twice a week Mrs. Cochran walked there to visit her foster son and take him something nice to eat.

One day not long before he left the hospital, another woman accompanied her. After the stranger had left, Mrs. Cochran said, "Don't you know who that woman was? She was your mother." Then she told George Washington that his mother had remarried, had four daughters, and had come West approximately the same time as he. Hearing that a family by the name of Cochran had a young colored man with them she had sought them out with the hope that she might find her son. George Washington never saw his mother again. Later he visited his youngest half sister, but he never told her that they were related.

During the time he was in the hospital, he became salivated as a result of taking calomel. Although he could have pulled each of his teeth out with his fingers, they later regained their firmness. By the time he was released, he weighed but 141 pounds and he had lost all of his hair.

Washington, the Cochrans, and their little granddaughter, Sarah Jane Fletcher, then went north to the Cowlitz River where several families joined with them and built a boat. They proceeded up the stream to Cowlitz Landing where the Hudson Bay Company had a trading post. Here George Washington settled "the old people" in a log house and provided them with the necessities for taking in boarders.

Now, quite recovered, he began looking for a place of his own. He found it where the Skookumchuck River joined the Chehalis—land covered with timber—sandy soil; "Tuao-ton" where the permanent homes of that branch of the Chehalis Indians had stood for so many years. There he staked a squatter's claim in the year 1852 and became the fourth settler in this locality. With his own hands he made a rough one-room log cabin close by the Chehalis River at a location which today would be on the northern border of the Gravel Pit. He hewed the timbers himself and gathered the rocks and sticks and mud with which to make his fireplace. The floor was of hard-packed dirt.

A few feet from the door was the one window which had no glass and through which came the light and smell of out-of-doors that he loved. His only door was never locked and travelers often stayed overnight with him. Frequently they called to him from the opposite bank of the Chehalis River and he crossed over and transported them across on his little pole ferry.

There was little time for leisure. George Washington worked from early morning till sundown. He fenced twelve acres of land and sowed it in oats, wheat, and garden stuff. He took care of two cows. He made his own trousers and shirts and did his own cooking.

He was not the only one, however, who thought the land he had chosen was pleasant. For the Indians returned each summer to camp along its northwestern boundary where the Skookumchuck River joined the Chehalis and to catch salmon at the mouth of the little creek that diagonaled across his land. Washington lived in peace with his neighboring Indians. They called him "Noclas," meaning "black face," and also "Myeach," meaning "black or charred wood." He knew all of them from Cowlitz Prairie to Puget Sound for often these tribesmen crossed his land as they journeyed to their summer camping places or returned to their winter homes.

On the northwest portion of his land were the graves of more than two hundred of them who had been wiped out by a smallpox epidemic. The tribe continued to use the burial place, a little grove of fir trees to the northwest of his cabin. There

they placed their dead on small platforms among the branches. Here also, it is said, canoes served as coffins, one inverted over the other to form the cover.

One day, so the story goes, when George Washington was out hunting near the burial place, he heard a dog barking so he followed the sound into a thicket. He discovered it was coming from a pair of suspended canoes. When he took the top one off to liberate the dog, he noticed among the dead Indian's possessions a rifle which was better than his own. He took out the firearm, exchanged it for his own, and replaced the top canoe.

One evening, two men spent the night with him on their way to Olympia. They commented on his land, on its favorable location. Early the next morning they left, but not before they had hinted that they intended to file on his claim at the Olympia land office.

Then George Washington acted quickly. He knew that the territorial government of Oregon had several years previously passed an act forbidding the settlement and residence of negroes and mulattoes. He, a colored man, could not file on the land. But he had squatted on it with the hope that in a year or two the law might be changed and then he could legally settle on the land and, after a term of residence, make it his own.

He now resolved he would take no chances on losing his land. He had crossed three thousand miles of continent and had searched for two years through Oregon Territory to find it. He had cleared it, plowed its acres, fenced his crops, and now it was a part of him. Quickly he turned his cows out and walked to the Cochrans at Cowlitz Landing. They, as yet, had not taken a claim of their own. He asked them to buy his improvements for \$200. They agreed and Mr. Cochran mounted his pony and hurried back to the prairie claim. Shortly after he arrived, the strangers returned. They had been to the land office at Olympia, made necessary arrangements, and were ready to buy the improvements so that they might file on the land. But they were too late. They found Mr. Cochran in possession. He and Anna, his wife, might now take out a donation claim of 640 acres.

The old people went to live with their foster son in the little cabin on the banks of the Chehalis River where the pole ferry continued to transport passengers and the location came to be known as Cochran's Landing. They also built additional rooms and ran a crude way-station for travelers.

It was by far the best arrangement that could have taken place, for Mr. and Mrs. Cochran were not as young as they had once been. Their pioneer life had been a hard one.

Each year George Washington cultivated more soil, sowed and harvested more grain. Each fall the ripened stores were loaded on the wagon for the trip to Tumwater—and the mill. There the supplies, enough to last over the winter, were loaded and brought back by the oxen that swam streams and pulled across the gravelly prairies.

And on one of these journeys to Olympia, the Cochrans put their little granddaughter Sarah in school, boarding her at the home of the druggist Williard where there were daughters of the family about her own age and a boy, Rufus, a few years older.

Mr. Cochran made other trips as well, one when he was selected by Lewis County to be a representative at the Cowlitz Convention, which met to petition the Congress of the United States for separation from Oregon Territory. He was also a nominee on the Republican ticket for a member of the first legislature of the new territory.

Meanwhile, the livestock on the prairie farm was increasing so Washington and Mr. Cochran felled more trees, hewed the logs, and notched the corners. Then, on June 17, 1854, their neighbors helped them raise a new barn.

Other settlers as well were occupying land that had belonged to the Indians. The country was filling up. Disease, gambling, liquor, guns—all gifts of the white men—were breeding trouble. News drifted in, sailed in, of reported fighting and Indian uprisings over the mountains and in the White River district. Settlers listened to every scrap of news. Neighbors and friends met more frequently. They speculated as to whether the rising, burning feeling would grip the local red men. They watched every move of the "Friendly Chehalis" with suspicion. They built a stockade and called it Fort Henness. The men enlisted for volunteer service.

Then George Washington had a dream warning him that the settlers would take refuge in the fort and that he would take "the old people" there. While he was visiting them one day, an Indian would come to the fort selling turnips and that he would buy a little "passel" of them. The dream was very vivid. Then the warning came. He took "the old people" to the fort and one day while he was visiting them, an Indian came along and he bought a little "passel" of turnips. The reality was even more vivid than the dream.

George Washington knew Sayayackum, the local chief. He did not feel that the friendly Chehalis would cause him any trouble. Nevertheless, day after day he plowed his land along the river with his rifle slung over his back. He built a stockade near his corral, but he used it only once. That was when a band

of Indians rode by, shouting to him in Chinook, "Noclas afraid. Nika dare him come out." He said nothing. They repeated, "Noclas afraid." Then he came out, a powder horn and gun over his shoulder. He replied in Chinook, "Klatawa! Come one step closer and you will be dead Indians." Klatawa meant "leave in haste," and the Indians did, for they knew of his skill as a marksman. Later he used his stockade as a granary.

Meanwhile, Sarah Jane was growing up. A rather attractive miss she must have been. Young Rufus Willard, who was working in his father's drug store and preparing to be a doctor, must have thought her comely, too, for in 1858 they were married. Patterson Luark gave Sarah Jane's grandfather \$750 for seven cows, three heifers, and five heifer calves in that year. The money, most probably, was used as a dowry for her marriage.

The years of toil and pioneering were bending more heavily upon the shoulders of Mr. and Mrs. Cochran—"the old people." They depended on their foster son and his strength. He bore it gladly and tenderly cared for the two who had so unselfishly guided and protected his youth.

When they had proved up after four years' residence on their claim, they deeded the 640 acres to George Washington who gave them \$3,200 in cash so they might have ready money for any emergency.

In 1859, Mr. Cochran died. During the next two years Mrs. Cochran's health waned. But early in the fall of 1860 the temperature dropped to below zero. It was difficult to keep her comfortable and do the added chores caused by the freezing weather. He had to chop holes in the ice-bound Chehalis River to water his stock and provide the forage which the animals were unable to gain while the fields were crusted with snow. He had to cut even larger amounts of firewood and store it, for the cold weather continued. To avoid her being lonely, he often took Mrs. Cochran to stay with three of her friends, Mrs. Sidney Ford, Mrs. Joseph Borst, or Mrs. Elkanah Mills. Twice a week he would walk over to visit her. "Whatever Mother wants," he told them, "try to get it for her, and I'll pay you for it. As long as she lives, I want her to be comfortable."

They made it pleasant for her and she enjoyed these visits to households full of gaiety and laughter. Sometimes she stayed several weeks at a time, and then she'd send him word she wanted to come home and he'd go for her. But her strength failed rapidly and for a time her foster son cared for her as one would for an infant. She died February 3, 1861.

All winter, the snow had fallen and frozen; fallen and frozen until it was five feet deep on the level. But George

Washington hitched up his pair of ponies and accompanied by his neighbors, the Waunches and Fords, took the body of his foster mother out to the burial ground on Fords Prairie and laid it beside that of her husband. Her death left a void in his life. To him, freedom from her care was not freedom but a burden from which he could rid himself only by taking on additional labor. Nature seemed to demand work that winter. Even after the twentieth of March the snow lay two feet deep on the edge of the prairie next to his cabin.

Early in the 1860's, George Washington entered upon 63 acres bordering the south end of his land, paying the prevailing price, probably \$1.25 an acre.

New settlers were moving in; there were new neighbors bounding his land. George Washington had more criticism to bear because of the rising agitation. Many would not associate with him. Then the war broke out which was to determine the freedom of the Negro. But here at the border of the great continent the conflict was mild indeed. Life went on much the same for Washington and his neighbors—the sowing of the grain, the harvesting, and the twice-yearly journeys to Olympia with the grist.

On one of these trips George Washington met Mary Jane Coonness, a large, attractive colored widow who was three-quarters of Jewish extraction. He always laughed when he told of the beginning of their acquaintance. There was another who admired her. Oddly enough, it was he who introduced them. George Washington thought that strange, for the usual procedure of suitors was to keep all rivals away. "I'd not be the one to step in and try to take another man's girl away from him," George Washington would explain; "but he let down the bars and, well—I walked right on through."

The summer of 1868 he spent fitting together a second house, facing it south toward the orchard he'd set out eight years before and situating it on a little knoll a quarter of a mile to the northeast of his first cabin. Made of rough boards, with four rooms downstairs and two upstairs, it had many windows with small panes of glass and was a great improvement over the first small cabin. Cleared land surrounded it. Shaded by two fir trees, it crouched looking at the hills and on the cottonwoods and maples down by the river bank.

George Washington was married to Mary Jane Coonness in 1869. An industrious, friendly woman, she soon took hold of her household duties and became acquainted with her new neighbors.

And George Washington had chair frames made at Tumwater to furnish the new house. For the seats, he tanned beef

hides leaving the hair on them, cut them in strips, and wove them back and forth with the hair side uppermost.

A year after they were married, George Washington bought his wife a sewing machine—the first one owned by anyone near the settlement later to be known as Centerville. Women came from far and near just to look at it, to examine it, and to shyly ask permission to use it. The shadow of the great hand of the Industrial Revolution, filled with ingenious ideas, was shading even this land—once virgin land.

George Washington used the sewing machine as well and found it a great aid in doing his tailoring. For he continued to make his best clothes as well as his everyday ones. And one suit of English broadcloth he made, he wore for nine or ten years.

In the spring of 1872, when Mary Jane's eleven-year-old son Stacey came to live with them, his stepfather made his suits and hickory shirts and denim trousers. He'd take the boy's measure for a suit, make a pattern, and soon he'd be cutting out the goods with the 12-inch blades of the tailor scissors he'd brought from Missouri. "Till I was sixteen or seventeen he made all my shirts," recalls Stacey, now a man of eighty. "He could cut out a shirt, sew up the seams, pink the edges, fell them over, and have the entire garment finished including worked button holes and sewed on buttons—all in an hour and a half's time.

"He'd help my mother make her dresses too," continued Washington's stepson, "putting in four sets of gathers at the waist and stroking every gather to make it lie even. Then he'd help her fit her dresses and when they were finished, they looked as though they had been molded on her."

Even so, life was hard with no time to rest and endless tasks to be done from early morning till the last fading streaks of daylight. And young Stacey, like the other boys of the early settlers, had many tasks. He had to help plow, baring the earth to the sun and rain in rows up and down on either side of the little creek. Wheat and oats he helped plant, care for, and harvest. From the present Gravel Pit near the Chehalis River to the Allred and Hubbard places and from thence east toward the hill, stretched the pasture where Stacey went with his dog, Rockwood, to bring back the cows to the barn each evening.

But all of young Stacey's time was not to be spent doing chores. The spring term of school started April 17, just two weeks after his arrival. New experiences were ahead of him, for the children had never before associated with a colored child. One of these scholars was young Bob Ready, a lad just

Stacey's age. And when an old man he still remembered his reaction that April morning, nearly seventy years before.

"That morning I put on my hickory shirt and blue jeans and started off barefooted to school. I was walking along looking at the ground when all of a sudden I saw the oddest footprint in the dust. A human one it surely was, but it looked as if the arch of the foot had pressed down and made a hole in the ground. The tracks went the way I was going and I followed them clear to school.

"When I looked up, I saw a little nigger boy sitting on a bench leaning against the school building, his bare feet dangling. But he sat so still he hardly seemed alive. I went up and looked him over. Then, to see if he'd move, I gave him a poke in the stomach with my finger. He rose right up, opened that big mouth of his a foot wide, and bit me right in the stomach. I could feel the teeth prints through my hickory shirt all the rest of the morning. That was the way I kind of initiated him. After that we were good friends."

The girls and boys who arrived in whooping, laughing, or whispering groups Stacey's first morning soon saw the results of his five years' previous schooling in Victoria, B. C., where there were only two weeks of vacation a year. When Friday afternoon came, the time for recitation by the students, they found that Stacey knew three pieces from memory. One was Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech and the recital of any of them took almost the whole program period. They also discovered that when Stacey recited, they didn't have to. So each week on Friday, they all cried, "Let Stacey give a piece."

Nevertheless, the scholars weren't accustomed to a colored child and neither were their parents. Some of the latter even encouraged their young offspring to throw the young lad's books over the fence into the field. He told his stepfather that he could hold his own and take care of himself. But he made Stacey a desk just like the teacher's—one with a top that would open up and that had a lock. The locked desk helped, but those who are persecuted have a tendency to retaliate.

Stacey started off to school earlier than usual one sunny morning. There were many things to look at when the grass was still wet by the dew. Walking along with no thoughts of mischief whatsoever, his eyes suddenly caught the quick movement of a little animal among the tall grass and weeds by a post. Creeping up very quietly, he saw what looked to be an over-grown squirrel—no, it had a bad stripe on it. Providing he caught it, if the others were at school when he got there, he'd have some fun. If they weren't, why—there was the teacher's desk. His key also unlocked it. So he emptied his lunch box, got in position, and reached over and picked the

little animal up by the tail before it knew what had happened. He dropped his catch into his lunch box and hurriedly ran for school.

No one was in sight. He went in, unlocked the teacher's desk, and dropped the surprise gift inside. Outside again, he could just hear the whoops and laughter of the approaching groups. Dodging under a fence into the pasture near by, he ate wild strawberries until he had heard most of them arrive. Then he crawled back under the fence with his lunch bucket and walked back to school. The teacher arrived last and rapped on the side of the schoolhouse with a big stick to call the children inside. A strange odor pervaded the atmosphere. It remained unexplained until the teacher unlocked his desk. He looked accusingly at the young colored lad. "We know Stacey didn't do it. We were here when he came this morning," the pupils all shouted. The teacher remained unconvinced but he, as well as the scholars, felt the imperative need of fresh air. There was no school that day.

The boys and girls also enjoyed young Stacey's whistling. Before he learned to talk, the boy had whistled and by the time he came to Centerville, he was accomplished at trills, parts, bird calls, and could imitate any instrument in a band. "He was a beautiful whistler and could be heard a mile away", the early residents recall.

Every spring the waters of the Chehalis and Skookumchuck swelled until the rains shoved them over their banks filling the low places and backing up all the small streams. The little creek that ran through George Washington's land spread out until a veritable lake was formed. There each year, hundreds of wild ducks flocked. Young Stacey would take the gun his stepfather had bought for him and in half an hour shoot all the birds the family could use. Then the salmon run would fill the shallow water with all the fish he could wish for. Stacey's pets were his saddle pony and his big dog, Rockwood, part hound and part cur, who lived to be fifteen years old and always accompanied him when hunting for deer and other wild animals.

It was one day in the early spring that Stacey's mother said after supper, "I certainly wish I had sowed the mustard seed for greens." "Let me sow it, Mother," said her son hopping up. "Well, I guess you can," said Mrs. Washington and she handed the quart jar of mustard seed from the shelf down to Stacey. He took it and hurried out of doors. The air smelled fresh; rain had fallen in the afternoon. The newly-plowed garden plot lay wet and brown, and with every step Stacey's feet sank down. Carefully, he sowed the brown seed. Then he looked

closely. Why, he couldn't see any at all. Well, perhaps he'd better do it again. Retracing his sunken footprints, he carefully resowed the mustard seed. But still he couldn't see any. He wanted to please his mother. So again he scattered the mustard seed. "That must be enough," he thought. His feet were getting damp anyway.

"You sure are the best boy I ever raised," Stacey's mother laughingly said, when the mustard seed came up. For it was a solid green mass. "Here, you take the butcher knife," she'd say, "and hack down all we can eat tonight. Then tell the neighbors to come take all they can use. When it rains again, so much more will come up, you won't be able to tell any was ever cut. There's enough seed in that plot to sow an acre field! Why, hair couldn't grow any thicker on a dog's back than that mustard."

The winter of 1874, George Washington was ill with erysipelas. Thirteen-year-old Stacey had to do all the chores. The weather was very cold. Every day for five weeks the boy had to walk a quarter of a mile to chop holes in the ice-bound Skookumchuck to get the water for the stock, then heat it at the house and carry it to the barn. He had to mix the feed for the forty hogs, care for the twenty horses, and, with the help of a neighbor, milk the forty cows. And when there was no more fire wood, Stacey got another of the neighbors to cut down a tree and pull it on a hand sled to a spot where he could chop it into firewood. "It is, indeed, a hard living country," thought thirteen-year-old Stacey.

When the Northern Pacific Railroad crossed his land in 1872, George Washington could see that many settlers would be coming, new neighbors that would be looking for a home and security. Then, for the first time, his desire to live an independent, out-of-door life changed. He now thought of building and caring for a little town, a striving center where neighbors would be dependent on one another. And he dreamed that it might come true on his own land. Those who heard of his plan thought it foolish. No town could grow here they said. George Washington, nevertheless, thought and thought about it. He would reason with himself, with his wife, and with his stepson, Stacey. "This is the halfway point on the railroad between Kalama and Tacoma," he would say, "It's a central point. I'll name it Centerville." So George Washington argued to convince himself and his family. He couldn't rid himself of the idea. The town of Centerville was to be the fulfillment of a dream.

Often they all three sat around the table after supper and talked about the plan of the town and its streets. East Front and West Front, Mrs. Washington decided, they'd name the

two wide ones that ran on each side of the railroad track. Main Street, she thought would be a good name for the chief one to pass by the place where Isaac Wingard had already built his little store.

Likely she'd often visioned the "pearly gates" and the "golden streets" of the "new Jerusalem" that she'd read about in her little Bible she'd brought with her from Honolulu. So the streets running alongside East Front and West Front, she named Pearl and Gold. And the other one, Diamond.

She must have thought of the trees she loved—the magnolia and its creamy, fragrant-cupped blossoms she'd known in her birthplace in Louisiana—the locust with tender green leaves like fingers reaching up toward the warm sun—the blazing maple she had often seen near her old home in Victoria, its golden flare against the blue hills in the autumn—the study pine with its blooms that stand like little candles of new hope in the springtime. For these she named the streets running east and west.

When the first plat of the new town, just four blocks square, was finished, George Washington and his wife, Mary Jane, took the roll of paper and drove over to the new county seat at Saundersville, later Chehalis, to the two-story courthouse on State Street. Before John West, the auditor, and his wife, Dora, as witness, on January 8, 1875, they filed their intention to lay out a new town. It read:

"This town of Centerville, lys in the North East Corner of Section Eight, Township 14, Range two West. I have agreed To sell lots to any person for ten dollars per lot that want them to enny actual settlers. The Streets and Alleys are as follows, West Front Street 68 feet wide, East Front Street 66 feet wide. All the rest of the Streets are sixty feet wide, Three Alleys Twelve feet wide. Said Streets and Allays are hereby dedicated as highways for the Public use."

George Washington with the exactness of his back woodsman's training could have stepped off the new sixty-by-one-hundred-and-ten-foot lots himself. But he wanted to carry out his plan as perfectly as possible. He bought a surveyor's chain in Olympia and had Jim Lum, who had often measured around the settlers' claims, help him. Then he got Robert Brown, who lived on Fords Prairie, and a stranger also. The fourteen-year-old Stacey served to carry and hold the chain.

The Washington family entertained the stranger during his stay, and the day of his arrival he was invited to dinner. That forenoon, young Stacey had worked with the queer looking man with whiskers all over his face, but he hadn't heard the man's name and neither had his mother, who had been occupied with the dinner. After the blessing was said, she

passed the stranger his plate and inquired, "And what might your name be?"

"Mr. Potts," said the gentleman in a voice that Stacey imagined sounded like a pig caught in a pen crack.

"Potts," the lad said aloud without thinking, "Potts. half brother to a kettle!" Suddenly realizing what he had said, he decided to fly to the kitchen while he had the going. And there, sitting on the edge of the woodbox, he finished his dinner.

Every town, of course, must have a church and a cemetery. George Washington and Mary Jane were Baptists, and had united with that sect when it began holding meetings in the schoolhouse. So in the summer of 1875 they gave the newly-organized group of that denomination two lots on the corner of Main and Gold streets and two acres for a burial ground on the northwest portion of their farm. They saved a family lot, however, in the center of the new cemetery; and several years later, reburied Mr. and Mrs. Cochran there.

George Washington took his broad axe and aided in clearing the land for the new church and he felled the trees and helped hew and shape the logs for the floor sills and rafters.

George Washington's dreams had come true before and it seemed that the one of his town would also. "Townpeople," as he called them, had bought his lots and built "box" houses of upright boards. As he would walk down the dirt paths in front of their homes, their children would run to meet him and call him "Uncle George."

The townpeople visited with George Washington and his wife, and enjoyed his good humor, especially his love of a laugh. "When he laughed, he shook all over and could be heard a block away," they recall. They like to tell of the time young Stacey ate his fill at the McElroy's and George Washington laughed till he rolled on the ground when he heard of it. The McElroys, who lived where the Fair Grounds are now, were noted for their thrift with regard to food. They hired young Stacey to dig potatoes for \$1.50 a day and his dinner and supper. At the end of his first day's work, his stepfather was waiting for him by the corral. "Hurry home," he said, "your mother has supper ready for you. I'll tend to the stock. She knew you'd be about starved after having to eat your dinner and supper at McElroy's."

"Now it's all a mistake about McElroy's not feeding well," replied Stacey.

"I can't understand that," said his stepfather.

"Well, it was this way. When they passed me the meat, I took all I'd need during the meal. I did the same with all of the rest of the other food. The family had to wait until Mrs. McElroy went out to the kitchen and cooked more victuals, but I got along first rate."

Then Washington laughed. He laughed so hard he got down on the ground by the corral and rolled. Even after that, he shook with laughter every time he heard anyone tell how his stepson said it was all a mistake about the McElroy's not feeding well. Then he'd laugh again at the conclusion to the story. When Stacey left that night, he'd not gone far when Mr. McElroy called him back. "Here's your money, Stacey," he said. "I'm sorry I can't have you work for me any more. It isn't that you aren't a good worker. You sure are worth a dollar and a half a day. But you're such a big eater I can't afford to keep you."

By 1878, George Washington had built a third house just opposite what was later to be the "Public Square", and at the site of the present Elks Temple. Daniel Davis and his son Herbert helped to build it, planing the one-by-eights surfaced on one side brought from the mill at Seatco to make the rustic for the outside. Washington made the shingles himself with a frow and drawing knife.

For the recreation of the townpeople and their children, George Washington set aside one block of the second edition of Centerville which he platted in 1881, designating it as the "Public Square" and dedicating it to the use of the residents and for the erection of public buildings. For the next decade, it was the center of outdoor recreation in the town. Known as the "City Park," even now it forms an oasis of green in the center of the city.

Ever since, as a little boy, when he had leaned on Mrs. Cochran's knee while she read to him from the Bible and told him about God, George Washington had found something in religion that struck deep into his soul. He loved the hymns she taught him especially "Salem's Bright King," which remained his favorite all the rest of his life. He sang as he plowed his fields and tended to his stock at the corral where Main Street now intersects Harrison Avenue. The townpeople could hear him way up in Centerville, a mile away. "A great old hymn singer," they called him.

Sunday meant much to him for then, he and Mrs. Washington and young Stacey walked on the narrow dirt paths to the little Baptist Church for which he'd hewed the rafters. There he'd sit by his smiling, good-natured wife and listen to the gospel and join in the singing.

Sunday was a special day and he also observed it in another way. Then he wore his Sunday wig—a black one. The early residents who remember him in the 60's recall him as being perfectly bald—the result of his long illness. But in the late seventies when the town was coming along nicely, he began to wear a wig, a brown one for every day and black one for Sunday. Those who sang in the choir recall they never felt quite easy until Brother and Sister Washington had entered and he had carefully lifted up his hat and pulled out and smoothed down his wig.

There are others also who recall helping "Uncle George" chase the brown wig when a gust of wind sent his hat and wig rolling off at varying rates of speed toward the waters of the little stream now known as China Creek.

But religion was also something deeper than mere ceremonial observance to George Washington. It was his attitude toward his fellow men. "He always believed in a square deal to everyone he contacted," his stepson said. "And he helped those in need and did it with a free heart. He had no use for those who gave for publicity and never cared to have anyone know of the good he did."

"I'd hear him and Mother talking," continued Stacey. "'I want to do right by my fellow men', he'd say, 'And if I do, then I'll never lose anything by it.' This seemed to be his guide all through his life. I think he had it figured out about right. I never saw him excited or worried in his life."

"One of the homesteaders in Salzer Valley was pretty hard up," recalls Stacey Coonness. "He'd moved his family to town, but he'd been refused credit by two or three stores for they were in bad shape themselves. He sort of lost his reason temporarily and rode up and down the main street threatening his neighbors with a long auger bit. After being arrested and taken to Chehalis where he was given a sanity hearing, he was freed and went back to his farm up the valley where he was digging potatoes. My stepfather walked up the trail to the valley and offered to give him a job splitting rails. 'I have plenty of food for you—all your family will need,' he said."

He also believed in truth and justice and at times had a rather forceful way of teaching a lesson. The southeast section of his land from the present Chestnut Street up Gold to Main was heavy timber. "There in the early 1880's the townpeople cut wood for the railroad," continued Stacey Coonness, "receiving \$1.25 a cord from the railroad and paying my stepfather ten cents a cord stumpage. When the wood was cut and ready for the railroad, he'd go step it off and write the amount down in his book. He never bothered to measure it. He could tell

the exact amount by stepping it. Then the roadmaster would measure it and send the money to the Daniel Davis Store where my stepfather collected his stumpage and the rest was applied on their grocery bills.

"Bill Salisbury was cutting; so when he got his stack ready, my stepfather went down and stepped it off. After he'd finished, the woodcutter came along. 'How much wood do you think you've got here, Mr. Salisbury?' 'Ninety-three cords', Mr. Salisbury replied. My stepfather didn't say anything. He just took out his book and wrote it down.

"When the roadmaster paid at Davis Store, my stepfather was there to collect his stumpage. Sixty cords was all the railroad had allowed Bill Salisbury. Before the crowd standing around, my stepfather said, 'Now, Mr. Salisbury, I have your own word for it that you cut 93 cords on my land. I wrote it down in my book. Now I want my \$9.30!'

"It hurt Bill awfully to have to pay, for money was scarce; but my stepfather made him do it. That night he went down to the Salisbury home. He asked for Mrs. Salisbury. 'Here is \$6.30,' he said, 'that just as honestly belongs to you.' Then he turned to Mr. Salisbury. 'I knew exactly what you had, Mr. Salisbury, I stepped it off before you came. The next time, if you can't tell the truth, don't tell it.' My stepfather learned him something. After that if Bill Salisbury said anything, you could be sure it was true."

And George Washington also had definite convictions he sought to carry out with regard to the townpeople he fathered. He had no favorites. He believed that in the sight of God one person was as good as another regardless as to what one's own personal feelings might be. One of the firmest of his convictions was that a man's first duty was to his family—to see that his children had warm clothing and good wholesome food. After that, Washington felt he should discharge the obligations he owed to his fellowmen. Accordingly, the father of Centralia never pressed a man for a debt to the detriment of his family. "If your family is in need, don't try to pay me till you get on your feet," he'd say. "I can wait for what you owe me. If you need food, I have some for you and you can work it out for me. I have plenty you can do."

Just how broad his sympathy and understanding of his neighbors and townpeople was, is perhaps best shown by the incident which happened when Stacey Coonness was a boy and which he likes to tell about his stepfather and a man and woman it perhaps would be best to call John and Mary Jones for they still have relatives living here. It also gives an understanding picture of Mrs. Washington.

"John Jones who had a wife, Mary, and four or five children," said Stacey Coonness, "called by at 7:30 one morning just as breakfast was ready. My stepfather said, 'Just in time for breakfast, John.'"

"John looked like he'd like to cry. My stepfather said, 'Look me in the eye, John. Tell me how is it with you and Mary?' The man confessed his family was all out of food and that they had eaten the last bite for dinner the day before when they had used up the last of their flour.

"Then my mother got really angry, angrier than I'd ever known her to be, and the only time I've ever seen her so since she professed Christianity. She always baked a pan of biscuits two feet square every morning and it lasted the three of us for two meals. She had breakfast already cooked—biscuits, eggs, bacon, and mashed potatoes. She put the pan of biscuits in a clean pillowslip, put the mashed potatoes in a bowl and the eggs on top of it. Then as she gave him these things and sugar and coffee and a jar of milk, she said, 'Why did you let things go so long when you knew you could always come to us? You take this to Mary and the children and then come back and I'll have breakfast ready for you by the time you get here.'"

"He started off—he lived about three-fourths of a mile away. His wife and children were just about starved to death. My mother started up the fire and set me to peeling potatoes and when he got back she had a second breakfast ready.

"As soon as we'd eaten, my stepfather told John that he had some work he'd intended having done later but that he could just as well put him at it now. 'But, John', he said, 'I'll not pay you a cent in money for you don't know how to make a dollar go. But I'll give you the equivalent of \$2.25 a day and your dinner and supper; and if wages rise, I'll pay you more.'"

"Then my stepfather said, 'Go home now, John, and cut Mary some wood. Saw a few cuts and split it up and have it handy so she and the children can get it. Come back at one o'clock, and we'll line up your work and I'll pay you the same as if you'd worked for me the whole day.'"

"As soon as John had left, Mother went down to see Mary, She and the children had hardly enough to cover them—they were just in rags.

"'Mary, can you cut and make clothes?' Mother asked. 'I can sew a bit, but I'm not much good at cutting.' 'You come up after John leaves,' Mother said. 'Lay out lunch for the children so they won't get hungry. Bring your needle and thimble and I'll show you how to cut and make some clothes.'"

"Mary's feet were out on the ground, so she had no shoes to go up town in. Mother sent my stepfather to town and she told him what to buy—a bolt of canton flannel, they call it outing flannel now, and a bolt of unbleached sheeting to make underclothes. He paid \$4.75 for good calf shoes and bought a pair for each of them.

"When he returned, he took half a ton of flour and half a ton of bacon, a five-pound caddy of green Japan tea at \$1.65 a pound, five gallons of syrup in a keg, and butter. He loaded the team up and John took them home and came back the next day to work.

"He was a shiftless man and no one else would give him a day's work and he was discouraged and had lost all heart. My stepfather could make him work and manage him when no one else could. He never gave John the money, but gave it to Mary—four dollars or so at the time so that when she saw something for the children or wanted to give money to the church, she'd have it. For a year and a half he worked for my stepfather that way, and Mother, in the meantime, fixed them up quite respectable. My stepfather really made a man of him, watching over him, encouraging him, and restoring his self-respect in the eyes of his family and the neighborhood."

It was shortly after this time that George Washington built his fourth home, the one which still stands on West Locust between Iron and Rock streets. Its large front room had a big brick fireplace and mantle. In the barn, located where the Free Methodist Church is now, he kept a driving horse and a team for working around the place. A six-foot fence surrounded the barnyard which had a gate that opened to the west to permit its owner to drive out in his shiny carriage, a phaeton impressive with mudguards and fringe around its top.

Among Mrs. Washington's friends who would come to call on her was Mrs. Ready who lived just across Iron Street. One day when she came in for a visit, her small daughter accompanied her. Little Ada had bright reddish hair that lay close to her head in small, tight waves, while her mother's hair was straight and black. Evidently the child had thoughts of her own as she stood by Mrs. Ready's chair and looked first at Mrs. Washington, then at her mother. For during a pause in the talk between the two women, she suddenly said in a loud, childish voice, "Mother, it's a good thing you didn't have curly hair like mine, or you'd have been taken for a Negro sure."

Not all of the new arrivals who were coming into the rapidly-growing town had a feeling of neighborliness toward its colored founder. Tim Winston had been reared in the South

where he had been accustomed to Negro servants before he had come West. In 1884 he and his family moved into property adjacent to the Washington home. "I'll not have my children associating with niggers," he said as he looked at his neighbor's place. So he immediately built an eight-foot fence to shut off all view of the Washington yard. But the fence only gave the children an increased desire to become acquainted with the other side of it. They soon learned to lean a ladder against it and took turns mounting it and sitting on the top of the tall barrier talking to George Washington. Soon they began to call him "Uncle George". While the little Winstons were enjoying their indulgence in the forbidden, their father was also becoming acquainted with his colored neighbor and soon learned to appreciate his fine character. So he cut a gate through the fence, though the boards were so high it more nearly resembled a door. All of the family loved "Uncle George" and often Mrs. Winston asked him to watch the children while she was to be away for a few minutes.

George Washington was living in town, but there were evidences that the frontier was still a part of him. "He had a regular arsenal by his bed," recalls his stepson. "On a stand he kept a rifle, a revolver, a tomahawk, and a dirk knife. If he heard anything move about in the dark, he had it covered before it had moved five feet. After he'd locked up the house for the night, anyone who knocked at the door had better tell who he was or when the door opened he'd have a gun thrust in his face."

The population of the town had been gradually increasing. Then came the boom year of 1889. New residents poured in; property was in demand and prices sky-rocketed. By November of that year Washington had platted fourteen new additions. Many persons came to make a home; many came to speculate. But even the homeowners were willing to sell as land prices rose.

Through it all, George Washington sold his lots for what he considered a fair price. He never charged more than \$158 for a lot 70 by 140. That was \$600 an acre, he said, and all that the land was worth. He still wanted to sell only to those who desired to make a home in his town. He asked each prospective buyer right out if he intended to speculate or to build. He asked only \$20 to \$30 down and the balance within a year.

"He talked so square I got suspicious," one buyer said. "Why he is willing to sell me three lots for \$10 down. I can get \$300 more than that price in three days." But that was George Washington's way. He didn't speculate himself. He wanted only what he considered a fair price.

But he didn't need to speculate. Everything he put his hand to turned to money. During the sudden growth, he built hundreds of "box" structures of upright boards for \$300 and rented them for \$6.00 to \$7.00 a month.

But newcomers also learned that George Washington was a man of convictions. He rented no property to a saloon, and if the neighbors complained that his buildings were being used for objectionable purposes, he'd find out for himself. He'd go at 12 o'clock at night to see if the neighbors were right in their complaint and if they were, he'd give the occupants notice before the end of the month. Sometimes they would be carrying on objectionable practices and would try to be sly about it; offering to double their rent two times over if he'd let them stay. The answer invariably was, "No, I'd rather burn the place down before I'd receive rent for a purpose like that."

Young Stacey in the meantime had been growing up. He had a beautiful tenor voice and sang in the Methodist choir at the morning service and then in the Baptist Church in the evening. With his horse and neat little carriage, he often drove around the town and surrounding country.

A bit vain he must have been of his looks, too, for Ada Ready, now Mrs. Smith, who was frequently sent over by her mother on the neighborly errand of caring for Mrs. Washington, who was ill, often saw Stacey going through the rather complicated process of putting a part in his hair. "He soaped it quite generously," she recalled, "then parted it carefully with a comb and tied a red bandana firmly around it until it dried. Then he had a part that would stay."

It was in Portland during the Christmas holidays in 1889 that Stacey met his future wife—a beautiful octroon named Mary Victorine Hickling, a brilliant young woman, the valedictorian of her Portland high school graduating class and a talented musician as well. They were married July 24, 1890, a month after her graduation, and went to live in a small white house, that still stands north of the corner of Main and Harrison, on the large section of land his stepfather had given him in the northwest portion of his old claim.

In 1892, Stacey and Rena, as her friends called her, built a large new home on South Silver Street at a cost of \$3,089. They delighted the neighbors with their fun. "When the two met uptown," they recall, "they had a certain word they'd say. Then taking an even start, they'd race to see which one could get home first." Often the neighbors heard Stacey whistle gay, happy trills that could be heard a mile away.

The couple often entertained their friends, the young people of the town, in their new home. Rena, as well as her

husband, was an accomplished whistler so that the two had many ways of performing for their guests—vocal and whistling solos and duets, accompanied by the young wife on the organ or with group singing led by her lovely voice.

The young Mrs. Coonness was also a gymnast and boxer—an accomplishment considered a bit different for a young woman of her day. "My wife was five feet, five and a half inches tall," said Mr. Coonness, "and weighed between 160 and 172 pounds. She could perform on the bar and, after putting on a pair of overalls and a jumper, would place her hand on the top rail of a fence and leap right over it. She could bend over and lay the palms of her hands flat on the floor without bending her knees. She was an able boxer and in Portland had trained for thirteen months with Jack Dempsey, lightweight champion of the world. She could stand up against any man in gloves."

Mrs. Coonness taught school up the Hanaford, at Cinebar, for six years in Salzer Valley, at Null's Crossing, and also substituted in the Centralia High School. She charmed club members with the original papers she read at their meetings and conventions and for six years was lead singer in the choir at the Christian Church which she and her husband began attending shortly after the birth of their child, Audrey.

The talents of her parents were even more brilliantly accentuated in the daughter. Before she could walk, she whistled. When she was six, she could catch a 50-pound sack of flour by the ears, swing it back and forth several times, and throw it upon her shoulders. By the time she was eight, she could catch her father at the hips and lift him off the floor. He weighed 210 pounds. Her mother trained her in boxing and likewise in reading and studying. Mrs. Coonness taught her daughter to read a book, then go back over it and reread it. Months later she could give any information it contained—dates, facts, incidents. "The two were always reading and what they read, they never forgot," recalls Mr. Coonness.

Like her mother and father, Audrey was extremely talented in music—both vocal and instrumental. For two and a half years she was pianist at the Christian Church and she was to have been accompanist for the Centralia Oratorical Society at their recital in Portland when she became ill. A cold, followed by pneumonia and then tuberculosis, and in thirteen months and a week, Audrey Coonness was dead before she was twenty-two years of age.

The neighbors heard Stacey whistle but seldom. Mrs. Coonness and Audrey had been like two sisters. The mother grieved so much for her daughter that she died two years later. The neighbors never heard Stacey whistle again.

The Sunday after his wife's death, it is recalled, Stacey took his usual place in the choir. Mrs. Emma Salzer remembered that she told him she didn't see how he could bear to do it. "I didn't think I could, but I knew Rena would want me to do my duty. So I got down on my knees and prayed for God to give me the power to rise above my grief and do my Christian duty. And He did."

Mrs. Washington never lived to share the joys and sorrows of her son's marriage. She had been ill because of a dropsical condition. As soon as the early 1880's, she had had attacks. Once young Stacey had run on the railroad tracks for the only physician available, Dr. Herndon in Chehalis. In 48 minutes, he had run there and back. The doctor had followed on horseback. But by the last of 1888, Mrs. Washington was extremely ill. For three months she couldn't get on her feet and had to stay in bed all of the time. The last three weeks before she passed away on March 5, 1889, she had to be propped up all the time. The neighbors and her husband and son had cared for her and they all missed the woman they loved. Her death shadowed the prosperity of the town she and her husband had planned and nurtured.

George Washington's wealth was piling up. The dream he had of a city's coming into being on his farm was now a reality, but it could not replace the loneliness he felt. He tried to help others in order to forget himself.

He offered to marry a widow, with several small children, who did his washing for him. She accepted.

In 1890, shortly after his second marriage, George Washington and his wife moved to a home near the Washington Lawn Cemetery. A large white structure, it still stands at 224 North Ash. A blue-trimmed windmill stood by it. Its seven or eight rooms had twenty-two windows. The new Mrs. Washington always felt quite safe while living there for she often said that she'd never have to fear if fire broke out in the night. She could just jump out the nearest window.

There on December 15, 1891, when George Washington was 73 years of age, his first and only child was born—a son whom he named George Cleveland after himself and the newly-elected president.

Shortly after the birth of little George, Washington and his wife separated; and he took his young son. They lived in a double house he had built across the street just east of the site of the present Elks Temple.

When the boy grew older, he was extremely fond of rooster fights. He'd go from one end of town to the other to match his cock against likely opponents and was often seen

with his game bird under his arm.

Until he was 80, George Washington retained much of the unusual strength he had had as a young man. Until he was 75 or 76, his arm retained its viselike steadiness with a rifle and he could still hit dead center at 40 yards.

He continued to be adept with a revolver and if an obliging friend would stand 10 feet away and throw an oyster can into the air, he could empty the barrel in it before it would land. He could also walk around a tree and girdle it with a row of revolver bullets so that the circle would join, the last shot not more than an inch higher or lower than the first.

When George Washington was left alone again with only his little son George, he was still physically strong, but the work to which he had once turned, was no longer needed. Where trees and grass had once claimed the land, people lived and a town had sprung up.

But the town had reached its height. Suddenly the panic of 1893 gripped it. Those who could, moved out leaving many rows of vacant buildings that seemed to mock the previous prosperity. But there were many who could not leave and who were in actual want. It was to these Washington turned, forgetting his own misfortune in helping them. In Portland he bought rice, flour, and sugar by the ton. In Chehalis he went to Mr. Dobson and his friend Bill West and bought lard and side bacon wholesale at the packing house. Every Saturday night between 9:30 and 10:00 o'clock he went to L. Bar's Clothing Store to square up his account where for two years he maintained a standing order for Mr. Bar to furnish shoes to those he'd send. Thus, George Washington carried out Centralia's first large relief program. But he never took away a man's pride in giving him help, for he would have him work for the food and clothing he had received paying him the equivalent of the prevailing wage in commodities at wholesale prices.

All during what were called the "hard times", George Washington kept the same calmness he'd maintained all of his life. He merely tried to do right by his fellow men. By so doing he knew he'd never lose.

Many owed him money. Serenely he waited and never pressed his debtors. Some he carried five or six years. He never sold them out except at their own request and when he did, he returned to them all he had realized above their actual debt. If they wished to give him something for his trouble, he appreciated their gratitude; if not, he bore no ill-feeling. "Some aren't so fortunate as I and perhaps they need it all," would be his only comment.

So he kept on during the hard years of '94, '95 and '96; even during '97, the hardest year of all. He had had faith that the town he'd founded would come into being and grow. It had. Now, he believed that it would prosper again.

Even while fashionable homes in the North End sold for the cost of their hardware and a brick business block brought \$10 at public auction—Washington had faith. Then, in 1898, the tide turned, but not before the townpeople had learned that he was a true friend, one who always gave them more help than they even hoped for.

He allowed good wages and always had jobs for those who wanted to work out their contract. He'd wait as long as four or five years for a debt of \$100, and he charged no interest.

"Lige Thompson up the Hanaford," recalls Stacey Coonness, "had an eighty-acre timber claim he'd taken out as a homestead. But it was mortgaged and he got discouraged and wanted my stepfather to foreclose and release him. 'No, Lige, you've got a good claim,' my stepfather said. 'I don't want it. I only want the money I put in it. I'm in no hurry. I'll wait.' A year later, Lige came again. 'I can't make it', he said, 'I want you to take me over; I want to get out of debt.' 'Wait, Lige, you can sell the timber off, pay out, and still have the place left for yourself.' 'No, I want you to take it.' 'If I do, Lige, I'll not keep it. I'll sell it and get my money out of it.'

"So my stepfather did foreclose. He gave Lige \$200 or \$250 difference above the mortgage. Then he waited eight or ten months and sold it for \$500 or \$600 above what it had cost him. A short time later he met Lige in town. 'Come over to the house, I want to see you,' he said. 'Now, Lige,' he said to his visitor, 'I have \$500 here above interest and profit after I sold your farm. Here's \$250. I'll split with you.'

" 'I was the most surprised and pleased man in the world,' said Lige Thompson afterward in telling of my stepfather's offer."

Wealth and an esteemed position in the community had come to Washington, but even in the late 1890's he knew that though he had many friends in the town he had started, it contained some bitter and jealous people as well who would have been glad to have seen him lose his money and prestige even if it meant the taking of his life to accomplish it. And many believed that was just what someone tried to do the night he took carbolic acid by mistake.

Vernon Dunning, who cared for him for more than three days after the accident, tells about it in this way. "I had attended a lodge banquet and after escorting my girl friend home,

about one o'clock I was passing Washington's house located across from where the Elks Temple now stands. I heard someone running on the board walk. Just as I turned to investigate, a figure ran toward me. It was eight-year-old George in his bare feet and night clothes. He grabbed hold of me and cried out again and again, 'Oh, Papa's goin' to heaven! Oh, Papa's goin' to heaven!' When I asked him what the trouble was, all I could make out again was the excited cry, 'Oh, Papa's goin' to heaven! Papa's goin' to heaven!' I hurried to the bedroom of old George. He was writhing and twisting on the bed. I tried to hold him, but he was a powerful man and tossed me aside as easily as a straw. But when I got close to him I could smell carbolic acid.

"I ran to Dr. Dumon who lived up the block on Locust Street. 'Doc, oh Doc,' I yelled, 'Come quick! Washington's awfully sick. It's carbolic acid.' He brought olive oil and we poured it down his throat. Strips of flesh and skin as long as my hand he spit up. I stayed there for ninety-three hours and never left him. All I could do was give him the oil and wait for it to neutralize the burning of the acid. The only people I let in to see him were Stacey and his wife. It was terrible to see a powerful body like that throw itself around, and throw me around, too, as if I were nothing at all.

"It had happened like this. An old friend, a Mr. Ives, had given him a bottle of wine. He'd put it on a stand by his bed and he'd take a sip of it from time to time. He reached out this night and tipped the bottle and drank before he realized it wasn't wine, but carbolic acid. It got in his throat, but he didn't swallow it. Someone had changed bottles. Washington told me later, 'I have enemies in this town who would delight in doing away with me'. But he wouldn't accuse anybody. That was the kind of a man he was.

"When I was staying with him," Mr. Dunning continued, "old George told me quite a bit about himself and his life. He told me of the dream he'd had before the Indian uprising and how real it had been. Now while he was recovering from the effect of the poison, he had dreamed that the house he was living in had been moved nine inches from the walk. The dream was even more realistic than the other had been, so vivid in fact, that he asked me to go out and see if the building had been moved. Now it's a queer thing, but several years later when that building, as well as the others around it, was sold, all were moved away except that one which was merely set back from the walk. It was left for quite a while before being taken away, and I in curiosity went over and measured the distance between it and the walk. It was exactly nine inches."

A short time later George Washington built a home on the east side of Gold Street near the intersection of East Chestnut. Before his illness, he had been robust in health and enjoyed walking. He never rode. When people asked him, "Why don't you ride in your buggy?" he'd always said, "No, I'll go to town in the forenoon and come back in the afternoon. I've got plenty of time." However, his strength gradually declined and later he was often seen riding in his phaeton decorated with fringes on its top and mud guards over the wheels.

Since George Washington was a wealthy man, it's only natural that many stories should be told about his money. According to Ada Ready Smith, he had an aversion to green backs and was known to demand "hard coin," as gold and silver were called. According to Mrs. Smith, his dislike for currency had its origin in this incident. One day he was sitting in front of his large brick fireplace counting some paper money, when suddenly the door opened and a gust of wind blew a twenty-dollar bill into the flames where it caught fire and went on up the chimney. Ever after, he demanded the type that would more effectively withstand the natural elements—wind and fire.

Many Centralia citizens recall that George Washington was once seen pushing home a wheelbarrow full of gold. This actually took place, according to Stacey Cooness, his stepson. It happened in this way and it may be noted that the same good fortune or intuition that guided him in so many of his dealings seems to be also responsible for this one.

"About 1898," said Stacey Cooness, "my stepfather took a trip back to Missouri. While on the train, he became acquainted with two men who knew of a local banker. The younger of the men said, 'Uncle, I don't want to meddle in your business; but if you have any money in his bank I would advise you to take it out.' Then the two went on to explain how this man had become known in banking circles in the Middle West for accepting large deposits before his bank suddenly closed its doors.

"When my stepfather got back, the interest on his money was due in about four weeks. Three days before this time, he notified the bank of his intention of withdrawing his account, saying that he had given them previous warning so that they would have time to get the needed amount of gold from Portland. He would accept neither currency nor draft, but only hard coin.

"The bank had been paying him six per cent and immediately offered him seven if he would permit his account to remain with them. The next day they called him in and offered him eight per cent. 'No,' he said, 'Wednesday morning I am coming to get my money.'

"As soon as the bank was open that morning, my stepfather and I were at the door. I had a wheelbarrow and two sacks in which to take the money home for him.

"Those who tell the story are partly correct. My stepfather's money was transported along the streets of Centralia in a wheelbarrow, but I was the one who did the pushing.

"My stepfather surely knew what he was doing. In less than three weeks the bank went broke. Many were terribly hard hit. One woman who lost \$7,000 went crazy. I never knew how much money I brought home in the wheelbarrow. My stepfather didn't tell me and I never asked him. However, he didn't ever trust his money to a bank again but kept it hidden somewhere on his place."

Perhaps this is the reason that there are many stories about Washington's buried gold. He lived for several years in his home on Gold Street. But while young George was a small boy, his father bought a house which still stands at 203 East Chestnut. When Washington moved from one dwelling to the other, so it is said, he had his gold in a keg in the woodshed. Young George admired the bright coins and childlike placed them in piles and patterns. His father looked at him as calmly as though he were playing with a keg of nails. "That's all right, son. Play with the gold as long as you like," he is supposed to have said, "just see that you put it all back in the barrel before you go away." And this keg of gold, some say, is still buried at the old Washington home on Chestnut Street.

"I know my stepfather's money is still hidden some place," said Stacey Coonness. "In April, he told me, 'If I never get another cent, I've got plenty to last me for the next ten years.' He died the following August. All the day he died, he'd been saying he wanted to tell me something.

"He'd been ill for some time and two men stayed with him and cared for him. That day I was working on the construction of the road to Chehalis. He got awfully bad that afternoon. They didn't notify me until several hours later. I hurried to him, but he was so far gone he couldn't talk."

The father of Centralia died August 26, 1905, at the age of 87 years. He was buried from the Baptist Church that he ~~had fostered since the time~~ he had hewed the rafters for the first structure shortly after he laid out the town. A proclamation by the mayor asked that all business houses close during the funeral—the largest that the city of Centralia has ever known.

In 1922, the Women's Civic Club presented a marble seat to the city in memory of George Washington, founder of Centralia.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE FRIENDLY CHEHALIS AND THE EARLY SETTLERS

BY DOROTHY MAE RIGG

"In the future all things will be changed; everything you have, you will get from the poston or Boston man, the people with white faces," the old Indian couple had prophesied with regard to the coming of the white man. The Indians had only laughed. But the first white settlers came, and, true to the prophecy of the old couple, they brought with them tame elk with horns (cows), and bears that rooted in the ground (pigs), and hard baskets that were not burned when placed over the fire. So runs the story by the Quiyaish, a division of the Upper Chehalis.

As time went on, there came more settlers and still more. The Indians wondered. They were inquisitive. They tried to find some excuse for coming to the strangers' doors, to catch a glimpse of the inside of their rough log cabins, to smell the "Boston woman's" baking fresh from the oven. The Indians marvelled; all things the poston had were good. Only when the Indians felt the grip of smallpox, the white man's disease, did they realize that the settlers had brought them evil as well as good.

They refused, however, to combat the white man's disease in the white man's way. They built small split cedar huts on the river bank, heated large stones, placed them in the little shacks, poured water on them, and took sweat baths in the rising steam. Then they ran from the steaming huts and plunged into the icy river. About an eighth survived the treatment. The rest were swept away by the current or returned to the bank where they died and were wrapped in blankets and placed in trees according to the custom of their ancestors or buried in the earth according to the habit of the white man. Schuyler Davis told me that George Washington, colored founder of Centralia, once pointed out to him a section of land in the western part of the city which contained the graves of two hundred local tribesmen who were the victims of a smallpox epidemic shortly after the colored man took up his donation claim in 1852. And Stacey Coonness says that his stepfather also told him that Joe Borst burned the bodies of more than seventy-five Indians who died at this same time.

Mrs. Amelia Mauermann, daughter of George Waunch, first local settler, told me that a complete village on Mound Prairie was deserted by the Indians when the white man's disease thinned their numbers. In terror those who survived fled from the *kleesk-wh* or long houses of their tribe and the settlers burned the deserted dwellings.

But this was before the so-called Indian uprisings of 1855 and 1856 and the treaties that preceded them. For even though the "Friendly Chehalis" did not war against the white man, they lost their land and were moved to a reservation near Oakville. Only a few of the more enterprising ones who desired to support themselves dwelt among the white settlers.

The early residents observed that the Indians while adhering to the customs of their fathers were at the same time adopting much of the white man's civilization. They noted an absorption of customs, obvious not only in the home, clothing, and food of the Indian; but in his cultural and religious beliefs as well. "Laquash, an old Indian I knew, always hunted without a hat," said Herman Young, who explained to me that the older Indians did not adopt the white man's head covering. "That the customs of his race were deeply buried in his nature, is also shown," Mr. Young said, "by Laquash's habit, when hunting, of wetting a piece of charcoal and smearing it across his forehead. 'Mamook poh' (help shoot), he would say.

"He brought my father some venison," continued Mr. Young, "and when asked how long it had been since he shot the deer he said, 'Nika yesterday to-night'. We knew he meant, 'I shot it last night'." It may be observed that Laquash used Chinook with his acquired English words.

The Indians' curiosity regarding the white man as well as the early traders' desire for gain had necessitated a common means of expression. Thus had come into existence the Chinook jargon, an intermingling of tongues which combined Indian words with French and English. Frequently the early settlers themselves found the jargon a more accurate means of expression than the English language. Schuyler Davis, for example, maintains that there is no English equivalent meaning as absolutely worthless as the Chinook word "cultus". Also the Chinook offers the prolonging of vowel sounds to express variations of meaning. Thus "sciah" means far away, "sci-ah," farther away; "sci---ah," far, far, far away. Coming originally from a French word meaning evil one, "mechante" was applied by the tribesmen to the bear which they considered evil and whose meat, it is said, they would not touch. Soon the early settlers became accustomed to using this word

for anything evil or spoiled; and both white settlers and Indians alike called rotted apples "mechante povine".

The Indians were great storytellers but usually the white men considered their narratives quite pointless. As a rule they were a recounting of actual experiences such as the one an old Indian told to Vernon Dunning while he was working at the Klaber hop yards: "One day when I was walking by a bush, I heard something go 'Whoo'! Then I went 'Whoo'. And it went 'Whoo'. And this the old Indian kept repeating for about five minutes, ending his story with 'And how I laughed when a little bird hopped out on the limb of a bush near by'."

The earliest settlers came into close contact with the Indians for they often employed them when the members of the tribe returned annually to their old camping grounds which had been converted into homesteads. The klootchmen (Indian women) not only did washing and other housework but also worked along with the Indian men clearing the land and harvesting the crops.

Often the settlers noted the sympathy and understanding of the klootchman. Reinholt Hilpert told me of the time when he was a baby and his mother had left him in the house while she went out to the fields. Two Indian women, following the old Indian trail across the homestead, heard the baby crying and went to the mother. They cried and rubbed their eyes and pointed to the house to make her understand that her baby was crying and needed her.

Mrs. Mallie Ward, the sister of Mrs. Adeline Borst, was born and reared next to the Oakville Indian Reservation and from the time she was a small child observed their customs.

"My father, Dr. James Harrison Roundtree, didn't call on the Indians professionally, but merely as a friend who might be of service to them," she said.

"He knew they had their own methods of attempting to cure themselves and he declined to interfere with them. Nevertheless, if they sent for him, he would prescribe for them. When I was a very small girl, I recall, I went with him to attend a sick child. The tribal medicine man had also been called and while father made his examination, the old medicine man continued his attempt to try to overcome the evil spirits that he believed possessed the small boy and caused the illness. He would run his hand slowly across the child's body then quickly close it in an attempt to catch the evil spirit. Father was the only doctor the Indians ever called for he also believed in the efficacy of nature herbs and they liked for him to prescribe for them."

To the early settlers, the most spectacular of the Indians'

customs, however, were those connected with burial. Mrs. Ward recalls these vivid ceremonials which she saw as a little girl:

"In the early days, I once observed the death and burial of an old Indian woman. As I approached the long kleesk-wh, or winter house, I heard a deafening sound. The Indians were attempting to drive away the evil spirits by noise and clatter. They were beating on boards and rattling pans and pounding on the rafters of the kleesk-wh until the split cedar boards that formed the roof and walls vibrated, each an individual sounding board.

"Then the noise ceased. The tribal medicine man came out of a near-by hut covered with klus-kwis mats and made the sign indicating that the old woman would soon die; the evil spirits could not be driven away. As was the usual custom, she had been left alone in the little shelter with food and water by her side. Sometime later an old klootchman went to the hut. When she returned, she gave the sign which signified that the old woman was dead. Then loud wails arose and recurred periodically.

"In the meantime a large box had been placed before the klus-kwis hut. While the men of the tribe damaged the utensils of the deceased, the women gathered some of her blankets and trinkets and put them in the box. Then they dressed her in many garments—so many that the sleeves had to be cut from some to enable a maximum number to be pulled on. After placing her body in the box, more clothing and blankets were laid over it. But before the boards could be nailed down over the top, a fat old Indian had to sit on them to weight down the lid.

"All had been very jolly. But suddenly the mourners, for the most part paid ones, began to wail loudly and continued their lamentations as they followed the box to the burial place. There, it was put in a shallow grave over which several of the men of the tribe had erected a framework. On this they had hung pots, pans, baskets, and mats—all damaged so as to be in a spiritual condition like the deceased and also to prevent their being stolen by wicked whites."

Previously, the Indians had placed their dead in trees or had set them afloat in canoes—often left to drift with the flood waters. Many settlers remembered Indian burials and recalled that long afterward, the sad laments of the mourners continued to linger in their ears.

The white men often saw their own qualities mirrored in those of the Indians. Nevertheless, the many differences in belief and training between the two races made it difficult for them to understand one another. While the Indians were

honest as long as they left drink and gambling alone, they frequently lacked the white man's standard of values. A story told by Mrs. Ward illustrates this:

"My husband, Gilbert Ward, had a cow he thought a great deal of. He had bought a valuable little Swiss bell for her. One day Harry Hoanock, self-appointed Indian godfather to my little daughter, Rose, came to Mr. Ward and said, 'Me buy bell'. (The Indians had just begun to feel the influence of the Shaker faith, and used bells in their religious services.) Mr. Ward said he did not care to sell the bell. Nevertheless, one dark night the bell disappeared. Sometime later Harry showed up with a present for Mr. Ward—a bell and this explanation, 'Nika (I) wanted to buy bell, you no sell, so me take. Now, Nika bring present for you.' Harry was grinning broadly. He felt that all was evened up. He left Mr. Ward holding a cracked bell about a foot long, an old rusty discarded ox bell that Harry had likely fished out of a swamp."

All of the settlers recall that they grew accustomed when setting out a meal for an Indian visitor to limiting the supply of butter, bread, and even the condiments they placed before him. For when an Indian had finished a meal, he would wrap up the remains, even to the salt and sugar, and carry them away with him. By doing so, he thought he was showing his appreciation of the food and was being the perfect guest. It was merely the difference in values between the two races.

Ed Young told me this incident about his mother's attempt to give an Indian woman a few fresh doughnuts. "My mother made delicious doughnuts and she always made a dishpanful," he said. "Just as she had lifted the last ones out of the hot grease one morning, she saw a klootchman passing by. She picked up her dishpanful of doughnuts and ran out to offer her a few. The klootchman mistaking mother's intention lifted up her skirt, dumped the whole panful into it, and walked away."

Nevertheless, on the other hand, the settlers soon discovered the trustworthiness of their neighbor Indians. Walter Eshom explained to me that as a small boy he lived with his mother and father on the Chehalis River near Cedarville. There, close by, a number of Indians who had not moved to the reservation lived in rudely-built structures. One day when his father was away, an Indian suddenly appeared in the doorway. His frightened mother did not understand Chinook and the Indian, being unable to make her realize what he wanted, walked on into the house. He went over where a rifle hung on the wall, took it down, looked it over, picked up three cartridges, and walked off.

In a very short time he came back, slung the dead form of a deer to the floor, placed the borrowed rifle on the wall, put two unused cartridges in the box and walked away. Mrs. Eshom then realized how foolish her fears had been. The Indian had merely performed an act of friendliness by providing food for his white neighbors.

Many regard the Indians as stoic, but Mrs. Ward disagrees. "I remember," she said, "the sympathy Suzy, an old Indian kloodchman, showed for me after I broke my leg. A rather primitive method was used to treat a broken limb in that day and to insure that it would be stretched while knitting, the doctor weighted it by tying a rope to my leg and hanging a rock-filled pail over the foot of the bed. Suzy came to visit me often. She brought me gifts—one I recall was tender camas shoots roasted Indian fashion in a fern-lined pit full of heated rocks. After giving me her gift, old Suzy would stand by the bed and shake her head in sympathy as she looked at the weight. 'He bad one, Boston man, tie up to rock on bed,' she would say. At times she even knelt beside the bed and pulled up on the rope in attempting to relieve my pain."

A day even more important than Christmas or Easter to the settlers was the Fourth of July. "It was in 1878 that my husband and I attended an Indian Fourth of July celebration at the Oakville Reservation," related Mrs. Ward. "We and a few other white neighbors were received and made comfortable on improvised seats especially arranged for us. The celebration began when we bowed our heads while an old man gave a prayer in the Chinook jargon. Then followed the hymn, 'Oh Where, Oh Where Are the Hebrew Children,' also sung in Chinook. Those who did not know the Chinook words hummed the tune. Then while we sang 'America' the Indians followed the tune. They were very fine singers, following the air with natural expression and appropriate gestures.

"After this service, a feast of barbecued meat was served, a large box of crackers being provided for the white guests. There were berry pies, too, which looked good and disappeared rapidly even though the crust, which had been shortened with beef suet, was a bit tough. Dried salmon and roasted camas were also served, the latter as sweet as any confection. And in an odd assortment of many pots and pans, coffee and native tea were offered to us. After dinner we were entertained by horse racing, native gambling or 'chil-chid,' and other Indian games played with bones and beaver teeth."

Although soon after the arrival of the explorers the Indians were introduced to the saddle pony, the canoe continued to be their most indispensable mode of travel and

their canoe-making from cedar logs remained much the same except for the use of some of the white man's tools. Mrs. Mallie Ward told me of seeing an Indian make his canoe:

"In the rainy weather of early spring, I watched an old white-haired Indian, stooped with age, hew out his own canoe from a wind-blown tree near the school I attended when a small child. The man was called Arab. Why, I do not know. His method was largely to use fire, both in making the log the right length, and in burning out the interior. Piling small chunks about the tree, he burned a space deeper and deeper. To confine the blaze to a narrow spot, and to prevent the fire from running up the tree trunk, he always kept water in a woven basket. Arab was fortunate in having an axe, so he scored the top of the log and chopped out a trench-like space. Then he dug and burned out the interior until he had fashioned, in crude design it is true, a craft for himself for both pleasure and utility. I at last saw the canoe, scraped clean and the outside trimmed and pitched, ready to be set afloat, the pride of the workman."

Pride of another sort, an Indian mother exhibited when she pointed out her two daughters to Vernon Dunning and said, "See my two girls. Fine girls. I feed them on salmon eggs and potatoes!" "Salmon eggs?" asked Mr. Dunning. "Dry salmon eggs. Very good," she replied.

The settlers sometimes found the Indians' attitude quite surprising with regard to another standard of values—that of parental respect. With startling clarity the dignified rebuke of an old Indian woman has remained with Vernon Dunning since boyhood. "I was in the hop yards near Klaber," Mr. Dunning said, "where the Indians as well as the whites made a little money during the late summer picking hops. I heard one white boy call to another, 'Hey, Mick, come go some place with me tonight.' 'Can't, old lady won't let me.' Then I saw an old Indian woman, her face lined with wrinkles, straighten from her bent position and in a worn-out voice ask, 'Who you say?' 'Old woman', repeated Mick sullenly. 'You know who that old lady is?' said the Indian woman. 'She your mother.' "

An Indian's greatest treasures were his dogs and his ponies and he never admitted having too many of either. "I saw a klootchman one day," related Herman Young, "with a long string of dogs, some big, some small, following at her heels and playing around having a great time. "Would there be any chance to buy a dog from the klootchman?" I asked an Indian standing near me. 'No', he answered, 'she not have many—only twenty-two'.

"Furthermore", recalls Herman Young, "I fared no better trying to purchase a pony from an Indian at the reservation. She was a fine one, all coal black except for a round white spot the size of a plate on her hip. I wanted her and so did many others, but all of us together could not have put up enough money to make that Indian part with his pony."

Likely this was the same pony that Stacey Coonness told me about, the one that he said had a round white spot on its right shoulder and belonged to Sampson, the son of the noted Indian character Plug Ugly.

"When Sampson would hire out to work," said Mr. Coonness, "he always took his pony with him. He didn't care if his pay was small so long as his horse was fed. If his offer to pay for the grain was refused and his employer didn't care to sell to him, he would steal it.

"Once, however, Sampson, through some misfortune, was forced to sell his pony. This new owner put him in a high fence. Two days later he missed the animal. The next day he saw Sampson riding it. When accused, Sampson denied stealing it, explaining that his mount had returned to him. Then Sampson and the new owner made a bet that if the Indian could get his pony out of the high fence without touching his animal, he could keep it for good. So they placed the pony inside the fence and the two men stood approximately 100 feet from it. The Indian whistled and the pony cleared the fence without even striking a foot on the top rail. Sampson kept the pony."

The Indians may have never felt they had too many dogs; but the settlers who were constantly losing their stock had a contrary opinion. "On one occasion," said Mrs. Mallie Ward, "my father, Dr. James H. Roundtree, and my brother Jasper, after having had a number of sheep slain, took their guns and went to the neighboring reservation. They ordered the Indians to surrender their dogs and shot as many as came in sight. One old Indian, however, concealed his, the most destructive killer of all. Father and Jasper finally located where he had it hidden. As Jasper raised his gun, the old Indian said sadly, 'Klahowya dog', meaning 'good-bye dog'. My father was so touched that he tried to make retribution by asking the old man to come to his place. He gave him all the fruit and potatoes he could carry home. But for years, the plaintive tone of the old Indian's farewell 'Klahowya dog', stayed with him."

Horse racing was the Indians' favorite sport and nearly every Indian owned his "coolee kuitan" or racing pony.

A well-known figure in local racing circles, Abbott Town-

send informed me was Dan Cecina, an Indian still living at the reservation, who rode in the races until he was a very old man. At local Fourth of July celebrations he would urge on his little roan horse with a long body called "Cecina" after himself. "Tuck" Rhodes and Frank Montgomery brought in horses from as far as east of the Cascades including the famous "Grey Dick", but, according to Mr. Townsend, the two Cecinas were an undefeatable combination.

Pug or Plug Ugly, whose Boston name was John Yockton, was the most picturesque Indian character recalled by the local settlers. Plug Ugly was truly an appropriate name, and Mrs. Sam D. James of Grand Mound says that children of newcomers could be distinguished from pioneer children because, at the approach of Plug Ugly, the strangers all ran in terror.

"Ugly?" said Ab Townsend, "that Indian was so ugly that he kept all of us children good. All our mothers had to say was, 'Now be good or I'll have Plug Ugly come and get you.' The kids all ran for home when he came to town; they didn't need any curfew then."

Vernon Dunning told me of his first meeting with Plug Ugly when a rather small boy. "I was fishing", he said, "on the bank of the Chehalis River below the Borst place during the smelt run and had not caught many when a canoe approached. When I looked down I was gazing into the hideous face of Plug Ugly. His broad wrinkled face was whitish in places, and his forehead, pressed in accordance with Indian custom, slanted back in a ridge from ear to ear. His small black 'pig eyes' moved quickly. 'Pish, pish', he said and stared at me. I gave him my fish and he paddled off and I, well—I started running and didn't stop till I reached the road on Fords Prairie. There were no shortcuts home that day. I wanted the protection of people and the most traveled roads.

"I met Plug Ugly many times after that while I was fishing along the Chehalis River. He often got my catch for he was always 'hongry' and forever begging food. We got to be quite good friends. He called me 'Yellow Hammer' and put a yellow hammer feather in my hat band. He would be very angry if I wasn't wearing it when he met me. 'Yellow Hammer, Yellow Hammer,' he would say reprovingly pointing to my hat. He also kept yellow hammer feathers in the bottom of his canoe along with his odd collection of door knobs. We became such good friends that he would take me in his canoe and I would fish for him. When he thought we had enough, he would paddle me to the bank and then push off—with my string of fish in the bottom of his canoe among his yellow hammer feathers and his door knobs."

The early settlers would certainly agree with Vernon Dunning that Plug Ugly was always "hongry". In fact, most of them remember him chiefly as begging for food. Anton Zenkner recalls that when he was making shingle bolts, Plug Ugly came by with thirty lovely trout in his canoe. The old Indian refused to sell his fish but began to beg for food. "So I merely replied, 'Hilo iskam', the Chinook for 'not any', concluded Mr. Zenkner.

Other times, also, Plug Ugly was disappointed in his begging. Mrs. Sam D. James tells of his making the rounds one Christmas Day and complaining that at one thrifty household, he received "Hilo (nothing but) chicken bones." Eggs from the settlers' barnyards, seemed to be one of his favorite foods. "Chicken eggs" he called them, and to this day, according to Mrs. James, the older settlers on Grand Mound still call eggs, "chicken eggs".

Making his rounds to the Waunch place one morning before the family was up, he encountered a watchdog that had a particular aversion to Indians. When the family went out that morning, Mrs. Mauermann told me, they found the dog holding his own and Plug Ugly clinging to the top of the clothesline pole.

Plug Ugly's favorite method of shaving was also explained to me by Mrs. Mauermann. He would go up on the back porch and look into a mirror which hung over the wash pan. Then one by one he would pull out the hairs from his beard.

Sam D. James of Grand Mound had his picture taken with Plug Ugly and in it the Indian is wearing a derby placed sideways on his head. "That was the way it fit him best," Mr. James explained to me, "for his head had been pressed in babyhood."

Other stories have been told about Plug Ugly and his hats. It has even been suggested that his very name, Plug Ugly, came from the fact that he wore an old, battered plug hat, the "ugly" referring to the condition of the hat rather than to his countenance.

At any rate, Vernon Dunning recalls when he really did have a plug hat. "It was Fourth of July morning," Mr. Dunning told me. "I rode up the river with Plug Ugly, in his canoe and then walked into town with him. He was to have his picture taken. 'Pourth July, Pourth July' he kept saying, for an Indian cannot pronounce the letter 'f'. He says 'pive' for five and 'pifteen' for fifteen. When he arrived in town, a local clothier gave him a plug hat. He put it on his head on top of his old one, sidewise of course; and as he interchanged them, first one on top and then the other, he proudly said, 'Kloshe

(good), kloshe, Pourth July hat'."

While deer hunting up Elk Creek, Plug Ugly broke his leg when his horse slipped and fell on him. As was the custom of his race, he merely permitted the leg to mend itself; and, ever after, Plug Ugly's foot prints could be easily recognized. His left foot was at a right angle to the other.

For many years Plug Ugly, the chief Indian figure in pioneer life, continued begging from door to door and was seen paddling his canoe in the surrounding waters. Amor Stephens remembers the old Indian as also riding in an ancient dilapidated buggy. Chester Staeger, my uncle, told me that Plug Ugly was killed near Dryad when his horse ran away with him and overturned his buggy.

After his death, his fellow tribesmen hung his body up in Charlie Long's barn, then beat on boards and wailed to drive away the evil spirits. They tied his body to a plank and moved it to the burial place—the Indian cemetery on Mound Prairie, camping en route at Tuaoton, the old Indian ford at the mouth of the Skookumchuck River. They built a fire and leaned the plank against a tree and all night long Plug Ugly's body stood there, staring straight ahead into the firelight.

Carved on the wooden slab that forms Plug Ugly's head stone is, "Skookuma Yockton—1901, age ninety-nine years". "Plug Ugly" the settlers called him; but his tribesmen named him "Skookuma", meaning strong.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE ELKANAH MILLS FAMILY

BY DONNA TISDALE

The Mills have, doubtlessly, kept a more complete record of their own history than any other family in this vicinity. Mrs. Mary Jane Brown, the oldest child, after she was 75, wrote sketches about her life. In addition, the family has, for the last seven years, chosen an historian at their annual meetings. The first was Mrs. Juanita Delaney, of Rochester, a great-granddaughter. The present and only other historian is Mrs. Esther Brown Grant of Seaside, Ore., a granddaughter. Selections from the records of all three appear in the following account. The author also wishes to acknowledge the use of material collected by Jeanne Fusco.

Around an old locust tree on a homestead claim just across the Mellon Street Bridge grows an ivy vine. Its roots go deep into the earth and its leaf-covered vines hug the very top of the tree which supports it. Once the plant was frozen and, to all appearances, it seemed dead. Then, with a new life it revived and grew larger than ever before.

And though Elkanah and Vianna Lorinda Mills who first patted the earth around the slip are dead, their roots too have reached deep into the soil; for these two pioneers left more on this earth than just a thriving ivy vine. They left a family which has multiplied into the hundreds, a family which has grown to such proportions as to establish itself forever in Lewis County's history.

Elkanah and Vianna lived happy lives although they endured countless hardships. But the hardships couldn't dull the happiness because they met trouble squarely, just like they met their first obstacle, one which threatened to keep them apart in their youth.

From the very first moment of their meeting the two knew that they were meant for each other. While riding home from church one Sunday, they paused to water their horses. There, with the ripples of water jumping high about the animal's knees in an effort to touch the hem of her prettiest dress, Vianna consented to be Elkanah's bride.

But Vianna's Scotch-Irish mother didn't like the youth's English father and so forbade her daughter to have anything to do with Elkanah. Even then, the couple possessed the spirit with which they later mastered the cruel elements of the Northwest.

To prevent the young lovers from meeting, Nancy Wisdom Smith, Vianna's mother, sent the girl to stay with a friend some distance away. But the daughter refused to have her life managed for her, and day after day she and the good friend sewed yard upon yard of white material into a simple wedding dress. Her painstaking stitches were so tiny as to make a sewing machine gasp with envy.

When the gown was nearing completion, Mrs. Smith arrived to visit her daughter. On her return home, she described with lengthy detail how well and happy Vianna Lorinda was looking. But perhaps the lady would not have felt so smug had she known that behind the very bed in which she had slept with her daughter, the wedding dress of Elkanah's bride-to-be hung neatly on a row of protruding nails. And one week after her visit, the groom, with an escort of friends, rode to the cabin where Vianna was waiting. The friend saw the dust in the distance and cried, "They're coming, Vianna, they're coming!" By the time the party reached the gate the happy girl, in her long riding habit, was waiting for them. Away they rode, Elkanah Mills and Vianna Lorinda Wisdom.

A few hours later, as man and wife, they reached the home of the groom's parents. There a fine wedding supper was waiting them, and the evening was gay with music and song. That music and merriment remained with them for the rest of their lives. The spirit of gaiety was a welcome ghost that haunted them always.

Mrs. Smith, the bride's mother, was angry but nothing could be done so she found it in her heart to forgive them and whole-heartedly offered her blessing.

Elkanah was born in Kentucky, late in December of the year 1818. The young Kentuckian's parents moved to Holt County, Missouri, and it was there he met Vianna who was just one month older than he. They were a perfectly matched couple and were never known to disagree.

Two years after the happy wedding, Mary Jane, the first baby, was born on September 27, 1838. She was followed by three boys, George W., John T., and William P.

After 11 years of married life, Elkanah Mills, lured by Jason Lee's stories of a land of rich soil and abundant game, decided to make the long, tedious trip to Oregon.

So on the twelfth day of May, 1847, the Mills family left Independence, Missouri, with a train of twelve prairie schooners. Dr. Moses Ira Smith, Vianna's stepfather, was made captain of the train which increased rapidly and once during the journey numbered over two hundred wagons.

Also with the party was twenty-three-year-old Robert W.

Brown, a native of New York, who had spent his boyhood near Davenport, Iowa. All the rest of his life he was to be close to the Mills family and five years later he was to marry Mary Jane, their eldest daughter. But at this time the government needed men to carry the mail and the young man enlisted in the postal service as a rider, making three trips across the continent to Washington, D. C., and back; and he carried the first U. S. mail sack from Laramie, Wyoming, to Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Men are hard to get to carry the mail," young Brown had been told; "they won't even stay until they finish the round trip." The young volunteer had replied, "If I join, I'll stay with it." And he did in the same purposeful way he remained with the Mills family whom he rejoined when he carried the first mail sack ever taken to Clackamas, Oregon.

For thirty days the Mills party trudged westward with no layovers. Then, a month out of Independence, they paused for a day. Clothes must be washed and salt-rising bread baked for the stomachs of the hungry menfolk.

At the second crossing of the North Platte River in southern Nebraska, Elkanah and his party overtook Brigham Young, the great Mormon apostle. Young immediately took a liking to the man from Missouri and because of this friendship offered to let the travelers use his rafts to float their wagons across the river—for fifty pounds of flour per wagon.

The wagon train, with Smith as captain, merged with the Mormon's five hundred wagons and traveled with the Young following for two weeks. Then the party of the religious sect turned off for Great Salt Lake. Young invited Elkanah to come with him and become a Mormon; but the Missourian preferred not to change his religion nor his goal, the end of the Oregon Trail.

The long file of prairie schooners continued to creep westward. From Independence Rock in Central Wyoming, the pioneers reluctantly resumed traveling after a three-day layover. In the distance the purple peaks of the great Rockies stood out sharply against the pale blue sky. It was the very first mountainous country Elkanah's family had ever seen. So far, the journey had been a happy one for the Mills, with no death or severe illness; but the dark shadows of the forbidden crags were an omen of the hazardous miles ahead.

With half of their journey behind them, the wagons filed through Devil's Gate—the southern pass of the Rockies. The Gate was a narrow cut through solid rock with perpendicular walls of stone towering hundreds of feet above the winding Wind River.

From that point the traveling became more and more difficult. Rough trails led over mountain streams and loose rock. Sometimes it was necessary for the Mills's wagon to plow through snow, packed to the depth of four feet. Then, at the junction of the Big and Little Sandy, Dr. Smith became ill with camp fever and the evening the train reached Green River, he died. He was buried on a hill overlooking the camp, and a stone mason, who was a member of the party, carved the deceased man's name on a large boulder.

The lead wagons were taken over by Moses, the Doctor's seventeen-year-old son. Frank, two years younger, looked after the Smith's other teams.

Days of heat spent sliding down steep mountain sides, nights of bitter cold, weeks of unsteady traveling—then the long train wound like a python down into the green valleys that lay beyond the jagged peaks of rock. But the hardships were not over, for a desert and another mountain range lay between them and the green forests of their destinations. They passed through the valleys; then the wagons crawled over the rough hard lava beds of what is now Southern Idaho. There the entire train was without water for forty miles. The feet of the cattle became sore as the sand worked between the forks of their cloven hoofs. The rate of travel was snail-like. The train traveled at night because of the terrific heat of the day. The last five miles of the desert were traversed more swiftly for, goaded by the scent of water ahead, the thirsty animals strained at their traces.

Only a few weeks before the Whitman Massacre, the Mills had traveled for several days with Dr. Marcus Whitman. Later after the party reached Oregon City, Joe Meek, the administrator of all law in Oregon, supervised the execution of the Indians who took part in this raid, and it was the mild Elkanah who slashed the ropes which sent the leaders to their deaths. The golden-haired man from Missouri was gentle, but he was also an advocate of justice.

"We traveled on our journey till we got to the Cascade Mountains," wrote Mary Jane, the oldest daughter, almost seventy years later, in an account set down for her children, "then it was hard for the road was just the Barlow trail. Father paid his toll to pass the Gate and after climbing the mountains we reached the summit, the men took the oxen off the wagons and let the wagons down from one tree to another for about half a mile.

"Then the oxen were hitched to the wagons again and finally got down to the foot of those big mountains. On the John Day River the best old ox in Father's team layed down by the road and died. We all felt like we had lost a good friend

and so we had for a more faithful old ox never lived and when we camped near the foot of Mt. Hood, there we lost the last milk cow.

"Father got as far as Big Sandy. He left Mother and we four children while he went into the Clackamas Valley near Oregon City and got a team to take us into the settlement."

Alone with only four small children in a wilderness almost without an end, Vianna Mills stood guard over her family. A party of Indian braves looking for trouble found the camp. Mrs. Mills fed them and was kind to them, and it was fortunate that the long skirts of that day hid her shaking knees. Admiring her bravery and seeing nothing worth taking, the Indians departed as they had come—silently.

When a bear tried to climb into the wagon where the four children lay sleeping, she beat it off with an axe. And so she sat awake, always on guard, watching for her husband's return.

Elkanah came back with a yoke of oxen and two-wheeled cart into which the family packed their belongings and trudged the remaining distance to Oregon City.

Half a year after leaving Missouri, Elkanah Mills had completed his journey—but the hardships had only begun. His daughter Mary Jane wrote:

"Poor Father, I often think what a hard time he did have to make a living for us, as the country was so wild and there was nothing much for people to get to live on. But we lived.

"He split rails for fifty cents a hundred and kept us from starving but I think he had a hard task of it. He lived on the Clackamas River the winter of 1847 and summer of 1848 and to make things harder for my dear Mother, my brother [William P.] only two years old got his feet almost burned off. There was no doctor in the country so Mother doctored his feet herself and cured them up sufficiently so he has been able to walk on them all his life.

"Father lived on the Clackamas River until the fall of 1848, then moved to Marion County. He lived there and worked on the Daniel Waldo farm milking cows and it was very cold in the Waldo hills. The California gold excitement raged that summer. Father got dissatisfied on the farm and wanted to move again. Mother and I wanted to go to California but he didn't, so he moved us back to Oregon City in the fall of 1849.

"That was the year Portland got its name. Father took me that fall to visit Portland and all I could see or speak to was old Uncle Tommy Carter and his store just erected on the

bank of the river, a small cabin set back about one hundred yards. I tell you it was a very small city at that time.

"I could stand in one spot and shake hands with all the people in the city at that time. We went down to Portland in a small skiff boat floating with the tide as it went out and back home as the tide came up, so it wasn't a very hard row for Father.

"That winter we had terrible high water. It swept away all the mills on the Clackamas River. My Father, with several other men, built a raft of lumber and put the two families of us on board and floated down the Willamette to Oswego and I went to the little school, a three month term, and that was all the schooling I ever got.

"We moved north of the Columbia River, it was all Oregon at that time. My father, Drew Forest, and Robert Brown, later my husband, had come on West and joined the families at Oswego. They all worked together and made flat boats during our stay near Oswego, then placed all their worldly gatherings and families aboard and floated with the tide down the Columbia to the mouth of the Cowlitz River to old Monticello.

"We rested there two weeks, and the men made small boats, pike poles, grass ropes, windlass and many kinds of tools to help themselves to work their way by water up the Cowlitz River and after eighteen days of hard work and hardships we all landed at Ed Warbus' landing near Cowlitz Prairie, through Jackson Prairie to Mud Mountain.

"There was nothing to speak of raised from the ground that year that the people could live on but in the summer time we could get wild berries and wild meats which kept us from almost starving. But we lived on just the same as if we had been worth thousands for there was no need of turning back. We all kept up good courage and after a few years time got better as more people moved into the country."

So on Mud Mountain, as the hill southeast of Chehalis was then called, Elkanah Mills filed on a donation claim on the 640 acres that ran down its southern slope and extended on over the Newaukum Valley—land now within the southern suburbs of the present city. There lived Vianna Mills, the sixteenth white woman to reside in what soon became Washington Territory.

Often in the years that followed, Elkanah, his oldest boys and Rob, as they called Robert Brown, would work at farms as far away as Vancouver in return for grain for the family bread and seed wheat for the fall and spring plantings. At such times, fourteen-year-old George would bring their earnings home on his little white mule. For weeks at a time, he would

travel through the wilderness searching for his father and brothers. He was a strange sight in his homespun clothes as he drove his little mule, his only companion in a country infested with wild animals. Upon his return with the wheat, he helped grind it in the coffee mill to make the coarse flour that his mother kneaded into bread.

Life was very simple and a good calico dress was nice enough to wear to church after preachers finally reached this section of the country. In fact, life was so simple that the family didn't hear a religious service until 1854 when church was held in an old log house on the Vien Phillip's farm about two miles from the Chehalis Station. The sermon was preached by "Uncle Charley" Biles.

In 1852 Elkanah saw his fourteen-year-old daughter, Mary Jane, married to Robert Brown, his best friend. It was the first marriage to take place in the Jackson Prairie Courthouse, which he and Brown had helped to build and had sat on the jury of the first trial held there. The newly-married couple settled on a claim just east of the Mills.

In the year of her oldest child's wedding, Vianna presented her husband with a son, Samuel T. The fifth child, Joseph Moses, had been born during the family's stay in Oregon.

The Indians were everywhere one turned, "They called the golden-haired, blue-eyed Elkane the 'White Spirit'," wrote Esther Brown Grant, a granddaughter. "He could lead them and counsel them and make them understand his wishes." All of the family learned Chinook and before Elkanah's little son William was ten, he could speak two Indian dialects. Later he aided S. S. Ford, the Indian agent, serving as interpreter.

When her husband was working away from home, the Indians would come to the house and ask Mrs. Mills where he was. Rather than tell them that she alone was the protector of the farm she would say, "Yes, the Mister is near. He'll come if I call." In reality the man of the house was as much as twenty miles away.

When the smallpox epidemic was raging among them, she wanted to be charitable to the red men but she was deathly afraid of the disease. So she permitted none of them to come within a hundred feet of her house; but on a charred stump she placed food for them—a pan of bread and milk.

The Mills continued the struggle with the slopes of Mud Mountain until the Indian uprising in 1855. During this troubled time the entire country was virtually under martial law. The Mud Mountain settlers were advised to abandon their homes and move to Fort Henness. They started to obey but decided to spend the winter on Fords Prairie with Judge Ford, the Indian agent, instead.

The Indian uprising is vividly pictured by Mary Jane Brown in her own story: "The Indians threatened us with war and it was a miracle that we were not all murdered, but an Indian by the name of Skloom turned state's evidence and the Government ordered blockhouses and forts built.

"It wasn't very long before we were on our way to be fortified up at Grand Mound. But when we got to Judge Ford's place three miles northwest of Centralia, we found that the Judge, who was Indian agent, had little or no protection, so Father and my husband decided to move in and stay by Judge Ford and we lived there that winter and I can tell anyone it was a scary time for me.

"Although the Governor had taken all the Indians' guns away from them it looked to most of the people like they couldn't hurt us, but I was afraid of those big bows and arrows. They could kill grouse and pheasants with them and I was afraid they would shoot the whites with them.

"But God was on our side and we were still alive in the spring. But the red men were cunning and lay a plan to kill us. One night the leaders had a long talk with my father, Elkanah Mills, Judge Ford, and Tommy Ford, Judge Ford's son.

"At that time the Indians were in quarantine by the Government and no hostiles were allowed to enter the camp so they hatched up a lie and said there were hostile Indians lurking around the Ford Camp and if Judge Ford would give about fifteen of the red men a gun apiece, loaded, they would catch those Mahaca Siwash, or bad Indians.

"At about eleven o'clock that night they shot off the guns and all came running to the house and as they came in through the door, one red man said to another, 'We kill Mr. Ford first' and I know God was with us that night, for I prayed for Him to keep us from their wicked hands. Tom's wife, Maskeefe, understood what he said and called out that they came to kill us all just as Mr. Ford was in the act of handing them some more ammunition. Tom said, 'Father, your life's in danger!' I tell you there was an exciting few minutes in that house.

"Tommy Ford held his two hands up with a revolver in each of them and shouted at them, 'I'll shoot everyone of you if you don't get out of here.' Judge Ford was a brave man and he commanded them to leave the house. My father punched a half dozen of them in the stomach and shoved them out the door. My husband was busy, too. They certainly got those Indians well scared out. There wasn't much sleep in the place the remainder of the night.

"Mr. Harry Sterns was at Peterson Luarks that night and they heard the firing of the guns. He went to the Fort on Grand Mound Prairie and gave the alarm. Captain Hennesey was stationed there with seventy-five volunteers and Captain Goff was stationed at the Borst blockhouse on the mouth of the Skookumchuck with about seventy or eighty men volunteers. They all came to the Agency in the morning to see what had happened fearing we had all perished. But for Tommy Ford's Indian wife we would have all been killed."

After the war scare was over, Elkanah Mills sold his claim on Mud Mountain and stayed with his family on the 640 acres which they leased from Judge Ford, for a five-year period. There the two youngest Mills children, Elizabeth Anna and Mandana S., were born.

In 1861 the family moved to what is now known as the Tom Brown place on Fords Prairie, taking with them 75 head of cattle. But that winter, called by many the most severe ever experienced in the Northwest, the Mills lost all but one cow and two heifers.

In the early sixties, however, the Missourian moved to the flourishing little town of Claquato, the county seat, to run an inn for stage passengers traveling the Military Road. The directory of 1867 gave him as owning the only hotel there, the Astor House, while Mrs. Mills was listed as a "female physician."

While at Claquato, Mills and his son-in-law, Robert Brown, helped to organize the Grange, one of the first in Washington.

After the decline of the town (the Mills family had resided there eight years) they settled on a homestead claim on the banks of the Chehalis River, southwest of the present city of Centralia. It was there that the younger children grew up.

The following is a description of their home by their granddaughter, Esther Brown Grant: "Their house was of hewn logs. They had six rooms on the ground floor and one large room upstairs. Elkane and his wife slept in a beautiful, hand-turned, four-posted bed which Robert Brown turned on a foot tread lathe. They had a snowy white homespun spread and valance, just missing the floor. There was a cedar chest and old homemade chairs and dressers, my father and grandfather made. The window curtains were snowy white muslin. There were no window shades in those days. The downstairs furniture was all hand-made except the rocking chairs and dining table. They bought the cook stove.

"In that homemade home, was harmony and happiness. They were true Christians, attending service and reading the Bible daily. All this was after the Indian troubles and the pio-

neers were land owners, busy clearing land, neighbors helping neighbor, the sick, dividing their luxuries, foods and medicine, always sharing with one another in grains to sow, potatoes to plant, a loan of a load of hay until it grew again.

"Mrs. Elkane Mills was a natural born nurse and midwife. She always handed over healthy mothers and babies. She kept a supply of goose grease, old shirt-bosom linen for bandages, camphor, and plenty of herbs, which she knew so well how to prepare and combine so that her patients were soon well with no bad after results. I do not recall that their eight children were ever sick."

A host of early residents vouch for the services she gave and recall that in snow, sleet, or during the blackest part of the night one had only to go for her and Mrs. "Kane" Mills, as they called her, would come at once to nurse the sick or bring a baby into the world. She had no animal of her own but she would ride any horse brought to her, just so it was gentle. If the boat which was used to cross the river to her home was on the opposite side, a shout would bring her paddling deftly across the Chehalis River. Then on her furnished animal she would ride for miles through winter weather at the side of a frustrated husband to some poor woman's side.

Sometimes she stayed so long with her patients that her family scarcely knew what she looked like. Once when Sam was a baby she returned after being gone for six weeks. The little boy was so glad to see her that he grabbed her and hugged her hard and begged her never to leave him again. However, within a few weeks she was off on another case. She brought 83 babies into the world in this vicinity. Some say she never received a penny for her good work, but others claim she did.

Elkanah and his family had cleared the densely wooded slopes of his homestead on the Chehalis River and had planted fields of grain. They had established a prospering farm in what had been an almost impenetrable forest. Elkanah was scarcely the one to subside meekly to any act which would destroy his property.

Lloyd Beall, his grandson, recalls: "My grandfather learned that his land was to be used for a right-of-way by a logging outfit. That night he and grandmother discussed the matter thoroughly. Morning found him sitting on a stump on his side of the fence with his long squirrel rifle on his knee. A small boy who had followed him lay hidden near by. Soon the loggers came and started to remove the fence rails.

"My grandfather spoke softly, 'I wouldn't do that if I was you.'

"'But, we have a right to go through. The law says—'

"Don't care what the law says,' drawled my grandfather, 'Ma and me worked hard building that,' nodding to the fence, 'and we ain't aimin' to let you tear it down!'

"From his hiding place the little boy watched as the grumbling loggers departed. If you were to go there today, you could find those logs just on the other side of the old fence, rotted and decayed, but still there. How do I know all this? Because I was the little boy."

The Mills house was always open to clean fun and merry-makers, and it was at this home in the feeling of harmony and happiness that most of the dances of the community were held.

The five Mills boys inherited the family ability to make music. The old house rang frequently with the same spirit that had prevailed in Elkanah's boyhood home, the ghost of which haunted him so happily.

The musical talent of the family gained recognition for miles around and for a quarter of a century the fiddles which sang for the dances were usually those of the five Mills boys. Joseph Moses, or Mose as he was called, had a fine voice as well.

An occasion of note was the "Sanitation Ball" at Claquato for which the older Mills boys played when they lived at the thriving county seat during the Civil War days. Tickets to the ball sold at \$5 apiece to raise funds to purchase medicine and supplies for soldiers of the Union Army.

When but a young boy, George Mills enjoyed his own music so much that at last even his mother objected. When she could no longer stand the shrill wheezing of the stringed box, she would send the youth outside in an attempt to escape the penetrating sounds.

George would then sit on a stump several hundred feet from the house and saw away for hours to his most appreciative admirer, the river. The Readys, who lived a mile away would laugh together when the sound-conducting water carried the dancing tunes to them. "Mrs. Mills must have chased George outside again!" they'd say.

As Sam grew up he became much in demand as a one-man orchestra at dances. However, as far as he was concerned, dinner terminated the evening and as soon as he had finished eating he would shout to his sister, "Come on, Mandy, let's get going home!" It made no difference to him that the dancers could not travel over the rough roads until dawn and that they would like him to play a few more tunes. Sam Mills went home.

During his career as a musician, William P. Mills organized more than 49 different orchestras. Professor Mills, as he was called, was the chief orchestra leader in this section of the country. This was more than a pioneer family; it was a family of pioneer musicians.

Professor Mills's sons also carried on along the lines. About 1930, George C. had one of Southwest Washington's finest 10-piece orchestras while J. H., W. H., and F. M. of Salem, Oregon and S. E. of Aberdeen each had orchestras of their own.

Delightful times indeed the Mills family must have had together. In addition to their music and fun, they shared their work, especially with Rob and Mary, as they called their oldest daughter and her husband. Notable was the harvesting and the winter laying-in of supplies. "They always came to Rob's and Mary's for a week to make cider," recalls Mrs. Grant, "some went to vinegar, but most of it went into apple butter, mince meats, head cheese, and etc. After all else was done, the cracklings were turned into soap enough to do both families the coming year."

And then there were the holidays. "Christmas was a grand time for the Mills and Brown families," says Mrs. Grant. "Pioneers raised their own turkeys, geese, and chickens. The ladies made about a bushel of 'twisters' as they called doughnuts. After we children were put to bed, they would trim the Christmas tree. No one played Santa Claus those days. Everything was so homey. Pioneering has its sweetness that these modern day Christmases seem to lack."

The Mills's oldest daughter, Mary Jane, truly inherited the sterling characteristics of her parents—the virtues that helped them make a home in the new land.

The girl of nine, who had walked across the plains barefooted bothered but little by the hot sand and cactus, had, as resolutely, reared her family of fourteen children when a woman. Married at the tender age of 14 by Squire Jackson, her wedding gown was a calico dress, and her slippers were nothing more than her bare feet, as she stood on the dirt floor of the Jackson Prairie Courthouse. Her bridal supper was of wild game shot in the forests surrounding the little courthouse. Her wedding trip consisted of a climb up the ladder-like stairs to the trundle bed in the loft above. Her new home was a tiny log cabin on a claim to the east of her father's. There, Frances and James Mead were born and by the time Mary Jane Brown was 17, she had three children. She became the mother of thirteen more in the years that followed.

During the Indian wars, the Brown family stayed on the Ford place sharing one of the double log houses with the Mills.

There, their next two children, Ellen Vienna and Thomas Elkane were born.

With his father-in-law, Robert Brown leased the Ford claim but during part of the time he worked at the mill in Tumwater, walking home every Saturday night after six days of hard work on a twelve-hour shift and carrying home a sack of flour, sugar, or coffee on his back.

In 1858, however, the Browns purchased the Patterson Luark claim just north of the Ford's, for \$1600. Little Sam Mills was just six years old at the time and when he was an old man, he told his Great-Niece Juanita, that his eyes grew wide indeed when they let him stay in the room where the gold was stacked on the table for the purchase of the farm. "They counted it all out so carefully," he recalled, "so as not to make a mistake."

On the 320 acres of this farm, all of the other children were born—David Wilson in 1860, Sarah Evelyn in 1862, John Lincoln in 1863, and Henry Ellsworth in 1865. Then followed Logan Robert, Walter who died when an infant, Mary Esther, Roy Licurgus, a child who died at birth, Edward Claude, Lawrence Wisdom, and Lena Mabel.

The Browns like the Mills kept an inn for travelers and their home on the Luark claim was a halfway house, where Mary Jane Brown said, "Every day brought hungry men to eat at my table." And where she also had the honor at one time of entertaining Governor Isaac I. Stevens, first territorial governor. "No help," Mrs. Brown said in describing those days, "and nothing to read but the Bible and no time to read anything else than the Bible."

In 1864, this home was also the Skookumchuck Postoffice when Robert Brown was postmaster. He was by trade a draftsman, millwright, and builder and aided in laying out the first plat of Centerville and also helped build its first Baptist Church as well as erecting many homes in the new town and installing the machinery in many local mills. "He was in great demand as a blacksmith too," wrote his daughter, Esther. "He was so handy he could make any farm implement and shoe horses."

Robert Brown was as mild and kindly in nature as his father-in-law. "I don't think I ever knew a more all around Christian and humanitarian than my father, Robert Brown," said Mrs. Grant. "He loved everyone and had no enemies. He would often say, 'Let them live their own lives, they are just human beings and we all have our rights if they are just ones'."

Like her mother, Mary Jane Brown was devoted to her family and she also served her neighbors as an angel of mercy.

"Never was there a more faithful mother," wrote her daughter, Esther, "one that met all the hardships and the requirements of a pioneer mother with an untiring love and faith in humanity.

"She never failed the sick," her daughter continued, "In the absence of a doctor, any and everywhere she went on horseback, by wagon, or sleigh to confine young mothers. She was God's own midwife. She made medicines and salves from herbs to combat any kind of fever or sickness. There was no giving up for fear or lack of something to do with. She learned from her wonderful mother, who was so accomplished that way, and too, from the Indian women. She learned and profited by their wisdom in many ways."

Like her father, Mary Jane Brown was beloved by the Indians who called her "Good Mary." She spoke the jargon with such ease that once when asked to make a speech before a gathering, she consented provided she might speak in Chinook. "The Indians often visited at our home," recalls Mrs. Grant, "and before I learned to be civil to them, I was greatly humiliated by my parents eating with them. They both told me many times that it was the gentleness of the white people, not force that quieted the Indians and made friends with them.

"As long as there was an old Indian of the original tribe living, they visited at my Mother's home. She liked to have them come and talk of their early lives and she always felt a great pity for them, especially the women of the tribes. They were the drudges for the family. The men would fish and hunt, but do little else after they left the warpath."

Like her parents' home Mary Jane's was one of music and good times. Rob Brown, her husband, played the violin and he and his sons often fiddled for dances. "Father bought the first organ in our neighborhood," wrote Mrs. Grant, "and all the family played, from the little attempt at sounding of cords and accompanying to some very good music. Mother was never known to tire of her family's music and gaiety. There was string music, harpsichords, accordions, and anything that could be played for music."

In the early Brown home, the Bible and the almanac were the only books. Just how much the sacred book was studied is shown by the fact that when she was 92, Mary Jane Brown could complete almost any Biblical quotation given her. The almanac was followed by her in doctoring her patients, and by her household in sowing, harvesting, slaughtering, and fence laying.

Later, however, other books were added and Mrs. Grant recalls, "When I think back about the few luxuries of our home on the farm, I am very proud to remember the little library

of books my Mother and Father had bought to read to their family. They were the Bible and histories of the world, U. S. history, Land and Sea, the Jeannette Dictionary, various stories of the great men of America, Dr. Livingstone, the Seattle Post Intelligencer, Home Magazine, Dr. Chase's Recipe book, but no fiction."

Henry Brown, a son, recalled the flowers he helped his mother tend. "She had two big flower beds close to the front gate—mostly peonies and roses," he said. "You always got a big bouquet when you came to see Mother. The large maples that grew in front of the house, I dug up in the woods and carried across the field on my back when they were just little switches and I planted them out for Mother."

"My grandmother made all of her children's clothes, my father, Henry Brown told me" says Mrs. Juanita Delaney, "She had no sewing machine until after she had ten children. She made all their clothes by hand even the suits her sons wore to parties and dances."

"Mother's spinning wheel is up in my attic now," Henry Brown said shortly before his death a few years ago. And Mrs. Grant said, "Mother carded and spun and knit from childhood to her last years of life. She remembered all her grandchildren on their birthdays with some of her own lovely lace, wool mittens, or pieced quilts. She was a fine needlewoman and lace maker."

"My grandmother told me she began her work before sun up and rarely did she stop before midnight," says Mrs. Delaney. "'How did I master that family? I often wonder now', Grandmother used to say, 'I suppose it was because I had a constitution like an iron woman.'"

"This will sound exaggerated to the present day housewife," wrote Mrs. Grant, "but there was no less than six or seven hundred quarts of fruit, jellies, jams, and all manner of pickles put up for her family every year. There was also a big oak barrel of sauerkraut and smoke house full of home-cured hams and bacons, jerked venison and elk meat."

The other seven children of Elkanah and Vianna all married and established homes of their own. George W. wedded Lillie Robinson O'Hara in 1879. Their one child, a son, died in infancy. John T. and his wife, the former Mary Prather, had two sons, John and Oliver. William P. and Jennie Crystal were married in 1877 and in addition to the five sons already named, the couple had a daughter who died in childhood.

One child who died in infancy was born to Joseph Moses and Lena (Gilland).

Closely approaching the size of the family of his oldest sister was that of the thirteen children born to Samuel T. and

his wife Rebecca (Clark). They were Olga M., Florence A., Thurston, Walter W., Moses C., Harry D., Samuel H., Fanny B., Dollie J., Rosa A., Eva B., Grace E., and Elton.

Of the two youngest Mills daughters, Elizabeth A. married Alfred T. Beall and had two sons, B. Lloyd, and Sandy while Mandana S. became the wife of Horatio P. Shriver and the mother of four girls—Laura, Jennie, Madalene, and Georgia. Elizabeth, usually spoken of as Lizzie, alone survives of all the Mills children. She is now residing in California.

Long before Elkanah Mills passed away in November, 1893 and his wife Vianna Lorinda, July 18, 1900, the descendants of the couple were so numerous that newcomers to this vicinity were warned, "Be careful what you say about a Mills or a Brown because you might be talking to one." More than 250 descendants now claim the couple as their forebearers. Every year a hundred or more of them attend the Mills reunion picnic where the family history is read and their love of laughter, music, and dancing is evidenced at the gathering where sixty-year-olds dance beside youngsters of 16 and third, fourth, and fifth generations sit together at the long tables.

Yes, Elkanah and his wife Vianna planted and nurtured more than the vine of ivy that grows on their old homestead on the banks of the Chehalis River. For like that vine, their family has sturdily weathered every storm. No frost can kill its spirit or take from it the gaiety which is its heritage.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ANNA REMLEY WHEALDON RECALLS HER PAST

(The Story of the Joseph Remley Family)

BY CELESTA DICKEY

(With acknowledgement for the use of material collected by Eunice Loge)

Anna Remley Whealdon's first remembrance goes back eighty-three years to the time when she was two years old. She was sleeping in a dry goods box. She must have been crying for her mother asked, "If I give you a sugar-tit, will you stop?" And she answered "Yes." She does not recall if the piece of sugar and cinnamon flavored bread tied in a bit of cloth was quite to her liking or not. Neither does she know how she came to be in the dry goods box.

But neither did she know then that her father, Joseph Remley, had crossed the plains in 1849 from Missouri to Grass Valley in California; and that she herself had been born, Lucy Ann, in Tumwater, Washington Territory, in 1856. It was only later that she learned these things.

Her second remembrance was at the age of four. She was lying in bed. She must have been crying again for she had both a toothache and an earache, but this time her mother didn't ask, "If I give you a sugar-tit, will you stop?" For she was occupied in removing the curtains from around the bottom of Anna's bed. Anna Whealdon doesn't remember what stopped that simultaneous aching in her tooth and ear. But she does remember why her mother was removing the ruffled curtain from around the bottom of her bed. They were moving the next day to the hewed log house on her father's homestead near by, where she was to live until she married Will Whealdon twenty years later.

But she didn't know then that her mother and father had left Tumwater, her birthplace, to live on Waunch Prairie in the little cabin known as the Bonzy house where her sister Jane was born; or that, the year before her birth, her family had taken refuge in the fort on Mound Prairie and that her father had enlisted as a member of the volunteer company during the Indian Wars of 1855-1856.

But of the next few years of her life, Anna Whealdon has many remembrances. There was the time she went black-berrying when scarcely big enough to ride on the lap of Angeline Shelton. Her older sister, Bevaline, John Van Wormer, and "Sunny" Ford went too, coaxing their horses up the slopes of what is now called Davis Hill. There must have been blackberries aplenty for they used the juice to paint her up like a little siwash. Oh, that was great fun!

And there was the homemade rag doll with sewed eyes of black thread she had loved. Many an hour she'd played mother to that little black-eyed doll. And there were the little animals her father made of cedar. He was the greatest hand to whittle. He never whittled without he made something—horses, cows, birds.

Anna Whealdon can remember that even when she was very small she liked to tease Grandma Hagar, Mary Waunch's stepmother, a nice old German woman whom smallpox had left blind in one eye. "Louisa", the old lady always called her, the German for Lucy, as she was known then. She remembers one time particularly when her mother was washing that she got up on the big log to show her daring and to try to frighten Grandma Hagar. "Louisa, Louisa," the old woman had shouted then, very much frightened for fear the child might fall and be hurt. And well she might have feared for Anna was very small and the log high. So Grandma Hagar backed up against it that the little one might get on her back and be lifted down. But Anna loved to tease and the old German woman could only shout "Louisa," as the mischievous child ran faster and faster down the log.

Then when she was eight, Anna was offered a little book called "Fanny Ray" if she would stay all night at the Waunch place. She was to sleep with Grandma Hagar who undressed and jumped between the two feather beds which, in that German home, formed both cover and mattress. But Anna was horrified and began to dress as fast as she could. She was afraid she would smother between the thick feather beds.

"Nice bed, yump in, yump in," Grandma Hagar urged; but Anna continued to dress. And Bonzy, Grandma Hagar's son, had to take her home.

And there were the Christmases when Uncle John Remley came to visit them and brought her and her brothers and sisters, Beva, Jane, John, Henry, Julia, and Perry, store-bought toys from Olympia. Her family didn't buy toys, but gave home-made gifts. But always at Christmas she and her brothers and sisters hung up their stockings against the niggerhead rocks of the fireplace. The stocking could be as large as its greedy

owner wished but must be a clean one.

And the shoes her father had made for her! How proud she'd been of them and how angry when her parents decided that they were too small for her and gave them to her younger sister, Jane. Then the humiliation of having to wear shoes made from the hired man's old boot tops. And Jane had laughed at her. She could have died.

Anna Whealdon remembers when she wore hoops and became so accustomed to them that she'd as soon have been without her dress as her hoops. She wore the small ones; she thought the large hoops silly. They always stuck out too far behind when one leaned against the bed to spread the quilts and had to be tilted sideways at door openings.

Anna's first school was a private one at the big white Borst house on the river. She stayed overnight in one of the large high-ceilinged bedrooms with the green shutters that could be closed over the tall windows. There, she and the Borst children learned their letters under a special tutor. But soon she got homesick and begged her mother to let her stay at home and have Jane walk with her along the short cut through the woods and the rest of the five miles to the Borst home and back each day.

The days at the Borst's weren't all spent with lessons for there were romps in the barn, and even though Eva Borst didn't like to play with her because she was a tomboy, it was fun to race with Ada on their stick horses, or make livelier steeds by pulling down limbs of trees and little saplings to ride. Later she and Jane and her brother John, went to school in George Washington's old log cabin.

Most dear are Anna Whealdon's memories of her mother, Jane Remley. And she adored hearing of her adventures in crossing the plains in 1852 by ox team with Bevaline, Anna's older sister. En route, her mother had contracted the measles and had almost died. One baby of the train did die. A member of the party caught three wild horses and afterwards her mother rode one. Her mother and Bevaline joined her father in Oregon and later they journeyed to Tumwater to meet John, Anna's uncle.

She loved her father a great deal too; but sometimes he seemed unjust, especially when he killed her pet pig, Emma, and very own lamb, Fanny, just for food. After they were butchered and cooked, she couldn't touch the meat of her beloved pets.

There were other times as well she preferred not to eat the meat served at the table. There was the little cub bear her father had killed in one of the apple trees on the Hagar place.

After it had been skinned and placed in the milk house, her mother had sent her down to cut off some steaks for supper. There it was, posed with its little paws reaching out toward her. She could scarcely make herself perform her errand. At the supper table she couldn't touch the meat; the little pink body had looked so much like a baby's. Try as she would, Anna could never eat bear meat after that.

The Fourth of July was a great day for her, even though she didn't have fireworks to shoot off. There was the picnic dinner to prepare and the big woodshed to clean out. The neighbors came over; and later in the day after the picnic, they all danced in the woodshed.

Anna remembers that predominant above the noise of the barnyard—the squalling of Emma and the bleating of Fanny—was the metallic sound of her father's sledge fashioning out frows and wedges, hammering out strips of white-hot iron into shoes for his neighbors' horses or tires for their ox carts. For by trade her father was this locality's first blacksmith.

Joe Borst frequently ate dinner at the Remley farm while her father was shaping out the huge plow for him from metal brought around the "Horn," the plow that even now stands by the Borst Blockhouse. While she was cooking dinner, she could hear her father's loud, jovial voice urging Joe Borst to come in for the meal. And then Joseph Remley's acceptance to the invitation to eat at the Borst place. "I'll sure do that. I'll sure do that, Joe, if nothin' passes through me bigger'n a saw log between now and then," her father said. And Joseph Remley did eat at the Borst's and often, for her father hewed the timbers for the Borst barn and made the long narrow hinges upon which its doors still swing.

Anna's mother bought dress goods from Wingard's store after it was started near the new railroad and sold socks to Mr. Wingard. Once she asked him how many he could use at fifty cents a pair, and he said, "Bring me all you have." Anna Whealdon remembers she herself could card a pound of wool one day, spin it the next, and knit a pair of socks in the third. So with their own sheep and three of the girls to work the wool, it was soon apparent he had spoken too quickly. When Anna's mother took him seventeen pair of socks, he looked a bit astonished. But he was a man of his word.

Anna Whealdon worked for Beva, who was ten years older, and her sister made her the finest dress she had ever owned, a dotted Swiss with corded seams. She remembers how elegant she thought she'd feel when she wore it to the Christmas dance at the Waunches. She could just see those corded seams swaying as she waltzed over the floor. But that evening Anna

didn't feel well so she stayed home and went to bed. Beva and her husband, John Stout, came by and put their children to bed and then went on to the Waunches.

Anna lay there wondering what her sister had worn to the dance. The more she thought about it, the more she decided that her sister had worn her new dotted Swiss dress. She looked the first thing in the morning. Her dress wasn't there. She was real mad. She felt so bad over her dress she cried. And she didn't feel any better when her sister told her how fine she had thought herself in that dotted Swiss. But she had to smile when Beva said that she must have looked as fine as she felt for she sure made Jim Edwards' coat tails pop when he saw her.

Anna Whealdon loved to think of her wedding day in 1881. After Will Whealdon and she were married, they came to live on the south half of the Ford donation claim in a log cabin known as the Shelton house, where Angeline Ford, the first white girl born north of the Columbia River had come as a bride twenty years before.

She was proud to be the wife of Will Whealdon. His ancestors had been Quakers. Joe Whealdon, his father, used "thee" and "thou" and wore a broad brimmed hat and a long white beard. He and Will owned the Shelton place together so Will agreed to pay \$6,000 and buy his father out. Everybody said, "Why bother. It's just to Grandpa Whealdon, Will owes the money. It's just the same as his own." But Will didn't feel that way. To him and Anna it was just as much a debt as if it had been to anybody else. Anna Whealdon got so she just hated interest. Everything she and Will got had to go to pay off that debt.

All who knew Will considered him as their trusted friend. She could but agree when she heard Abbott Townsend's story about her husband and the Mills's mortgage. "Will Whealdon was one of the whitest men I ever knew," Ab would say. "He had a mortgage on the Elkanah Mills homestead across the Chehalis River. Mr. Mills went to him and said, 'I can't pay you, Will. Come and take my place,' and Will said, 'I don't want your place, Mr. Mills.' He went again and again to tell Bill Whealdon to take it. The last time he said, 'Will, the place is yours. You know I can't pay you the money. Come take it; don't dilly-dally any longer.' And Will said, 'Pick out the best ten acres and see that it includes the house and barn. And keep that for yourself. Turn over the rest to me.' 'But you have a mortgage on it,' said Elkanah Mills. 'Yes, but I'll deed that part to you and the rest will be mine. There'll be enough for me when you take out yours!' " Yes, she had always thought she'd married the finest man that ever lived.

And Anna Whealdon's other brothers and sisters married too, all except "Big John," who died a bachelor. Jane had married James Martin; and Julia, John Palmer; while Henry became the husband of Ann Beaks; and Perry, of Etta Duvall from Lincoln Creek.

They had always rather spoiled Perry, the youngest, known as "Ped," and she supposed that if it hadn't been for him wanting to watch Hattie Young "coon" the log over the Skookumchuck, she guessed he never would have started to school. He just decided he didn't want to go. But the sight the other children described to him of Hattie Young on the way to school crawling on all fours across the footlog because she was afraid to walk over, proved too much for his curiosity and he went along just to see it.

Anna Whealdon always felt a bit sad as she thought of Perry's little girl, Florence. She'd been ill for quite some time and then one day very suddenly she said, "Mama, do I have to die, Mama?" Her mother tried to quiet her, but the child said, "Well, if I do, then good-bye, Mama." And a few minutes later she was dead. That just about broke Perry all up. He'd thought so much of Florence.

Henry alone of all her brothers and sisters is still living. He, like John, had been a logger.

"Big John" everybody always called her oldest brother and she guessed he must have deserved the title for he was over six feet and carried a lot of flesh, weighing well over two hundred pounds. He logged with Sam Gibson, the Morsbach boys, and his cousin, the tall, gaunt, raw-boned George Anderson. They could hardly keep a peavey whole when he was working in the woods. That is, until they got him an iron one and he bent that.

"Big John's" favorite seat, this huge man of the lumber camps, when he came to town, was at the top of the small incline on the platform of the old depot. There he'd lean against the wall singing over and over in a voice that matched his size and the woods in which he worked, "Oh, I am so hongree, I could eat about a yard and a half of balonee." And those who knew "Big John" would vouch that this was true. His appetite matched his size.

George Anderson always liked to tell about the best and cheapest supper "Big John" ever ate in the city of Tacoma. The two went into a restaurant there one evening and George ordered an ordinary supper, but "Big John" said he wanted a porterhouse steak and fifteen fried eggs. Thinking the order quite a joke, the chef selected his largest steak and wreathed it with fifteen fried eggs. "Big John" ate it all in addition to the

regular side dishes. And he declared, as he paid his bill of a dollar and a half, that it was the cheapest and best supper he had ever eaten in the city of Tacoma.

Almost like Paul Bunyan's feats were the stories told about the strength of "Big John," and his cousin, George Anderson. The two hand-logged up on the Skookumchuck. They'd fell a tree so that it would lie either up or down hill. Then they'd bark it and, as George used to express it, "a streak of lightning wouldn't be as fast as that slippery log as it shot down into the river." "A couple of bulls," old man Gilchrist called them when he saw the way John and George could move logs around.

"Those two," said Abbot Townsend, "would brace the stalks of their peaveys against their stomachs, dig their calk shoes in the dirt, and then they'd move quite a log that way. I've seen them, when making a skid road, get one of the skids on its ride side and after they got it going, guide and pull it with a peavey stuck in each side. Those two great-sized cousins would carry it along as easily and smoothly as if it were being drawn by oxen. Many's the time I've seen them do it. So I know," Mr. Townsend would affirm.

And well Anna Whealdon remembers that, in 1889, after selling for \$10,000 the 300 or so acres he'd homesteaded and pre-empted, her father Joseph and her mother traveled over the state and while on that tour were so favorably impressed father returned to Centralia, closed all his business affairs here, father returned to Cenralia, closed all his business affairs here, and March 2, 1892, moved to Yakima, where he bought a fruit farm. Then on November 23, 1901, her father died, and February 22, of the next year her mother also passed away. Both were buried in Yakima.

And as Anna Whealdon sits in the front room of the large square two-story frame house near the Calvin Bridge in the home that her husband, Billy Whealdon, built for her and her children, Willy, Beva, and Joe, her memory often goes on long journeys as far back as the time eighty-three years ago when she was Lucy Ann sleeping in a dry goods box and her mother said, "If I give you a sugar-tit, will you stop crying?"

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE AUGUST DAVID HILPERT FAMILY

BY PEGGY DORAN

Edited with additions by Dorothy D. Canfield

August David Hilpert's little finger was as big as an ordinary man's thumb and his whole body was large in proportion. Six feet he was in height, and he weighed 200 pounds.

A first-class soldier he would have made in the army of his native Germany, but he disliked compulsory military service and so he emigrated to America. A silk weaver by trade, he worked for a time in a woolen factory in Massachusetts. Then he joined a company of so-called "Free Soilers" that located and formed the town of Lawrence, Kansas. But the colonists were in sympathy with the North, for their mission was not only to settle up the country, but to make Kansas a free state. So the slave holders of the South opposed them and the "bushwackers," or Southern sympathizers, often ambushed and shot members of the colony.

Again his liberty was being interfered with and August David Hilpert decided to go still farther west. He started for California, but turned north to Washington Territory; and, in 1858, selected a 160-acre tract in a little valley of the Skookumchuck about five miles northeast of the present city of Centralia.

His land might be called a script farm because he purchased it with soldier's script he had bought from a veteran of the Mexican War and which entitled the holder to purchase government land for \$1.25 an acre anywhere except in sections already claimed by settlers. He could have taken out a homestead or pre-emption, but that would have necessitated his settling on the land, and August David Hilpert, the giant of a man who had crossed an ocean and half a continent in order that he might be free, didn't care to be restrained, even by required residence on the land. He wanted to be off to the gold mines in California and along the Snake River in Idaho. But the 160 acres he had purchased formed a little haven to which he returned periodically.

By 1860, his wanderings over, he came back to his acreage on the Skookumchuck to build his cabin and clear his land. About five or six acres were prairie and there he planted his

first crop of wheat and oats. Then taking an axe, though many of his neighbors used a brush scythe or hook, he slashed the thicket of hardhack, rosebush, and hazel that adjoined the little prairie. With a yoke of oxen and a breaking plow, he turned over the black soil and there planted blue stem wheat and garden truck. The soil was good and produced 30 to 40 bushels of wheat to each acre and a half, enough to keep an entire family over the winter.

Gradually he cleared more and more land. Down in the little bottom, he removed the buckbrush and hazelbush and sowed potatoes and kohlrabi in the black muck. In the river bottom he took out the vine maple and other small stuff; then he bored holes in the large firs, burned them standing, and planted potatoes and garden truck around their stumps. These grew well the first year on the virgin soil; and so, little by little, he cleared his land.

But even the efforts of a man the stature of August David Hilpert were dwarfed by the forces of nature during the winter of 1860-1861 when it started to snow before Christmas and continued at frequent intervals until April. He afterward told his oldest son that the snow was two and a half feet deep most of that winter and the temperature stayed down below zero. "I left my farm the first of March," he said, "to walk to Portland. The snow was still deep then, but it had begun to melt in rings around the south side of the trees. I went over to the Chehalis River where the grist mill was later built and George Washington often ran the ferry. The ice was a foot thick in the Chehalis River and I walked across to the Military Road and then on to Portland. My partner, John Christman, who stayed on my place that spring, said the snow was still lying on the ground when he left April 1."

In about 1862 August Hilpert went to Oregon and brought home the stock for his orchard—apple trees with only one plum among them. "He said he carried them on his back from Cowlitz Landing," remarked Rheinholt Hilpert, his eldest son, "and I guess he meant just that. He was strong enough to carry even a full grown tree anywhere if he wanted to." These eighty-year-old trees are still producing fruit on the old Hilpert place, and can be seen a short distance from the present highway.

But August David Hilpert grew tired of feeling tied down to the land so he took a trip to Indiana. There he met Magdalena Gephardt who had come from Bavaria, Germany, when she was 25 years old, and they were married in 1869. Their wedding trip was a beautiful one. They went by train to Boston, by boat to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed that neck

of land by rail, and embarked for San Francisco where the couple spent some time. By water to Portland, river boat to Cowlitz Landing, and by stage to the Halfway House on Fords Prairie and they were home.

When David Hilpert returned to his 160 acres on the Skookumchuck with Magdalena, his bride, his farm took on a new interest. In 1870 his first child, Rheinholt, was born; and the boy farmed with his father as soon as he was big enough to hold an axe.

August David Hilpert might have exercised his homestead or pre-emption rights to include the adjoining quarter section later settled by the Guderyans or any of the other surrounding land, but he kept his holdings small so that he might have close neighbors. A timber claim of forty acres to the north of his place was the only such right he ever exercised.

Crops grew well in the new land and August David Hilpert sowed a quarter of an acre in field peas which thrived and were good to eat green and made excellent food to fatten his hogs. No aphids disturbed the peas in the new soil and they threshed out white and clean with no worms at the heart. "Father sowed a peck of seed in one-eight acre and got eleven bushels out of it—an average of 80 to 90 bushels to the acre. Crops grew well in the new land," recalled Rheinholt Hilpert.

"Cattle during the homestead period," he explained, "had no regular pasturage but were turned out to forage for themselves. An occasional patch of grass they might find; but in the spring they lived on the shoots of the wild vetch, a pea which at maturity reached two or three feet. Timber rye, a tall wild grass like timothy, grew in the wooded sections; and the cattle also browsed on the tender shoots of the vine maple. Our cattle, like others in this locality, were not branded; but were identified by a mark such as a slit in the ear.

"First of course, we traded in Olympia, and took the grist there until the Woodham Mill began operating in Centerville about 1880. But when Tenino became a city of importance, father used to trade at F. R. Brown's store there," he continued. "Father just ordered what he wanted and Brown put it on the train marked 'Hilpert Prairie' and it was put off at our private platform. The train stopped anywhere in those days. We also raised hay. We put it in bales three feet square, fastened by a hand press. The type of hay determined the weight of the bale. They might be 125 to 300 or even 400 pounds if it were timothy, for it ran heaviest. We had a hay shed on the railroad where we stored the bales to be shipped.

"We liked Brown's better than trading in Centerville, for he had a better stock. But we did buy at the Davis Store in

the early 80's, and I can remember walking into town when I was nine or ten carrying a half-dozen live chickens, three tied head down on each end of a pole and the pole resting across my shoulders. I traded them out at Davis'.

"In 1874 or 1875, Father helped to build the little schoolhouse I attended — the Packwood School upon Hanaford Creek," recalls Rheinholt Hilpert. "It was one room about 22 by 26 feet of logs, split and hewed 8 by 16 or 20 inches and 26 feet long. Moss and mud were in the chinks. The floor was of rough one by six sawed boards hauled from Seatco, as Bucoda was then called. The desks were six feet long, of lumber dressed by hand, and accommodated two or three pupils. The seats had high backs and a shelf for keeping books on the seat in front, with a board attached to the seat ahead where the scholars put their copy books. It's surprising, but we wrote on them rather comfortably, too; that is, if the fellow next to you didn't hit your arm and make you run off the page. Of course store ink was preferred, but sometimes we made it by using the rust from nails soaked in vinegar.

"There was but one nail on the wall of that little school. My father drove it there when the building was completed. He drew a chalk square around it. 'That, son, is where you hang your hat,' he told me. I did so. But one of the big boys, Eph McElfresh, decided it was the place to hang his. He threw mine on the floor. The teacher intervened and I hung my hat on the nail.

"I still have my Towne Speller that was used by all of the scholars in all grades. It begins with the ABC's and progresses from words of one syllable to two, three, and finally up to ten. In mine is written the name of my first teacher, 'Bill Berry, 1875.' I was then five years old. Boylike, I later tried to mark it out with ink, but the writing shows faintly through.

"I guess that little schoolhouse means even more to me than it did to any of the other scholars. In 1911 I bought part of the old Shimek place that contained the land it was built on and then I lived in the old school. The half-pitch roof I changed to a quarter-pitch making it bungalow style. I took out the mud and moss and mixed lime, cement, and sand and plastered the openings between the logs. That old Packwood Schoolhouse is still standing. It's been moved from the old orchard and is now on the Gilkey place, but you can see it on the left-hand side of the road as you ride up the Hanaford Valley."

When Rheinholt Hilpert was a boy, he didn't care to hunt even though game was abundant and he and his sisters used to see elk on their way to school. He did, however, like to fish. There were plenty of trout eight to sixteen inches long

in the river. "As a boy I would use a number eight black thread," he explained, "doubled four times and twisted, or maybe a chalk line with a hook on it, or store cord blackened with hardwood charcoal and waxed with shoemaker's wax. I used to allow about eight feet for a fish line, so a piece of store cord tied once in the middle would usually give sufficient length. I used grasshoppers as bait for trout and lowered my hook into a riffle. The river was full of brush and drift and there were plenty of them. But this was before the sawmills, with their sawdust, killed off the fish that breathed it into their gills and choked to death. Or before the splash dams and the grease on the logs killed the fish or chased them away. For the dams lowered the river to a few feet, then flooded it with a rush of water, mud, and logs, and then repeated it again a week or so later."

Rheinolt Hilpert, who still resides on the homestead, married Lilla Harrison in 1906. The three children born to them were Hamlet, Lowell, and Shirley.

August David Hilpert and his wife, Magdalena, had seven other children. Selma, born December 23, 1872, married Prof. Carl Pitzer who taught music in the Centralia schools before his death in 1914. Their children were Lona, Lenora, and Carl. She is now Mrs. William Wagner of Tacoma. Hannah, the next child, born February 14, 1875, lives in El Paso, Texas. She is a widow, her husband, Fred Schoefer, having died in 1935. One son, Hilpert Schoefer, survives. Pauline, born March 14, 1878 is now Mrs. Reece and resides in Seattle.

Hattie (Mrs. Robert Teeter) was born January 8, 1880 and makes her home in Gig Harbor. Four children were born to her and her husband—Alonzo, Harold, Salma, and Vernon.

Otto was born April 19, 1882. He, his wife Milly (Dortzbach), and daughter Eileen also live on part of the home place, the section that is now across the line in Thurston County. Phillip, who married Alice Padham, was born July 23, 1883, and was a widower when he was drowned in the river behind his home on March 15, 1932. He is survived by two daughters, Evelyn and Beulah, and one son, Frederick. Helena, the youngest child, born November 23, 1885, is now living in Denver, Colorado, and is the wife of Herbert Schaefer.

So with his family of eight children around him, David August Hilpert, who had crossed an ocean and half a continent that he might be free, enjoyed a peace and liberty on his homestead of one hundred sixty acres until he passed away on August 20, 1906 and was buried in the Washington Lawn Cemetery in Centralia. His wife, Magdalena, survived him until February 21, 1935, when she died at the age of 93.

## CHAPTER XX

### THE JOSEPH PHELPS FAMILY

BY LEAH EDWARDS

(With acknowledgment for the use of material collected by Betty Benedict.)

Ninety-three-year-old Polly Phelps Garrison, the only living pioneer in this locality who came West in an ox-driven covered wagon, was only eleven years old when, in 1861, she accompanied her father, Joseph Phelps, and her mother, Isabelle Brown Phelps, from Iowa to their intended homesite on Fords Prairie. Also in the covered wagon were her brothers, George, Albert, and Thomas, and her baby sister, Lillian.

Before starting on their trip, however, they had a few visitors. The tiny Lillian contracted whooping cough from one of the friends who came to say good-bye, and shortly after the wagon trains started across the plains, she died and was buried on the prairie.

Polly Garrison recalls that the little caravan, which consisted of only five or six wagons, had several exciting encounters with the redskins. "Those great big Indians came with feathers in their hair and big blankets wrapped around them. They looked wild," she said in describing them. Perhaps they looked even more terrifying to eleven-year-old Polly when she recalled the spot where, earlier in the journey, she'd seen bones scattered over the ground "where the whites were killed by the Indians," some of her train had told the wide-eyed child.

Each night, Polly recalls, the ox drivers would form a circle with their wagons and while she, the women, and other children slept, the men would stand guard. In reward for this vigilance, only one horse was stolen.

One time the little band, knowing the redskins were searching for them, drove their wagons into a small hollow where they stayed until midnight, breathlessly waiting, making no noise and striking no light until they were sure that all danger was passed.

Young Polly held her breath again, too, when the Indians chased the immigrant wagons for a whole day—they on one side of a river, and the pursuing redskins on the other.

While the covered wagons pushed on westward, Polly and her family often felt that Providence was indeed caring

for them, especially at the stopping place where one of their cows drank from a near-by stream and lay down on the ground and died. In this way were they warned not to use the water.

There was plenty to eat on the trip, according to Polly, for she recalls that her father loaded one whole wagon with the bacon he'd cured for the trip. "We had a cook along, too," she said, "and he used a reflector to bake biscuits on the camp fire. Them was real nice biscuits I remember."

Along in the covered wagon with the household articles was a butter bowl made of hard curly maple. Polly's grandfather had traded a bushel of wheat for it many years before and it was a beautiful thing indeed, bleaching out all white when washed and placed in the sun after her mother had used it to work the milk out of her newly-churned butter. The bowl, now over a hundred years old, is prized by Polly's daughter, Myrtle. Her daughter, Mary, has a rubber-corked camphor bottle which also came across the plains in the covered wagon.

Upon arriving at Fords Prairie, Polly's family stayed with her mother's brother, Robert Brown, who was already settled on 320 acres of land. Then, as Polly recalls, her father traded a yoke of oxen to J. K. Lum for the improvements on the homestead he'd taken west of her uncle's down on the Chehalis River near the mouth of Lincoln Creek where a sand bar made the crossing of the stream easy and which a few years later was called "The Ford" by the settlers of Lincoln Creek Valley.

Iowa was pretty well settled when Polly started on the journey West, and the country around her new homesite on the prairie looked wild by comparison. Formerly the Indians had used it for a burial place and in the trees and stout bushes were the bodies of their dead, wrapped in blankets or placed in baskets. Frequently when her father plowed or pulled out a stump he would open up an Indian grave revealing trinkets and long chains of blue beads which he gave to little Polly.

But she didn't remain "little" very long. For at the age of 16, Polly married Calvin S. Garrison and at 18 she was the first white woman to set foot on Klickitat Prairie. On the way, an Indian paddled her across a flooded river in a canoe and commanded her to look down into the bottom of the craft so that she wouldn't become excited and upset the boat.

Twelve children were born to Polly: Harvey, Albert (Ab), Nancy, Bell, Lillian, Sabina, William, Mary, Frank, George, Joe, and Myrtle.

Polly's mother was known as "Grandma" Phelps to the residents of the prairie. She was skilled in giving medical aid, and was godmother to a great many babies in the community. William H. King, who homesteaded on the prairie, became her particular charge when she cared for him and treated a cancer

on his lip. He promised to give her his property if she would care for him until he died. She did and when he passed away in 1874, he was buried in the family plot in Mount View Cemetery.

Polly's brother, George, married Mary Ellen Mills in 1875. They had nine children: Lloyd, Bertie, Guy, Edna, Willie, Anna, Flossie, Opal, and Charlie.

Her brother, Albert, married May C. Pearson in 1882 and they had seven children—Carie, Fred, Jessie, Frank, Henry, Albert, and Joe.

Polly's brother, Thomas, never married, for in 1881, when he was only 29 years of age, he lost his life in an accident at the ford near his home. Dora West, her aunt, Hannah Dobson, and the latter's little baby, were crossing the river to visit their relatives, the Devlins, who lived at the mouth of Lincoln Creek. The river had risen so they called by to ask Thomas Phelps to drive them over for he had had experience at the ford and had crossed when the river was very high indeed.

It was the next day before anyone knew of the tragedy. Farther down the river stood the horses, still hitched to the wagon, the tongue slipped out of the neck yoke and stuck into the bank. One by one they recovered the bodies. George Phelps's daughter, Bertie, said "I remember they brought Mrs. Dobson's body into our yard. It was lying in a wagon bed on a blanket placed over the straw. Childlike, I went up to look at her and I remember that she'd turned quite black."

It was more than a month and a half later that the body of the tiny baby was found, covered with sand and only its hand and a corner of its shawl sticking above the sand.

"Grandmother grieved so for Uncle Thomas she said it seemed as though the top of her head was all hollow. His death was so sudden, and he'd always been so good to her," recalled Bertie Morris.

George, and his wife Mary Ellen, lived with Grandma and Grandpa Phelps on their homestead. Bertie, their daughter, has many recollections of her life there. "Our house was on a high bank," she said, "but when the water rose, it flooded the adjoining farms of Hi Andrews and Tom Duncan, who'd lead their cattle to higher ground and tie them to stumps. Then we'd row over in our boat and get our neighbors. They'd stay with us for about 24 hours while the water continued to rise."

Winter, however, also brought its pleasurable hours. "When the little slough on our place froze over," Bertie remembers, "it was just like a lake and all the young folks of the community would gather and build a bonfire and after-

wards they would all go up to our house and have coffee, bacon and fried eggs, and bread and butter. We'd sing songs and my father, George Phelps, who'd been to a singing school in the East, had a very good voice and would lead. Grandma and Grandpa Phelps were good singers, too.

"Uncle Thomas had the nicest cutter, a beautiful thing with bells on the harness," Bertie continued, "and we had a bobsled. When the snow was on the ground about two and a half feet deep—there was much more snow then than we have now—we'd put a wagon box on it and pile in straw and blankets and then we would ride all over the countryside singing songs such as 'Seeing Nellie Home,' 'The Bird on Nellie's Hat,' and the old hymns that we all loved, 'Beulah Land' and 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye.' "

Bertie remembers that she and her brother Lloyd attended the Lum Schoolhouse on the prairie and that the first day she went, she cried all the way to school and back. "When the new school was built near Raish's Corner, we walked there to Sunday school. It was our only Sunday recreation," she added.

In the late 1880's, "Grandpa" and "Grandma" Phelps moved to town where they built a house on the half block he owned on West Plum and South Iron. At his death in 1898, Joseph Phelps left this property to his daughter, Polly; while he gave Albert the 160 acres (known now as the Henry Loomis place) William King had deeded to him and his wife; and George received the original homestead near the ford on the Chehalis River.

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE JESSE ALLRED FAMILY

BY VERNE ERWIN

(Edited with additions by Dorothy D. Canfield)

Jesse Allred, and later his children and grandchildren, settled the part of Lewis County which lies southwest of Centralia, their land running, for the most part, along the old Chehalis Road. That section was known as the Allred Addition.

Mr. Allred was born in Tennessee of English and Scotch parentage. In 1822 he married Margaret Redmond of Kentucky, and lived there until their first child was born. They then moved to Morgan County, Illinois, and farmed for several years. They remained in that section of the country for the next forty years, living at different times in Missouri, Illinois, Texas, and Kansas, where their twelve children, Thomas, Mary Ann, Emily, Solomon, John, Jasper, Newton, Martha, Cyrus, William, Sanford, and Isaac were born.

In 1863, Jesse Allred, in the company of a small band of pioneers, started across the plains for Oregon. With him were four of his sons, Cyrus, Sanford, Solomon, and Isaac. With Solomon was his wife, Mary Walker Allred, and three children, Sarah, Daniel, and Margaret, age five, three, and one, respectively.

An unfortunate incident occurred near Salt Lake City when a yoke of oxen was lost. For three days they searched, staying behind while the rest of the train continued on. Their search was in vain, and finally Solomon Allred acted upon a suggestion and proceeded to Salt Lake City where it was thought he might find the lost cattle. Sure enough, the animals were found at the first residence they came upon. The lady of the house, however, was reluctant to give the oxen back to their rightful owner, insisting that they belonged to her. Mr. Allred took the cattle in spite of threats that the irate woman would send her husband after them as soon as he returned home.

The Allreds overtook the wagon train at Raft River, a few miles farther on, and the entire company prepared for any trouble which might arise over the ownership of the oxen. However, nothing came of it.

On September 13, 1863, the party arrived at Powder River Valley, in eastern Oregon where Solomon Allred and his family remained four weeks. From there they pushed on to Auburn, a small town farther west, where Solomon Allred took up a partnership in a gold mine. He operated the mine for two years, making a fair profit, but in 1865 he discovered that his partner had been stealing a part of his share, so he sold out and took his family north to Washington Territory. Two children, James and Clemy, were born at Auburn.

Jesse Allred and his three sons first went to the Willamette Valley, then on to settle on eighty acres southwest of the present city of Centralia.

When Solomon Allred settled on a piece of land on the Chehalis Road, he located just east of his father. Cyrus, who had married Millie Smith, had a farm joining Solomon's land, and Isaac lived with his father and mother. Sanford and his wife, Clara, had taken out a homestead, but neglected to file on it. They later separated and Sanford did not return to his home here. They had several children.

Isaac married Mary Ager and had three children, Clyde, Carl, and Dean. Isaac inherited the land of his father, Jesse, at the latter's death in 1881, but he later traded it for property elsewhere.

A daughter, Emily, came to this vicinity some years later. She had married in the East, had three children, and after her husband died, married again, this time to John Smith. They had two children, one of whom died. The other, James, then came West with his mother. Emily's third husband was William Eden. One girl, Lizzie, was born to them.

The only other Allred to live here was Thomas, Jesse's son. He, his wife, and one son came to Centralia, many years after the other Allreds, for a visit. While here, the wife died. Thomas, who was very old, remained here the rest of his life.

Solomon's assets left from his venture in gold mining in Oregon amounted to about \$1,900, and with part of the money he bought the relinquishment right on a homestead of 160 acres from "Governor" White. In a small clearing on this land was a two-roomed log cabin, completely surrounded by forests. They lived here for some time. Later, 49 acres were added to his holdings. The many cattle which the Allreds had, roamed the woods from the homestead to the town of Chehalis. In this second home six children were born—Alice, Thomas, Elizabeth, Flora, Lettie, and Johnnie. Lettie died at the age of four, and Johnnie at the age of one.

Like most other pioneers who owned timber acreage, Mr. Allred tried to get rid of the forests which seemed so

useless. A destructive session of cutting and burning timber was begun, and the refuse was floated down the Chehalis River.

In 1879 Solomon Allred signed a contract to dig a mill race for George Woodham to supply water power for a grist mill. It was to connect the Skookumchuck and Chehalis rivers by a ditch running through Centerville. The job was coming along very well when rock was struck a few feet below the surface. In the true pioneer spirit, friends volunteered their help, realizing that Mr. Allred had made a bad bargain. The extra labor involved in this action put the contractors \$1,600 in debt. On the final settlement, Mr. Woodham allowed a total of \$1,600 for digging the ditch to the mill.

In 1889, eight acres of the Allred land were leased to Asa Barnaby for the purpose of building a sawmill and shingle mill. After three years Barnaby decided it was not a paying speculation, so he turned the land back to Allred.

For a few years Solomon Allred raised hops, which were sent to Herman Young to be dried in his drying shed. From this venture he netted about \$500 a year. He also made quite a success of trapping, from September to May, for beaver, otter, and mink. Occasionally cougar or bear from the surrounding forests would molest the settlers and they would send for Mr. Allred and his hunting dogs. The well-trained hounds would tree the animals, making them easy targets. The dogs also ran down many deer, thus supplying meat for the family.

When the Solomon Allreds first settled on their Chehalis River homestead, they flailed their own grain and took it to Tumwater to be ground. There they also purchased what necessities they could afford. Once, when Daniel and Jim, age 14 and 10, were taking the grist to Tumwater alone, they encountered a cougar. They were driving the slow oxen along the trail when the animals began to show panic. The boys could barely restrain them. They threw stones up the path at the cougar and went on. It was necessary, because of the distance to Tumwater, for them to camp alone on Bush Prairie, about halfway between the two points. That night they slept under the wagon, with the oxen tied on each side, and a fire burning to frighten away the animals.

In fact Dan, now eighty-one, recalls that his father was absent from home a large part of the time hunting and trapping and it was his duty, boy that he was, to care for the farm. "My father killed more bear and other animals than any other man in this part of the country," says Dan. "He had, I believe, what was the best hunting dog around here, Lee, a big spotted hound. He trapped and hunted on the Chehalis and Ne-

waukum rivers, in the Puyallup county, Lincoln Creek, and on the school section up Salzer Valley. He stretched otter skins on a board and beaver skins on a hoop and I've seen a stack of beaver skins at our place higher than my head."

In 1869 Sarah and Daniel attended the first school, located near the Gravel Pit, on the west side of Centralia. After 1870, the children went to the Alder Street School, which had classes three months a year. It is said that during the time of the floods Mr. Allred took his children to school in a dugout canoe, and when snow covered the ground, the same canoe, filled with children, was pulled over the snow by horses. Despite conditions, the youngsters enjoyed themselves. Dan, a small, wiry lad, was known as a "game sport." He wrestled willingly, even though the other boys could easily put him down. "A jewel of a boy," one of his former playmates called him.

Following the custom, Mr. Allred himself made most of his family's shoes. One day a traveling shoemaker stopped at their home and offered to make a pair of shoes with heels for daughter Margaret, about eight years old. When he had finished, the delighted girl went immediately out into the mud to see what kind of tracks the new pair of shoes would make.

Sarah, the oldest of Solomon Allred's children, married James Sanders. Margaret, Clemy, Alice, and Elizabeth married Allen Isom, Walter Garrett, Pasco Morgan, and George Doty, respectively. Flora's first husband was a Mr. Simmons; she was later married to Jim Rush.

Dan and James were married to Belle Tupper and Dora Neil. Thomas' first marriage was short-lived, and he was later married to Cora Brown.

At the time of Solomon Allred's death in 1895, five of his children had land in the Allred Addition along the Chehalis Road. Jim's farm was located farthest north; next in line was the home of Lizzie Allred Doty; then Alice Allred Morgan's, and Dan's and Margaret's. Their father's tall house still stands in its original location.

Clustered together on their land bordering the Old Chehalis Road, the Allreds were a close-knit group. This family unity prompted Neil Clark, a young scholar at the Alder Street School, when angry with one member of the family, to compose a little verse:

Cy, Solomon, San,  
Isaac, and the old man,  
Jim, Tom, and Dan.

This rhyme well-illustrated that to be at odds with one Allred was to be up against them all.

Several of the family are still living in this vicinity. Dora Neil Allred, widow of Solomon Allred's son, James, lives on West Locust Street. Her daughter, Lucy Allred Mills, lives at 222 South Rock Street. Margaret Allred Isom lives at 1112 F Street, and her brother, Dan Allred, and his second wife (my grandmother, Sadie Erwin) at 812 Alder Street. James Smith, son of Emily Allred Smith, lives on Waunch Prairie and Dan's son, Frank, on Fords Prairie.

Carl, Isaac's son, lives with his family near Napavine, and Clyde, also a son of Isaac, is thought to live in Everett.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE WILLIAM F. BRYANS

BY DONNA TISDALE

"Here comes the walking Thirteenth Amendment!" remarked William Henry Barnes, an early settler, whenever he saw his neighbor, William F. Bryan, a bad-tempered, talkative Negro come striding toward his front door. Before he had settled on a homestead of 160 acres in 1865 in the part of Centralia which now lies east of Diamond Street. Bryan had come from the South where he had been a valet. He was a well-educated man and had traveled extensively; but he had never traveled far or fast enough to leave behind him his diabolical temper or his chronic ill-nature.

He was subject to violent rages and was more often angry than not. Then his dark face which seemed even blacker in contrast with the white shirts he wore, and his slightly graying stiff stubby whiskers and his broad flat nose all united to give a terrifying aspect to the irate Negro as he towered six feet, four above any of his shorter townspeople who were unfortunate enough to arouse his wrath. His favorite method of attack was by using his head with which he would butt his victim again and again.

Such an unfortunate one was the rather elderly Levi Zumwalt, a small man who reached scarcely to the tall Negro's shoulders, and had an encounter with Bryan once when they met on the railroad tracks in front of a Mrs. John Moore's house. Bryan liked to boast of this incident and was often heard describing it, ending with, "I'd butt him and I'd butt him and every time I'd butt him he'd yell, 'O Mrs. Moore! O Mrs. Moore!'"

The ill-tempered darky even quarreled with the mild-mannered colored city founder, George Washington. There was constantly a squabbling between the two, amounting almost to a feud. The two even went armed so that each might protect himself against the threats of the other.

The small boys of the community were likewise frequent objects of Bryan's anger. At such time his weapon was the long cane which he always carried.

"He was just plain mean," recalls Abbott Townsend. "When he walked down the street, swinging his cane and with a huge wad of chewing tobacco in his jaw, if a boy laughed

happily at play as far as two blocks away, he'd hunt the lad out and try to punish him. I can see him yet with his heavy cane waving it around his head, his nostrils dilating until each was as big as a man's fist as he shouted, 'I'll cane you, suh!' Then we kids did run."

Mr. Bryan may have seemed a demon to the young boys; but he had a devoted admirer in little Annie Barnes, his neighbor's daughter. Each Sunday he further won her admiration and devotion by presenting her with the funny papers. His frequent trips to Portland always resulted in a present for Annie. One of these gifts was a Newfoundland puppy which had to be killed because it molested chickens.

However much the little daughter liked the Negro, her father's feelings were in exact opposition. What William Bryan enjoyed most was talking religion and politics with Henry Barnes. What Henry Barnes enjoyed least was talking religion and politics with William Bryan.

Perhaps, even with his quarrelsome disposition, Bryan could have had more friends, but his inability to tell a story straight provoked the townspeople against him.

Mrs. Bryan, unlike her husband, was light in color and gentle in nature. The white shirts which he always wore were the result of hours spent over the ribbed wash boards and were the envy of all the housewives in the neighborhood, who, try as they would, could never attain that crisp freshness or snowlike whiteness in their husband's shirts.

But the effort and time she put into her laundrying were only typical of the former slave woman. The floors of her simple house were so clean that their immaculate surfaces convinced the small boys who glimpsed them through the kitchen door that they could eat off the very boards themselves. Practically every night after school a group of children would stop to beg for the delicious bread and jam which "Aunt Jane" always gave to them. It seemed strange to the youngsters that so sweet a woman could have married a man like Mr. Bryan. Her quiet manner and light color, nevertheless, were evidently admired by her husband and led him to boast that she was a daughter of a former governor of Virginia.

Naturally reserved, Jane Bryan associated with few persons unless some one needed her help. Most of her time was spent sewing and cooking while her husband wandered around town. But once when Mrs. James C. Ready, residing on a homestead in what is now the east portion of the Logan District, was ill, the kind-hearted Negro woman, learning that the Indian who did Mrs. Ready's washing could not be found, walked to the Ready's and secured the laundry. She carried it home, laundered it, and returned it promptly. This she con-

tinued to do until the sick woman recovered. The washing was done so beautifully that the Ready family considered it almost a desecration to wear or wrinkle the garments. In accordance with pioneer customs she accepted no pay for her services.

Mrs. Bryan took a fancy to young Ada Ready and gave her an exquisitely carved tiny bone thimble which resembled an acorn. She told the child to save the gift and sew with it only to make her wedding dress. However, Ada, with a small child's curiosity, used it and broke it.

William Bryan occasionally worked for Mrs. Schyler Saunders, who owned most of Saundersville, later rechristened Chehalis. He raised her turkeys and when the fowls were ready, drove them to market in Tumwater. It must have made a strange sight indeed—the tall Negro driving the speckled birds like a shepherd might herd his sheep. But a shepherd never had the trouble with his flock that the darky had the first night with his. When the fowls halted for the night, they immediately flew into the surrounding trees to roost. Bryan was so frustrated that he worried all night lest he should never get the flock together again. In the morning to the Negro's relief, the birds flew down and were easily gathered together again. Nevertheless, Bryan never ceased to worry each time his money investment disappeared into the forest, and he had cause for anxiety for several days and nights in a row because the muddy, narrow roads made the trip to Tumwater a very slow one indeed. And during the days, the turkeys very often refused to follow the beaten path and resorted to little expeditions all by themselves.

Early residents of Centerville recall that about the year 1879, Bryan had a colored boy, Joe Prescott, working for him. Joe, a big, easy-going lad of fifteen, was slightly heavy set. At the Alder Street School which he attended with the other pioneer children, he was well-liked, but because of shyness and a sensitive nature, he never entered into the games unless he was urged. Often he was seen hunting on Seminary Hill, then part of the Bryan property, an old musket over his shoulder.

At the Bryan home his life was filled with frequent beatings and he was the butt of all his employer's cruelty and meanness. The acute situation could not escape the neighbors' attention for the sound of the whacks which the Negro gave the youth reached across the fields and echoed down the railroad tracks like shots from Joe's ancient musket. After a time, the neighbors could no longer stand the cruel treatment which the colored youngster was receiving and they wrote to Joe's

father in Portland asking him to send money for the boy's train fare home.

In the meantime, Joe often went hunting for pheasants and each time he left the house, he sneaked a few articles of his clothing and hid them on the wooded slope.

One day he took his old musket and started toward the hill—"Good-bye Aunt Jane, I'm going hunting," were his words of farewell to the woman who had befriended him. But instead of carrying through his professed intentions, he hid the gun in the barn, gathered his clothes, and caught the ten o'clock south-bound train.

Evening came and Joe did not appear. Aunt Jane began to get very worried but her husband was merely disagreeable. Finally grumbling and snarling about what he would do when he found the absent boy, Bryan took his heavy cane and started to look for the youngster. At the neighbor's he was told, "Well, I don't suppose you'll have to look any farther. Guess Joe ought to be in Portland with his dad now."

The words had the same effect as touching a match to a short-fused package of firecrackers. Curses and threats flew in every direction. But the boy, almost a hundred miles away, was safe even from the blows of Bryan's long cane.

Bryan supervised the building of his own tomb which stood at the foot of Seminary Hill among the trees of his orchard. The hutlike structure was made of brick and was constructed at least two years before his death in 1889. However, the carefully-slatted roof didn't keep the rain out. To the colored man, the worst thing that could happen would be to be laid to rest in a tomb into which water seeped. So he was buried in the Tullis Cemetery and work was begun on a new and better constructed burial chamber, built by his widow of Tenino sandstone and slate. It still stands, a one-room stone house with a steel vault door above which is carved "Bryan-1890."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Bryan was alone except for her nephew, Allen Miller, from Washington, D. C., who had resided with his relatives for many years previously. He, incidentally, was a character equally as picturesque as William Bryan himself, delivering milk to town customers by using an old baby buggy to aid him in transporting the milk cans. Allen Miller pushing his baby buggy along, the milk cans rattling as they jostled together over the bumps of the uneven board walks, formed a familiar sight and sound to early risers of the growing city.

The colored man's favorite by-word was "By zounds." He was also often heard to sigh and then give just the first lines of that old song "Bohunkus" paraphrasing it a bit as he'd

suddenly break into a conversation with:

There was a man he had two sons  
And those two sons were brothers,

Then he'd go on talking, never completing the verse  
which told

Bohunkus was the name of one  
Josephus was the other,

Perhaps Allen Miller might well have recited the second  
stanza as well:

Now these two boys had suits of clothes  
And they were made for Sunday  
Bohunkus wore his every day  
Josephus, his on Monday.

For truly Allen Miller had a suit and other clothes also  
and he loved to put them on and show himself off about the  
town.

"And did that Negro dress!" exclaimed Abbott Townsend in recalling the darky's splendor. "Now when I say dress I mean dress. He wore a silk plug hat, a swallow-tail coat with ends that flapped his legs when he walked, and such long wing points on his high starched collar that they fairly propped up his ears."

Shortly before the time of Bryan's death, his wife donated five acres of land to the Grace Seminary. Then in April, 1907, the kind old slave laundress passed away.

The nephew decided to move the body of William Bryan from the tomb where it had lain for 17 years and, after a sort of double funeral, rebury it with that of his Aunt Jane in the Mount View Cemetery.

Those who recall the pageantry of the burial will agree that Allen Miller's desire for the bizarre was not limited to his love of the unusual in his own attire. "He planned a funeral—decorations, procession, and all that appealed to his Negro heart," said Charles Sticklin, local mortician, who supervised it.

"The service was held under the auspices of the Baptist Church, but because Allen feared no building in town could hold the large crowd he anticipated, the ceremony took place under the large cherry tree by Bryan's tomb. Mayor Frank Miller was in charge of the arrangements. After the service the pallbearers lined up on either side of each death carriage and the procession moved on to Tower Avenue, then down Main Street and out the highway to the cemetery.

"First came a hearse drawn by two white horses heavily draped with black nets. Then followed a second funeral car pulled by two black horses. The pallbearers were likewise white and black, matching the respective carriages. A picture of the procession even appeared on the front page of the local daily paper."

Allen Miller also had romance in his life. He courted Stella Harding, a colored girl, and one night when they went out together, Stella's mother waited up for her daughter. Midnight came, no Stella. Dawn and still no Stella. Finally in the early hours of the morning, the furious mother saw the little baby carriage rolling down the street. Pushing it was the colored milkman. The enraged woman met him at her porch. "Allen Miller, where's my Stella?" she demanded.

"Why didn't you know your Stella and me got married last night," Allen replied.

"I'll slit your throat, you dirty nigger!" the newly-made mother-in-law shrieked. But she evidently decided on a more conventional procedure for Allen Miller continued to push the buggy every morning on his route and he and Stella were very happy together.

The darky later acquired the job of driving the town street sprinkler. In the summer, the oozing mud of the winter streets dried, leaving a dust three inches deep and making the sprinkler indispensable. It was a welcome sight to see old Allen in the early morning perched atop the wagon clicking the reins and calling to his huge bay horse. The animal was so old and tired that it often went to sleep and fell in the traces. To keep old Jumbo from doing this Allen would call out in a loud voice, "Waken up, Jum!" And, startled by his owner's voice, the old horse would rouse himself and proceed a few more paces. Not only did Allen Miller thus keep his horse awake but he also served as a sort of self-winding alarm clock for the rest of the town, waking the townspeople from their slumbers as his voice carried out on the early morning air.

In 1924 Allen was working at a shoe shine shop in Tacoma. He was then a white-haired old man and had gradually faded from the attention of Centralia. No one knows definitely the date of his death, but the amusing memories of the old Negro linger with many of the older residents of the city.

The old house on the homestead burned in the late 1920's, but the orchard and the tomb still mark the place where Jane and William Bryan lived. The tomb for several years has served as a house for Pete Halverson, local gardener, a hardy soul who braves superstition, and, with the company of his cat and two dogs, lives in the house of the dead.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE JAMES C. READY FAMILY

BY LAVONE GUY

James and Sarah Martin Ready's first home in the vicinity of Centralia was on the Barnes place, now known as the Boulevard Addition, in the northern section of the city. Later they took out a homestead on the eastern boundary of the present Logan District.

Like all the pioneers, the Ready and Martin families emigrated from states farther east, journeying across the country by wagon train.

James Crawford Ready and his three sisters left Missouri on April 1, 1859, with a group of emigrants and began the long journey across the plains to the West. Another family, Jesse Martin, his wife, and daughter Sarah, were in the same party. James Ready and Sarah Martin were later to marry and become pioneer residents of Centralia.

Soon after the train had got under way, Jesse Martin was made captain. The trip across the country took six months and 12 days—more than half a year of the dangers and hardships of pioneer travel.

An exciting event occurred while the train was encamped on the banks of the Platte River in Nebraska. Because the Indians had been known to stampede the cattle of many trains, the men thought it would be best to form a half circle with the wagons, letting the river form a barrier on the open side, and keep the animals within the protection where they would be safe until morning. However, when they awakened at dawn, they found that the stock had swum the river and were grazing peacefully on the opposite side. There were no boats and no means of building a substantial bridge so it was necessary for someone to swim the river and drive the animals back. The most accomplished swimmer among the men volunteered, but alone could not force the animals to take to the water again. He called across the river for help. No one volunteered, so James Ready, only a passably-good swimmer agreed to go to his aid. Before he reached the opposite bank, however, he was seized with cramps in his legs and made the rest of the way using only his arms. The two men succeeded in herding

the cattle into the stream, but James Ready was unable to swim back. As the last animal was prodded forward, his companion shouted to him to catch hold of an ox's tail. In this manner he was towed safely across the Platte River, clinging to the tail of one of the oxen.

There were many other incidents to add to the hardships of the long trip across the country. At times the hope of establishing a new home in the West seemed too little a prize for all their suffering.

While camped at Salt Lake City, a Mormon girl came to the train and pleaded with Captain Jesse Martin to take her with them to California. If she did not get away, she pleaded, she would be forced to marry an old Mormon elder. Martin was obliged to refuse the girl because other wagon trains had taken Mormon girls West and as a result had been attacked by Mormons, disguised as Indians, who captured the wagons and massacred the entire party.

A series of amusing but dangerous incidents involving Sarah Martin and her sleepwalking tendencies came to an end during the encampment at Salt Lake City. All during the journey, Sarah had a subconscious urge to rise out of her bed while fast asleep, crawl from the covered wagon, and take leisurely strolls in the dark.

At night all the flaps of the covered wagons were fastened securely as protection from the Indians. Sarah, although all cutlery was hidden from her, would rise in her sleep, find a knife, and cut the ropes. One night when the wagons were halted near a wood section, she crawled out of the wagon and walked among the trees. Suddenly she awakened and saw Indians skulking in the near-by timber. Frightened, she ran back to the camp. In her haste she attempted to enter her uncle's wagon instead of her own and roused the occupants. They, thinking the Indians had attacked, gave the alarm. The whole camp was in chaos.

Even this experience did not cure Sarah Martin of sleep walking. It happened again at the Salt Lake encampment. At that time the Mormon city was surrounded by irrigation ditches where water ran during the night. No one noticed that the tongue of the Martin wagon lay across one of these ditches. On that particular night Sarah, fast asleep, chose to crawl out of the wagon. But instead of a pleasant stroll on dry land, she lost her footing and fell into the irrigation ditch, drenching herself in the muddy water. She never walked in her sleep again.

In the Bitter Root Mountains of Idaho many of the band of travelers became ill with mountain fever. Forced to remain there until the ill ones recovered, the party found the supplies

running low, and it became imperative that someone go ahead to the next trading post for food and medicine. As no one would volunteer to go with him, James Ready went alone on the four-day journey to and from the post, riding one pony and leading another to carry the supplies. He returned safely with the much-needed stores and saved the lives of many of the party. However, one of his sisters died of the fever, and a sister of Sarah's died at the birth of a daughter, Rebecca.

The remainder of the journey took them through Sunrise Valley, by Roney Lake, and on down into the Sacramento Valley, arriving there October 12, 1857.

Shortly after their arrival in California, James Ready and Sarah Martin were married, June, 1858. They took up a piece of land twenty miles west of Marysville, where their three eldest children, Sophia, Robert, and Olive, were born. The family had lived on this homestead seven years, when James Ready learned that his land was claimed as an old Spanish grant. Neighbor homesteaders, disappointed and angry, destroyed their orchards and burned their homes. James Ready knew such an act on his part would do no good, so he left California on May 4, 1864, for Lebanon, Oregon.

En route, the family spent the nights at farmhouses along the way, as was the custom. At one such home an unfortunate accident occurred. When the travelers sat down before the open fire, Bob Ready, then a small boy of three or four years, unwittingly sat himself down in a pail of lye. His mother was quite desperate over his plight, but the mistress of the house exercised the customary pioneer ingenuity. She had a bread sponge setting by the fire to raise for the baking the next day. She snatched Bob, pulled off his trousers, wrapped her apron around him, and poured the thick, yeasty dough into the apron. Her remedy proved effective, for the boy suffered no bad results from the lye burn.

Soon after reaching Lebanon, Oregon, where a fourth child, Ida, was born, Mrs. Ready expressed her desire to continue north to Washington to join her father and mother and her brother, William Martin, who had emigrated to Washington in 1853.

Mr. Ready took his wife and four children as far as Portland by horse and wagon and put them on the boat for Monticello (Longview). It had been arranged that Will Martin was to meet his sister there and take her on to his home in Tumwater. But when Sarah Ready left the boat, she discovered that he had been unable to come. The only thing to do was to embark in a canoe with her four small children and be paddled up the Cowlitz River by Indians who understood no word she spoke. All day long the boat pushed up the river.

Finally at dusk the Indian guided it to the bank and indicated that the weary travelers were to disembark on the shore. In fear, Sarah kept her older children close and held Ida, a small baby, in her arms. The gestures of the Indians conveyed to her that she should follow them up a scarcely discernible path through the thicket. She was certain that something was wrong. She had visions of being led to death or torture at the hands of the redskins. The children, tired and fretful after the wearisome journey, began to cry. Just as Sarah Ready became resigned to her fate, she saw a farmhouse in a clearing. When she approached, the hospitable owners welcomed her to a way-station where she and her children were to spend the night. Sarah was greatly relieved to discover that the Indians had no barbaric intentions.

The following day they proceeded to Cowlitz Landing (a short distance down the river from the present site of Toledo), and then by wagon to her brother's home in Tumwater. Her husband joined her there the following July.

Mr. and Mrs. Ready's first home in Washington was at Tenalcot Plains on the Deschutes River where they rented for one year and raised a crop of grain. It was here that Ida, born three years previously in Oregon, died.

It was at this home that young Bob Ready and his sister, Olive, called Ollie for short, had a memorable experience while attempting to dig a hole in the ground with a hatchet. Evidently little Bob tired of chopping at the hard prairie earth and when his sister bent to inspect the excavation, he let the hatchet blade fall on her head. Surprised and excited, he later explained to his parents that "something made the blood come."

J. C. Ready was a tall man and was the idol of young Bob. It was about this time the boy received a pair of red boots as a gift and took delight in strutting around in imitation of his father.

The next home of the Readys was the Barnes place, a portion of what is now the Boulevard Addition, on the northeast edge of town. Anna Elizabeth, a fourth daughter, was born there in 1864. The house itself was located at a bend in the Skookumchuck River. Although it was expected that at each season of hard rain the river would rise, one year it flooded more than usual and the river went through the house instead of around it. Mr. Ready, on awakening one morning, let his hand fall over the side of the bed, and was surprised to feel water beneath him. He jumped up to discover that the Skookumchuck had risen out of its course and was lapping at the bed clothes. At once he prepared to fetch a team from the barn to take his family from the house, but the horses mired

and it was necessary to go to a neighbor for help. The Tullis family loaned him a team; and although when returning the animals had to swim through the low land, he managed to get to his family and transport them to safety.

Meanwhile, in order to escape the ever-deepening flood waters, Mrs. Ready and the children had piled the beds one on top of another and climbed upon them. It was a terrifying experience for all, especially the children. The water moving through the house gave the feeling that they were moving with it. The Tullis family took them in for several days, until the water subsided and their home was made fit to live in again.

In the late 1860's the family moved to the Winsor House, a way-station for travelers, and a stopping place for the stage at the mouth of the Skookumchuck. Here Ada, a fifth daughter, was born in 1871. An interesting incident took place at this inn regarding the child's birth. A show troupe, one of many that traveled through the newly-settled West, stopped overnight at the hotel before continuing their journey the next day. In the troupe was a Circassian girl with curly hair that stood straight out from her head. Mrs. Ready had an uncontrollable desire to touch the girl's hair, and timidly asked if she might do so. The young lady of course consented. Several months later Ada was born and, oddly enough, had unusually curly hair. The Readys insist that this came about because of the Circassian girl.

Years later the Winsor House was moved to Centralia and rebuilt. Ada Ready also lived in it after she was married. Eventually it was again moved. This time to a location directly across from the present site of the Lewis-Clark hotel where it still stands.

After a few years of running the Winsor House and managing the Joseph Borst farm, Mr. Ready took out a homestead along the Eastern Railway in the section now known as the Logan District. There, May Ready was born in 1873.

The house itself was situated in a small clearing, entirely surrounded by forests extending for miles on every side. Wild life was plentiful, and it is recalled that bear and deer had a well-beaten track through their back yard. Bob Ready remembered that to get a piece of meat for dinner, his father had only to sit on the doorsill and wait for a deer to go by.

Mr. Ready once had an exciting experience while driving through the woods at night. He had done a service for a neighbor for which he received a quarter of beef. He had the meat in the rear of the wagon, and, en route home, a large cougar attempted to drag it away. The oxen became frightened and in order to control them, Mr. Ready jumped on one of the cattle and kept beating them in the face with the goad stick

to keep them from running away, all the while shouting at the cougar which would jump off the wagon and slink away at each shout, then return. Mrs. Ready and the children heard Mr. Ready coming a half mile away and ran out to see what the trouble was, taking a lantern with them. The light frightened the cougar away, but not until it had followed the wagon to the barnyard gate.

While living on the homestead, Robert, Ollie, and Sophia attended school in George Washington's cabin down by the present Gravel Pit, the very first school in this vicinity. But the three small children had a long distance to walk and going through woods they often saw bear and cougar tracks. So Sophia stayed with the Tullis family and the younger Bob and Ollie temporarily discontinued their schooling.

While they lived on the homestead, an Indian squaw named Cotnute came in to do the family washing. When Anna, five years old at the time, would show a fit of temper, Cotnute would pause in her work, look at the little girl and say, "Halo shame? Halo shame?" (Have you no shame? Have you no shame?)

It was necessary, when any supplies were needed on the farm which could not be gotten locally, to make the two-day journey to Tumwater, camping along the road overnight. One such trip was made for the purpose of buying Mrs. Ready a new coat. She hadn't had one since "goodness knows when," so finally Mr. Ready started out with the thirty dollars his wife had managed to save to buy the long-promised garment. When he reached the store in Tumwater, however, a shawl caught his eye, and the coat was completely forgotten. Mrs. Ready found her disappointment hard to conceal; but as her granddaughter, Blanche Lincoln, said in relating this incident, "It was the duty of the pioneer woman to take what her husband liked, and like it. This was only one of her many disheartening experiences. The last of that shawl wore out only a few years ago. I always hated the sight of it because I knew what a disappointment it had meant to grandmother."

After living on the homestead eight years, the Readys moved to the Scammon place, across the Chehalis River from where the Borst Blockhouse then stood. There was a ferry across the river at this point, and it became Mr. Ready's duty to run it back and forth. Many a time he was summoned in the night to transport travelers and their belongings across the Chehalis River, regardless of cold or stormy weather. When it was necessary for their father to be away, the Ready girls took their turn at propelling it back and forth.

Ada was a very active girl and liked very much to climb trees. The only one around her home she did not succeed in

reaching the very top was a tall fir tree. It formed the south mooring for the ferry and was the pioneer landmark that had guided the early settlers to the ford on the Chehalis River.

In 1884, the Ready family moved into Centralia. Their house was located at the northwest corner of Walnut and Silver streets.

Despite the fact that the back yard of George Washington, Centralia's colored founder, was separated from the Ready yard by a street and their respective fences, his chickens would get into Mrs. Ready's garden and do no little damage. When confronted with an accusation to that effect, Mr. Washington shook his head. "Why no, Mrs. Ready," he said, "those couldn't be my chickens." "I'm glad to know that," Mrs. Ready replied.

The next time the disturbing fowls came into her garden, she caught two, cut off their heads, and threw them over her fence into the street. Mrs. Ready had no further trouble with her neighbor's chickens.

Mrs. Ready was also noted for her deeds of kindness and sympathy toward her neighbors. Her daughter Ada, now Mrs. Smith, has written this description of her mother: "In the early days there were no nurses or hospitals anywhere in the country, so when there was sickness in the home, neighbors would come in and take turns helping out. My mother, having a very loving and sympathetic nature, could not see any one suffer without trying to do something to help. She was well-versed in home remedies and always has a supply on hand, and being a natural nurse she went far and wide on her errands of mercy. There was hardly a home in Centralia, and even as far as Grand Mound, that she had not gone to aid in time of sickness.

"Mother's cough syrup was noted the country over. Stacey Coonness, Washington's stepson, had a cough and came to her for help. Seeing him some days later, mother asked him how he was and how he liked the cough syrup. He replied, 'I am just fine. And did I like it? Why it was so good I ate in on my hot cakes!'

"When mother passed on, many said there was a larger attendance at her funeral than at any other previously held in Centralia."

Mr. Ready, with a partner, operated a livery stable which stood just north of the present site of the Fox Theatre.

Robert Ready became a contractor and helped in the construction of several buildings, including the Lee Proffitt home on West Locust Street.

Ada and May attended the newly-established high school and were members of the first graduation class in 1893. By

this time the Grace Seminary had been established on Seminary Hill and was attended by most of the young people in town. The younger Ready girls enjoyed the culture the school offered, taking a great deal of interest in music and art. They were active in social affairs and sang in the choir of the First Baptist Church. Ada and May became school teachers, the latter being principal of the South School.

In 1880, two of the Ready sisters were married. In fact it was to have been a triple wedding—Sophia Ready and Benjamin Willey, Eva Borst and Socrates McElfresh, and Olive Ready and Harbin Borst. But Olive and Harbin were married before the prearranged ceremony took place.

Few knew in advance of the double wedding in the little Christian Church. One Sunday, the wedding party of the two couples and their four attendants marched from the Borst home on the east side of town down to the church. At the close of the regular services they walked down the aisle to the pulpit, followed by surprised stares from the congregation. After the ceremony the wedded couples did not stop for congratulations, but the men, recovering their hats from "Sunny" Ford, who stood at the door holding them ready, escorted their brides back to the Borst home.

Anna, who was married about 1890 to Schuyler Davis, and, in 1904, to Victor Barton, died in 1911. Ada became the wife of Harmon Thrash in 1896 at Shelton, where she taught school for a time. She was divorced, and married in 1903 to Jesse Smith.

In 1900, May Ready was wed to Frank McHard and made her home in Aledo, Illinois. She died in 1914.

In his later life Robert Ready was married for a short time to Mrs. Ida White. When he was 76, he took as his bride Mrs. Josephine Harrison and the couple lived in Centralia until his death in the summer of 1941 at the age of 80.

Sarah Martin Ready died February 1, 1896, in Centralia, preceding her husband, James Crawford Ready, who passed away at Bayshore, Shelton, February 11, 1932.

Two of the Ready children are still living: Sophia Ready Willey at Bayshore, Shelton, and Ada Ready Smith in Hoquiam.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE JOSEPH SALZER FAMILY

BY AGNES EDWARDS AND AL MIDDLESWORTH

In the rear of the old Mount View Cemetery is an impressive white marble monument in memory of Joseph Salzer and his wife. The inscription, in German, records the fact that he was born in Dettingen, Wurtemberg, Germany, in the year 1825, and died in 1892; and that his wife, Anna Marie, was born in the same German province, the same year and survived her husband until 1909.

The Salzers settled on the tract of land located in a southeasterly direction from Centralia, packing in over the old hill trail to become the first residents of the valley which now bears their name.

Mr. and Mrs. Salzer came to America in 1845 and settled in Burlington, Iowa, going to Illinois and then Wisconsin, in which states the majority of their twelve children were born. Four of the children died before the family came West. Marie, the first child and the only girl, died in infancy. George, the third child, died at the age of 22, and another son, Albert, when only a child. Joe, the fourth child, died at birth.

When the fifth child arrived, Joseph Salzer wished him to be named Joe also, after himself, because the other son had died. He was warned that if he did, this son would die too. However, he said, "I want one named for me. I'll keep on naming them Joe until one lives." The son lived. After Joe, five other sons were born: Gottlob, Fred, John, Dan, Paul, and Gustave. The oldest of the boys, however, was Jacob, the second child.

In 1874 the Salzers and their eight sons, now grown, moved westward to Portland, Oregon, where Joe remained in business. Later they came north to Centerville, camping on the edge of town until a suitable place could be found to locate. Joseph Young aided them in acquiring land to their liking.

Joseph Salzer, his wife, and seven sons finally homesteaded in Section 14, Township 14, Range 2 West, of the valley which was later named for them.

Establishing a home in the valley was no easy task. The only entrance was a trail over Seminary Hill, and the heavier household articles had to be disassembled and transported by pack horse, a piece at a time.

Anna Salzer, a decidedly heavy woman, disliked very much to ride horseback over the hill trail to town. But there was no other choice, so ride she did. Her sons delighted in teasing her about her riding, especially after one occasion. On a trip back from town, she rode along the muddy trail some distance ahead of the rest of the family. Her husband, coming along behind her, suddenly came upon a large track in the mud. He called his sons' attention to the mark. "Boys," he said, "here is where your mother sat down in the mud." Sure enough, it was the exact spot where plump Anna Marie Salzer had dismounted her pony, much against her will.

Later a road was built along the valley, but at times during the rainy season, it was almost impassable because of the mud. This condition was remedied to a certain extent by placing puncheon across the road. However, even this improved plank road was rough and none too stable.

Their house was constructed of logs, warmly built, with a large sitting room, kitchen, and two bedrooms downstairs, and two large rooms in the attic. It is still occupied as a residence, though scarcely recognizable with white siding covering the hewed log walls.

There was very little furniture. Joseph Salzer made most of it himself. Some of the chairs were fashioned out of barrels, and the tables were of smoothed, slabbed logs.

The Salzers cleared the forests from their land to make room for large vegetable gardens and fields where wheat and other grains for the livestock were grown.

Sol Unkley and Lewis Ayres were in the valley when the Salzers first settled there. Later, the McAtee family moved in, on land three miles southeast of the Salzer place. Mrs. McAtee was the only woman Anna Salzer met, outside of her own relatives, for several years. Gradually other families came to live in that section.

George McAtee likes to tell that it was Anna Marie Salzer who gave him his nickname. "Sneeklefreetzie" this motherly old German called the small boy who visited her log home. "And to this day I've always been called 'Snick' by my friends," George McAtee added.

In 1883, all seven of the boys had farms in the valley, but after awhile some of them rented out their places and moved into town. John had the largest holdings. Two of the boys, Fred and Jacob, rented out part of their land to saw-mills. There was a mill on Fred's farm for five or six years, and on Jacob's for about four years. The Salzers did not have an interest in the companies, but sold some of their timber. The cutting down of the forests and the operation of the mills "made quite a mess" and Emma Salzer related that her family

was glad when the lumbermen moved out.

Dan Salzer at one time was engaged in business in Centralia, occupying the south half of the new brick bank block which still bears the name "Salzer" at the top. He also built for his home the house now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Proffitt at 401 West Locust Street.

In 1883, Jacob married Emma Roundtree. Later John, Gottlob, and Dan married sisters—Mary, Caroline, and Nettie Krieger, and Gustave and Fred married two Shimek sisters, Emma and Donnie.

Walter and Elmer were born to Dan and Nettie Salzer; Gustave and Emma had one son, Adolph; Fred and Donnie, four sons. One of these sons, Willie, met with a disfiguring accident while hunting, so left his family and went to Canada where he was joined later by his father, who worked in a mine there; Fritz was killed in a coal mine in 1920. Eddie, another of the sons, was drowned. Rolland was their youngest child.

Joe, who did not settle in Centralia, but instead established a hotel business in Portland, had a son, Arthur Joseph, born on the day President Arthur took office. Gottlob and Caroline had nine children: Mary, Joseph, Edna, Ludwig, Freda, Esther, Helen, Raymond, and Enola. Edna married Austin Zenkner, half brother of Emma and Donnie Shimek, her aunts by marriage. A daughter, Maude, and two sons, John and Harvey, were born to Paul and his wife, Alice.

Once, during a severe illness of his mother, Fred returned from Canada to be with her. Usually smooth-shaven, he had grown a full beard in his absence. Upon his return he stood above her bed. She saw only a bearded stranger. "Why, Mother," he said, "don't you know your Fritz?" "Oh my Freetzie, my dear, dear Freetzie," she cried as she kissed his hand and clung to it.

After her husband's death, Anna Salzer lived with Jacob and his wife. In order that his mother might get the exercise she so needed, he built a walk beside their house and paved it with bark. But Mother Salzer did only what she "had a mind to." She found it much more pleasant to sit in her chair, and when coaxed to go outdoors for her exercise, she would merely sit and move her feet up and down and insist, "Oh, this is exercise enough!"

Father Joseph Salzer died in 1892 with his eight sons and their families at his bedside. Anna Marie Salzer died 17 years later and, mourned by her seven surviving sons and their families, was buried in the Mount View Cemetery.

Of their eight sons, Gottlob alone is still living. He and his wife reside with their daughter Freda (Mrs. W. T. Lashbrook) in Centralia.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE SEWALL AND GUDERYAN FAMILIES

BY JEAN BEECHING AND PHYLLIS BEVINGTON

When the four brothers and sisters of the Sewall family came West by covered wagon from Wisconsin in the fall of 1866, they settled on four homesteads north of the present city of Centralia. August Sewall took the claim on the Skookumchuck now known as the John O'Connor place. His brother Chris and his wife Rosie took up land north of Waunch Prairie near what is now called the Oakview Grange Corner. One sister and her husband, Ed Morsbach, settled two miles north of him on the Skookumchuck while another sister and her husband, Michael Guderyan, took 160 acres south of him, also on the Skookumchuck, and near the northeast boundary of Waunch Prairie. Of German descent, the family added to the little settlement of that nationality along the Skookumchuck.

In 1884 August Sewall, then a widower, sold to John O'Connor and a short time later married the widow of George Waunch.

Chris and his wife had three children—Amelia, who married George Anderson, and died about 1924; Louis, who passed away in 1939, and August, usually called "Ikey," who is living in Aberdeen.

Michael Guderyan, who was born in Germany near the Polish border, was a small man and wore what his children teasingly referred to as a "billy goat beard." His oldest son, Julius, was a year or so old when the family came West. The three other children—Rose, William, and Annie—were born on the homestead.

In 1874, when his oldest son, Julius, was but eight years old, Mr. Guderyan's wife died. Although he often told his neighbors how much he missed his wife, explaining her value to be greater than any of his other possessions, Michael Guderyan resolutely set out to rear his children.

Mrs. Joseph Shimek, a kindly German neighbor a mile or so up Hanaford Creek, did the baking, washing, and mending for the family. Once when the boys were returning from the Shimek place with the washing, a bear pursued them. Julius quickly climbed a sapling, followed closely by his younger brother. But the young tree broke with the older lad's weight and waved up and down, frightening the bear so that

it hurried off. The boys did likewise, but in the opposite direction.

When the boys grew older they also helped clear, plant, and harvest the crops of grain, care for the cattle and hogs, and butcher and cure the meat. The Skookumchuck divided the claim so boats were kept handy to go from one part to another.

Around his four-room log house Michael Guderyan planted an orchard and his *Glori mundi* and Strawberry apples as well as one tree of winter pears are still bearing.

Annie died at the age of eight but the other three children secured their schooling at the Packwood Schoolhouse and the boys engaged in logging for many years, working on the Skookumchuck, the Hanaford, and the Harbor. Julius, described as "a big, powerful Dutchman," also threshed with the Ed Waunch crew.

The brothers married the Hense sisters who, after the death of their mother in Minnesota, came to Centralia to join their brother, Frank Hense, a local banker. Julius became the husband of Lena and reared one child, Alma, who married Charlie Edwards.

William and Dora Hense, who were wed December 24, 1894, had three children: Gladys (Mrs. Rupert Williams), who had a child Jimmy; Willard, who married a widow, Julia Pickerall, and adopted her child, Vivian, and Dorothy (Mrs. George Garrison), who is the mother of Sandra Lee.

Rose married Jesse McElfresh and the death of their one son, Arthur, is commemorated by the monument in the City Park. She alone of the children of Michael Guderyan is still living, her brother William, having died January 9, 1941, and Julius several years previously.

Michael Guderyan passed away in 1910, but shortly after their marriages, he had divided his homestead between his two sons. William built a large frame house near the old cabin in the orchard but after the re-routing of the highway moved it to its present location at the turn known as "Guderyan's Corner," where his widow still resides.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### LINCOLN CREEK

BY JACQUELINE INGALLS

My great-grandfather, Joseph W. Ingalls, was the first settler on Lincoln Creek. The stretches of prairie land that had attracted the early settlers were gone as was most of the bottom land along the Skookumchuck and Chehalis rivers. But almost at the head of the winding creek and more than ten miles above its mouth where it joins the Chehalis, my great-grandfather found a small prairie where he intended to make his home. He had searched for two years to find a location that suited him. The land was a government claim given to the railroad and could be purchased for \$1.25 an acre.

He had left his family at Salem, Oregon. They consisted of his wife, Delilah Gibson Ingalls, and six children, Wallace, Fred, Mattie, Flora, Charles, and Theodore. So he returned there, and after a ten-day trip from Salem, the group of eight arrived on Black River in November, 1868, bringing with them 50 head of cattle, two wagons, one four-horse team, one two-horse team, and two riding horses. Here they rented a house and a large barn and remained for the winter—and in the spring proceeded to cut a road through the dense timber to their intended homesite.

This task of building a road from the Black River through to what was later the J. A. Stephens place took 60 days. En route they forded Independence Creek, but had to make bridges to cross the other streams. The road followed the straightest route, rather than going around or between grades. It went over the top of what was then known as the "bald hills," so-called because there were no trees on them until many years later.

Residents on Grand Mound, among them Frank Rhoades and Isaac Wingard, volunteered to help build the road so that the rich land might be opened up to settlers. My great-grandmother cooked up provisions for them to take back when they returned home at intervals and they prepared much of their food themselves as they camped along the proposed route. Then, when the little prairie near the head of the creek was reached, my great-grandfather and his boys set up the framework of a large log house.

Grandfather Ingalls was a carpenter by trade and in the fall of 1849 on his first trip West from Illinois he made \$1,000 building houses in the small village of Portland which suddenly boomed so that shelters couldn't be provided fast enough. That was before he went to California with his future brother-in-law, where he did well and then returned to Illinois, going by boat all the way, even through the Erie Canal and Great Lakes to his old home. There he married and started West to the Willamette Valley with his wife, Delilah, and his father-in-law, Samuel Gibson, who died on the way.

On April 8, 1869, my great-grandfather got all in readiness and started across what is now called the old Van Eaton Ford at the mouth of Independence Creek with his 50 head of cattle. Indians stationed in canoes kept the cows headed across the stream. The small Indian boys had also gathered to watch. When the calves hesitatingly started out to join their parent cattle on the opposite bank, the mischievous little redskins began to throw rocks ahead of the small animals causing the calves to turn back to the shore. My Great-Aunt Flo, then eleven years old, picked up a handful of stones and angrily stepped toward the little Indians. "If you throw another stone, I'll hit you in the head. Now go on home," she shouted. This she told me when she was an old lady of eighty-three, ending her story with, "They surprised me by doing just that very thing. Then ran off like the little Indians they were. I was so mad that I wasn't afraid."

Great-Grandfather Ingalls must have felt little Flo's heroism should be rewarded for he said, "While your mother and sister follow with the household goods, you walk ahead with me and help me drive the cattle. Then you will be the first white girl ever to set foot on Lincoln Creek Valley."

Late that afternoon the family arrived at the little prairie and in the days that followed they completed the log house, chinking the cracks with mud and clay. Several years afterward they raised up the roof and added a second story. Well-built, the structure was in use until 1913, when it was torn down and replaced by my grandfather, Charles Ingalls. Ivy grew over the entire house, even working through the logs and fastening itself in graceful garlands around the pictures on the wall and making the exterior take on the shape of a Chinese pagoda.

My Great-Aunt Flo was the first white girl to walk into the valley, but for perhaps centuries Indian maidens had disembarked from dugout canoes each spring as the members of the Upper Chehalis Tribe came there to gather in their winter stores.

They called this beautiful wooded valley with its small prairies, "Natcheles," which means "where the camas grows." Part of it they also called "maukum-maukum," meaning a little open prairie like the one where my grandfather settled. On these prairies grew the camas bulbs which the women gathered while the men hunted elk and bear and deer. Of finest flavor to the meat was the elk of the valley.

And though the Chehalis Tribe came annually to the valley to erect their summer camps of woven cattail rushes and to hunt and dry their meat of elk and deer on racks over slow fires of alder, they felt a spirit dwelt in the valley. Silas Heck of the Upper Chehalis Tribe says that they sought to appease it by a special ceremony. "Father took me up the valley," he said, "and showed me a rock as big as a stove. We stopped a short distance from it. 'Here,' said my father, 'before coming up to this rock, all your ancestors placed marks with charcoal on either side of their faces from the bridge of the nose to the cheek bone. On arriving at the rock they wiped the marks off with salal leaves and put the leaves on the rock.' As they wiped off the marks, those of the tribe who had but a few years to live heard a sound from the sky like thunder go 'boom boom.' This the members of the tribe heard and interpreted as a warning from the Great Spirit, Sahalee Tyee."

The early settlers must have misunderstood the Indian name of Natcheles, for my Great-Aunt Flo insists she first knew it as Natural Creek. And Natural Creek it was called until years later when Frank Rhoades, an ardent admirer of the Great Emancipator, not knowing of the picturesque Indian name, undoubtedly felt he was but adding to the charm of the stream when he had its name changed to Lincoln Creek.

This long, winding creek cuts through the valley for many miles until it reaches what is now Galvin. Here it joins the Chehalis River. Early residents remember that in the summer time it was just an ordinary stream, but in the winter its valley presented a different view. Log jams in the Chehalis River backed the water up the creek, making the valley a sea from hill to hill.

If the fences were not fastened down, they were carried away; and from the head of the creek on, trees and debris of all kinds swept along to add to the waste that choked up the stream. To be out of reach of the flood waters, the early homesteaders built on the hillsides. Not until the settlers wanted to run out shingle bolts did they clean out the creek. Then the land was drained and the stream became rather small though even now it becomes menacingly larger during flood times in the winter, for surveys show the lower creek has a rise of only

one inch to the mile so a heavy rain still causes it to back up for a distance of four miles whenever the Chehalis River rises. I've seen the creek overflow parts of the valley until they showed up only as small islands. And I've seen the wind blow on this vast amount of water, forming little white caps that resemble the ocean as it rolls in to the shore.

The hard woods—ash, maple, alder, and cottonwood—grew on the bottom lands; fir and cedar were back on the hills. But both hard and soft woods had to be cleared to give way to fields of grain and potatoes. Trees were burned as they stood or after being felled. In either case, live coals of vine maple wood were inserted in draft holes bored to make the green timber burn more rapidly. Sometimes there were log rollings and from all over the Creek, neighbors came to fell trees and to roll the partly-seasoned logs into huge piles that shot flames upward in "the largest torch light you ever saw" when the gigantic bonfire heated the day and glowed into the night. The women came along to hear the news of the creek and cook the huge dinner which included the still-plentiful wild meat of pheasant, deer, and elk.

Because of its higher ground, the upper portions of the creek were settled first. It was also considered to have the best land, drier and more fertile than the lower creek nearer the outlet.

Two days after my great-grandfather arrived at his claim, Isaac Wingard followed him in and settled a half-mile below him. Feeling that he was living too far out in the wilderness, he left a short time afterward and returned to Black River. Later he built the first store building in what became Centralia. The third settler, Jeremiah Miller, whom my Great-Aunt Flo describes as "a man with a nice wife and three daughters," stayed but two years.

The national census of 1870 gives seven homesteaders on the Creek: Edward F. Dixon, Nathan Bannister, Joseph Whaling, William Montier, Ephriam Pratten, Jeremiah Miller, and my great-grandfather—Joseph Ingalls. It also shows the latter to have the largest amount of improved land, 40 of his 160 acres.

Just one mile above my great-grandfather's, Ephriam Pratten, a bachelor, settled. The place was a great place for ducks and he was known for his favorite saying, "Ducks, or no dinner, by God."

Joseph Whaling (usually called Whalen by the settlers) was above the Ingalls'. Adjoining my great-grandfather's was Bill Montier (pronounced Minter by his neighbors), a widower, and later a successful cattle and hog raiser. The Nathan Bannisters, about four miles below the Ingalls', were my

great-grandfather's nearest neighbor toward the outlet.

These settlers are said to have entered from the lower creek side, crossing the ford in the Chehalis River near the present site of Galvin and cutting and slashing through the bottoms. Over this trail they pushed through with the ox carts carrying their household goods. Mrs. W. E. Smith says that when her parents, the Nathan Bannisters, came, there was really not even a trail but that when her father got off the stage at the Halfway House on Fords Prairie, he carried a hatchet and blazed the trees as he went along. With him was his wife, Arabella Fuller, and their baby, Georgia. "I don't know how, but some way they got up the creek," she said. "My mother was the first woman to walk over that trail and she carried her six-month-old baby all the way up the valley to the split cedar shack that father had prepared for her when he came up from Oregon a year earlier with the Dixons to take his claim."

The Bannisters soon erected a log house which located as it was halfway down the creek, became the place at which travelers were hospitably entertained at dinner, especially the numerous ones going to and from town on foot. Before the Bannisters left the Creek in 1896, eight of their children had been born there—Eva, Mary (Mrs. W. E. Smith of Centralia), Charles, Ida, Merle, Roy, Edith, and Albert. Mr. Bannister was a native of New York and had come West to Oregon when he was nineteen.

The Dixons remained on the Creek until 1884. Their children were Barney, Ella, Dora, Clara, and Etta.

In 1871, the John A. Stephens family came to settle two miles below my great-grandfather's. J. Amor Stephens, a son, now eighty-four years of age, recalls that they stayed at the King house at the ford of the Chehalis River for six weeks because of the unusually high water. Frank Stephens, two years his brother's senior, described the journey to the homestead by saying, "The trail followed the creek bed which wound in and out along the hills. It took us all of one day to reach our place which was seven or eight miles from the mouth of the creek. The road was that bad that our team of horses was given clear out when we got there. I recall I thought quite a lot of 'em. The team didn't quit but was plumb give out after making the trip."

John A. Stephens had come from Pennsylvania to California in the gold rush of '49. Later he went to Oregon where he married a Canadian girl, Eliza Ann Hawley. To them were born Frank, J. Amor, Henry, and Irvin. (Of these J. Amor is still living.) Mrs. Stephens died in Amity, Oregon, and by a marriage to Susan Mayes there were eight children: Thomas,

Willis, Clarence, Laurence, May, Minnie, Maggie, and Clara.

In preparation for their arrival on the Creek, Mr. Stephens had hired a man to build a log cabin for him. Shortly after its completion, it was discovered that the dwelling was not on the Stephens' claim. So a second structure was hurriedly put up and in that shelter with no floor and only an opening cut for a door, May, the first of their children born on the Creek, came into the world. But soon the family prospered and built a two-story roomy split log house with large bedrooms and a living room and kitchen. The old cabin became the first schoolhouse on the creek.

The Stephens brothers remember that their family, like all the other settlers who had preceded them, had no land cleared to raise crops for their food that first year. Olympia was the nearest market for the needed supplies and it was almost impossible to get out of the valley to go there. So they depended almost solely upon the crop of 300 bushels of potatoes that my great-grandfather raised on his little open prairie and sold to them for 50 cents a bushel.

The Nathan Symons, described as a family of strong boys who weren't afraid to tackle any hard job, came the next year after the Stephens, settling on the Wingard place. Mr. and Mrs. Symons and several of their boys each weighed more than 300 pounds. The six Symons boys were Sylvanus, Sylvester, Joseph, Henry, Silas, and Thomas. The girls were Nancy, Jane, and Sarah. They located about a mile below my great-grandfather's and became his closest neighbors. Mr. Symons specialized in agriculture and land clearing and was known as the best pea grower and cutter that ever lived in the valley. In 1855 Mr. Symons had come from Indiana and settled in the Willamette Valley.

Mrs. S. C. Davis, whose father, Henry Shields, had arrived on the Creek by 1873, gave me this list of the new residents at that time. About a mile from the John Stephens place was George Ager. Just below the Symons were the Stephen Mayes and A. J. Robinsons (purchased in that year by Joseph Whealdon). The Chase place, later bought by Henry Shields, joined the Bannisters. Then in order came the farms of Charley Clark (later sold to Frank Stephens), the Crawfords (later the Schobey place), Smith Sponnenberg, David Ames, John Buckley (later bought by Amor Stephens), and the Eastmans.

It's to be noted that my great-grandparents had come here from Oregon. The word was passed along among their acquaintances there that there was fine land on the upper stretches of Lincoln Creek. Accordingly, most of the settlers previously mentioned—Joe Whaling, the Symons, and the Stephens—had come up from Oregon. Now a second group

had arrived—most of them from the same region also.

George Ager had married Nathan Symons' daughter, Nancy, in Oregon where Annie, Albert, and Mary were born. Their six other children claim the Creek as their birthplace: Martin, Effie, Arthur, William, Joe, and Grace. The last two are still living, Grace being Mrs. Evans of Centralia.

In 1884 the Ager family moved to Coal Creek. "The cougars were responsible for that," Mrs. Evans told me. "It was like this: Mother did her washing in wooden tubs at the creek. Father put bales on empty five-gallon oil cans and these, set up on rocks, served to heat the water and as her boiler. Father kept the fire going for her and while she washed, she kept an eye on us children playing under a large fir tree. One day she had just taken us children to the house and when she returned, a big cougar jumped out of the fir tree and down on the very spot where we children had been playing. 'That settles it,' she told my father, 'I'm not staying here to have my children carried off by cougars.' We moved to Coal Creek just over the hills to the southwest."

Stephen Mayes also came up from Oregon. "My father and his first wife crossed the plains from Illinois with your great-grandfather, Joe Ingalls, and his wife," his daughter Agnes (Mrs. Hawk) told me. "He had known your great-grandmother and her family ever since he was a little boy. When the party was out on the plains my father, his wife, and baby became so ill with cholera that his wife couldn't care for the baby. 'Reach over and see if it's covered up,' she said to her husband. He did so but felt only its cold form. Startled he said, 'The baby's dead.' His wife was so far gone that the shock helped kill her. My father was too ill to go to the funeral. He and his twelve-year-old daughter Susan came on to Oregon.

"There he married my mother, Margaret Ann Thomas, and they had six children. But when I was four years old, she died at Dayton, Oregon. Father was a traveler. He'd pack us children in the wagon and go from one part of Oregon to another. Shortly after he married Louise Lucas, he decided to come to Lincoln Creek where his daughter Susan (Mrs. John A. Stephens) was already living. So after the harvest in the fall of 1875, he put the household articles and some of the family in the wagon and the others took turns driving the two or three cows. We arrived at Portland, ferried across to Monticello (Longview), with the cattle, horses, dogs (father had quite a few hounds for hunting), wagon, and all and started up the old Military Road. John Stephens met us with his team at Pumphrey Mountain and took part of the load on to Lincoln Creek."

Then three years later, on January 17, 1878, there was a second union between the Mayes and Stephens families when sixteen-year-old Matilda stood up before Justice of the Peace John Dobson, and was married to Frank Stephens. "It was in Father Stephens' house," recalled the bride sixty-three years later. "I had no veil but I'd curled my hair by rolling it up on tea lead and I wore a white pique dress with a double flounce around the bottom. After the ceremony we had a dance—for at times like that we always danced on the Creek."

"Later my father moved down just below the Bannisters where he rented for a time," said Mrs. Hawk. "Then he took a deserted homestead farther up the Creek, proved up on it, and lived there until he died." The fourteen children of the Mayes family were Susan, a daughter who died, John, Ellen, Amanda, Matilda, Mary, Agnes, George, Jim, Frank, Eva, Fred, and Clara. Of these Matilda (Mrs. Frank Stephens) and Agnes (Mrs. John Hawk) are living in Centralia as is Ed, the son of George.

Joseph Whealdon, a Quaker from Illinois, came to the Willapa in 1872 with his wife, four children, and the husband and family of his oldest daughter. The next year he bought the A. J. Robinson place on Lincoln Creek and established himself there with three of his children—Emma, Elizabeth, and William. His oldest daughter, Tabitha, and her husband, Henry Shields, settled on the Clark claim with their four children—Elmer E., Annie, Vinson, and Nina. In a year or so the Shields moved to the Chase place where a daughter, Emma, was born.

In the meantime, Joseph Whealdon had purchased the southern part of the Ford donation claim known as the Shelton place so his son-in-law moved to the former A. J. Robinson property where Addie, the youngest of the Shields family, was born. Later, after a year on Joseph Phelps's homestead near the mouth of the Creek, Henry Shields moved his family to the Lorenzo Kratz claim on the lower Hanaford.

Mr. and Mrs. Crawford with their children, Nellie, Fannie, Ron, Sam, and "Lib", moved away in 1878, but when they returned to their old place six years later, only Nellie and Ron came with them. Five years later Mr. Crawford sold to James K. Schobey.

Smith Sponnenberg, a blacksmith by trade, came from his native New York to California shortly after the death of his wife. When he settled on Lincoln Creek, it is recalled that he said the timber was so dense on his land that he could "only look straight up."

In 1884 he married Mary Elizabeth Stephens, the daughter of Albert Van Eaton who had brought his family up from Oregon in 1873 to settle at the mouth of Independence Creek.

She had two daughters—Pearl and Cora. Two Sponnenberg children, Van and Pansy, were born on Lincoln Creek.

David Ames left his family in Minnesota when he came to the Creek, but it was not long until each of his seven children and their families had settled around him making him appear like a veritable patriarch of bygone days. Living with him was his son John. On adjoining farms were the families of his daughters Emma, Eliza, Sarah, Mary, and Jane and his son George. His granddaughters—Huldah and Linnie—and their husbands lived near him as well. All in all, it was quite a settlement—that of the Ames family in what was called the Lower Creek.

Two girls, Ketura and Cora, were born to the George Ames family while proving up on the homestead a half mile above David Ames. In 1879, they moved to Maple Valley, south of Seattle, to join George's twin sister, Sarah Russell, and her family, who had just spent the winter with him on the Creek.

David Ames's wife, Nancy, and daughter, Emma, came to join him about 1872, accompanied by his daughter, Eliza and her husband John H. Robinson and two babies, Ora and Oren. The Robinsons took an adjoining homestead.

A daughter, Rose (Mrs. J. D. Watt of Centralia), was born several years later. "When my parents first came there—that was before I was born—all of their livestock consisted of just one pig; they had neither a horse nor a cow," Mrs. Watt told me. "Mother looked out the window one morning and saw a bear just climbing up on their pig devouring it alive. Father was so very excited that he shot both the bear and pig. Mother was surely disgusted at losing their only pig, and I don't recall whether they had fresh pork or not."

Later, John Robinson married Sadie Hull and four girls were born to them—Mable, Charlotte, Carrie, and Florence. After living in Centralia and on Black River, he returned to the Creek in the nineties and bought the Tom Palmer place.

A daughter, Jane, with her husband, Lyman Lovell, took a homestead just above her father; but, before proving up, left for the country near Cinebar. The property was not lost to the Ames family, however, for Sylvanus Symons took it up and a short time later married Emmy Ames.

About 1877, Frank Webster also came from Minnesota. After living with David Ames for several years, he bought the George Ames place and married the granddaughter, Huldah Russell, in 1885. Four years later he purchased the former John Stephens place, which in the meantime had belonged to Henry Ingraham (who came to Centralia and went into the

hotel business as proprietor of the Arlington), Dr. W. W. Capps, and John H. Robinson.

Ten Webster children were born on the Creek: George, Frank, Otis, Homer, Lucy, Harvey, Daniel, Myrtle, Albert, and Lawrence. Of these, Otis still lives on the Creek on part of his father's farm; Lucy (Mrs. Marion Jackson), in Hanaford Valley; and George and Myrtle (Mrs. Arthur Jeffries), in Centralia. Mrs. Huldah Webster has resided in Centralia since she and her husband left the Creek in 1917. He passed away in 1937.

When his father and mother grew old, John Ames and his family came out to live with them and care for them. Linnie, his oldest daughter and her husband, Will Robinson, purchased the farm formerly owned by Frank Webster. The other John Ames children were Ida, Flora (Mrs. Healey of Centralia), and George, who now lives at the head of the Creek.

Mary, the oldest of David Ames's children, came to the Creek about 1884, renting the place formerly occupied by Sylvanus Symons and her youngest sister, Emma, who had moved east of the mountains.

In the middle seventies, John Wallach, an aged widower and a native of Bavaria, purchased the Pratten place at the head of the Creek. About 1884, his daughter Kate, the only one of his children to come West with him from Illinois, married George L. Waunch, Jr., a widower with one son, Robert. Mr. Wallach had the distinction of being the oldest man in the state and died a few years later at the age of 99. The newly-married couple lived on the Wallach farm and six Waunch children were born there before the family moved to the Fords Prairie in Grays Harbor County about 1895. They were Charlotte, Mary, Flora, John, Martha (Mrs. C. G. Blanchard of Centralia), and Joseph.

When my Great-Grandfather Ingalls' children grew up, they took homesteads around the home place forming almost a complete circle about it with Fred L. on the north, Wallace on the west, and Mattie and her husband, Henry H. Tilley, on the east. After Theodore married he and his wife lived for a time with Fred. Farther away were Charles, who homesteaded two and a half miles up the Creek to the west, and Flora and her husband, E. N. (Bill) Turvey, who lived on Independence Creek.

In 1882 my grandfather, Charles Ingalls, homesteaded the place on which my father, Guy Ingalls, was born as were the other children—Earl, Jessie, Ann, Nola, and Viola. Earl and Nola (Mrs. Omer Campbell) now live with their mother on my Great-Grandfather Ingalls' place while Ann (Mrs. Earl Shearer)

resides in Zenkner Valley.

My Great-Uncle "Wall" married Melvina St. Clair and their children were Hope, Fred, and Harry. Fred lives on his father's homestead. After he left the Creek in 1904, "Wall" Ingalls came to Centralia where he died in 1910.

Four children were born to Fred L. and his wife, the former Julia Meloy—Elma, Zoe, Frankie, and Melvin.

Theodore married Mary Stearns in 1896 and their first child, Delila Ann, was born on Lincoln Creek as was their third, Theodore P. Charles, the second child, was born while the family resided in Centralia and Frank after they moved to Fords Prairie where Theodore, Sr., died in 1913 and where his wife and son, Theodore, still live.

My Great-Aunt Flo had four children—Herbert, Charles, Clifton, and Mattie. She and her husband, "Bill" Turvey, took up land on the Skookumchuck above Bucoda where she still lives—the only surviving one of my great-grandfather's children.

Great-Grandmother Ingalls died on the home place in 1895 and Great-Grandfather lived with his son Theodore on Fords Prairie until he passed away in 1912.

Henry Tilley, who married my great-aunt, Mattie Ingalls, never farmed much on his piece of raw land which was known as the "Tilley Place." His larger interests were in being county commissioner and buying and marketing stock.

He is recalled as having been accompanied on his stock-buying trips by a little black dog who aided him in herding and driving his cattle. On journeys up the Creek, residents remember, when the dog got tired, it jumped up and rode on the horse behind its master.

Once, it is recalled, Henry Tilley did a neighborly act for the Johnnie Robinson family during their absence in town. Noticing their open door, he went in to investigate and found that their hogs had got in the house, ripped open the sack of flour and scattered its contents, rooted in the groceries and other provisions, and generally stirred things up. He put them out; then lacking writing materials, he took a piece of charcoal from the stove and wrote on the planed boards of the door. His terse message was, "Hogs in House—Raised Hell.—H. H. Tilley."

Two Tilley children—Lizzie and Anna—were born on the Creek. Flora was born after the family moved to Tenino.

Joseph Buck was also one of my great-grandfathers, his daughter Lulu having married Charles, my grandfather on the Ingalls side. He was the first to establish himself at the upper end of the valley, settling on a homestead on the south fork of Lincoln Creek on July 1, 1882. He had come West

from Maine at the age of 53 with his wife, his son Ira, and two daughters—Lulu and Anna. My Great-Uncle Ira, then 20 years of age, split clap boards and shaved them with a drawing knife to build the Buck home which is still in use. Earlier, at the age of 16, he had hewed and split timbers to build the barn, a part of which now stands.

Great-Grandad Buck was a very active man. At the age of 72, he walked to Chehalis and back in the same day, a total of 48 miles, to pay his taxes. Great-Grandma Buck was a very thrifty woman and used to card wool, spin yarn, and knit stockings as well as men's underwear.

In the spring of 1883, Hardin Duvall settled below the Buck's at what later became the Huber place. His four children, Etta (Mrs. Perry Remley of Centralia), Lulu, Milton, Clyde, and Bertie were reared on the Creek.

By 1884, these settlers had taken up land below Henry Tilley's: Pete Brotherson, Adam Morris, the Symons boys—Sylvester and Joseph—Henry H. Ingraham, Joe Bennett, George Fogelson, and Frank and Amor Stephens. Near the mouth of the Creek were Adolph Mauermann, Hugh Devlin, and Tom Palmer.

Pete Brotherson had been a Danish sailor who, in attempting to evade German military service in the conquered province of Holstein, escaped with a companion after his ship docked in Galveston, Texas. The two made their way across Texas and, in Arizona, joined the U. S. Army, feeling that their service would give them citizenship rights and prevent their being returned to Germany. During the next five years the captain of their company taught them to read, write, and speak English and kept their savings for them. It was he also who gave his Danish recruit the name of Brotherson, considering it to be the English equivalent of the original Brodsten.

After the death of his companion, Brotherson, fortified with his \$1,000 in savings and his citizenship papers and lured by the idea of being on the salt water again, started out overland for the Northwest. After an adventure in land holding in the Skagit and another with a fishing boat on the Sound, he went up Lincoln Creek with Frank Stephens and bought out the elder Symons' claim. Knowing nothing about farming, he had his neighbor, Paul Manning, move in and teach him. They didn't raise anything the first year, however. The next summer he married Bridget Ann Darsay, an Irish widow from Little Rock with one child, Mary. Mrs. Brotherson, it is recalled, always wore a picturesque black shawl over her head in the fashion of her native land.

There were five children born to the Brothersons on Lincoln Creek: Fred, John, Pete, Michael Joseph, and Christine.

A sixth child, Anna, was born in Centralia. John, Pete, and Michael now reside near Centralia.

Some of the settlers like to tell the story of an old friend of Adam Morris who had come from his home state and who, in searching for him, went in turn to each house along the Creek drawling, "You know A-dam Mor-ras? He from Kansas." For so Mr. Morris was, having come from state in 1879 direct to the Creek, likely because his wife was a niece of Bill Montier. With them was their first child, the two-and-a-half-month-old Elgie.

After homesteading on the Creek and slashing forty acres, Mr. Morris sold to Joe Lavery then returned to Kansas. Upon coming back to the valley, he, in turn, rented four or so farms there. He bought one of the Symons places in 1890, sold in 1893, and went to Goldendale, Washington. He returned in 1895 and purchased what was known as the Wallach or George Waunch place. This he sold in 1899 and three years later bought the Imus property upon which he lived the rest of his life.

With the exception of Elgie, the oldest, all the other Morris children were born on the Creek: Francis, Walter, Olive, Jesse, John S., Oscar, Ellis, and a daughter who died in infancy.

About 1885, Adam Morris' brother, Dan, homesteaded between Sylvanus Symons and H. H. Tilley. After he proved up he sold and left the Valley.

Henry H. Ingraham and his wife were natives of Boston who, after six years in Kansas where their sons, George L. and Walter H., were born, came to Lincoln Creek in 1882 to live on the John A. Stephens place. Three years later Mr. Ingraham traded for hotel property in Centralia and established himself as proprietor of the Arlington. Two daughters, Evelyn, known in her girlhood as Lena, and Mable were born in town. Walter and George were business partners in Centralia until the death of the latter in the fall of 1941.

George Fogelsong, a native of West Virginia, came from Iowa to Oregon in 1874 with his wife Mary Ellen and one son, William Alva. The next year he settled on Fords Prairie where a second son Francis Bert was born and in 1884 took a claim on Lincoln Creek. There, James Samuel was born. Bert lives on 120 acres of his father's place and James S. (Sam) has 80 acres of the old farm included in his land which also contains part of the Dixon homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Fogelsong lived on their farm on the Creek the rest of their lives. He passed away in 1924 and she, ten years later.

About 1877 Amor Stephens married Emma Whealdon. While they lived on the old A. J. Robinson place, two children

were born to them—Flora and Anna. A third child, Walter, was born after the family moved farther down the Creek to the old Joe Buckley farm. After the death of his first wife, Amor Stephens married Libbie Ipe and in 1910 moved to Centralia where he and his wife now reside.

The six Frank M. Stephens children were born on what had originally been the Charley Clark place. All of them with the exception of Arie, who died about 35 years ago, live in Centralia, they are Leo, John, George, and Mattie (Mrs. James McCash). After leaving the Creek, Frank Stephens and his wife moved to Centralia where she still has her home. He died in 1941.

"We took our household articles up to our new home two miles below the David Ames place on a racked-up hay wagon pulled by Buck and Bright, our yoke of oxen," said Mrs. Amelia Mauermann in telling me of the arrival of herself, her husband Adolph, and their five children on the Creek. "We led our three cows and two calves from our farm at the north end of the present Logan District," she continued. "We didn't have any chickens or hogs until later on. On the wagon I had two feather beds—I have one of them yet—and a spinning wheel that was brought over from Germany with my mother, Mary Waunch, when she was four or five years old. Our chairs were homemade stools and benches and our beds were sort of bunks."

The Mauermann children who, about 1884, took part in that little procession to their new home were Evelyn, Joseph, Daisy (Mrs. Charles Yates of Chehalis), Edwin, and Fred. Three others were born on the Creek—Frank, Maude (Mrs. Neal Myers of Centralia), and Harry. After his father and mother moved to town in 1910, Fred lived on their farm for a few years then took the Joe Lavery place where he still resides. Harry now has the "Pet" Hargrave place. Joe owned a farm at the head of the Creek before he moved to Adna. Mrs. Mauermann, now eighty-four, resides in Centralia. Her husband passed away in 1912.

The Hugh Devlin homestead was on the present site of Galvin. In this family, the girls died young and only the boys, Jim and Charlie, grew to adulthood.

Other settlers on the Creek were Zimiri Burton and Frank Grimes both of whom in 1884 homesteaded above Great-Grandad Buck's. A year later, Manderville Springer who came from not more than fifty miles away from Great-Grandad Buck's old home in Maine settled above him on the Creek and became not only his neighbor but also his son-in-law when, two years later, he married Anna Buck.

Mr. Springer left the Valley, then returned to Galvin where he died about 1930. His widow still makes her home there. Their children are Ray, Ralph, Roy (who resides at Galvin), Lou (Mrs. Charles Nyes of Galvin), Fred, Ira (who lives in Centralia), Delbert, Carrie, and Dorothy.

It was also in 1885, that George Williams settled above the Springer place.

In 1887, Martha Childers came up from Oregon with her four children, Grant, Ernest, Flora, and Eustace, to visit the Agers at Coal Creek. Shortly after, she married Joseph Whaling and she and her children became prominent additions to the life of the Valley. Eustace resides in Centralia as does Flora (Mrs. W. I. Rector).

Lott Duvall, in 1888, took a place between the Buck and Charles Ingalls homesteads which was later taken over by Ivory N. Lord. This gave rise to the popular saying among the residents that there was "The Lord at the head of the Creek, the devil at the foot (Hugh Devlin), and little angels (Ingalls) all in between."

By 1890 or 1891, H. S. Proffitt, his wife Mary A., and four children had moved from Centralia to occupy part of the Charley Clark place purchased from Frank Stephens where they lived for eight years before leaving for the Cowlitz. The family had come from Texas in 1888 where a daughter Florence (Mrs. B. B. Todd of Centralia) had already married. The children who lived on the Creek were Ada, Ida, Lee (now residing in Centralia), and Ben.

Jake Malnerich at present lives on the homestead he and his wife Mary took in 1894 on the hillside between the Mauermann and Devlin places. With him lives Catherine (Mrs. Lee Gillingham) and John who were born on the Creek as were Joe and Marie. Anna and Frances, however, came with their parents from Minnesota.

According to Elgie Morris, additional settlers on the Creek by 1889 included Tom Brown, who had settled below Frank Webster, while below the Mayes place were the Hamlins, Joe Bennett, James K. Schobey, Harm Betts, and Pittman (Pet) Hargrave.

William Pulsifer lived in a little valley back of the Sponnenberg's that he called "Paradise." The diary he kept for 1891-1892, now in the possession of Mrs. J. D. Watt, tells of his daily life such as "Went to Sponnenberg's and had Pearl bake my bread and returned to Paradise."

Another settler, Mrs. Watt recalls, who lived near Mr. Pulsifer's was Hathaway Miller. "About the middle eighties he died at our house," she said. "He had a fatal illness so when he realized there was no hope for him, he wanted to be

baptized. The neighbors made a wooden trough, brought it in the house, and filled it with warm water. All of them came to see the service—we children were even dismissed from school to attend. Mr. Morgan usually preached on the Creek so he probably officiated, immersing the sick man who was clad in his night clothes."

Likely the most eccentric resident of the Creek, however, was an ex-soldier who lived behind the Amor Stephens place. "Mickey Tom" everyone called him, but if asked his name he'd straighten up with great dignity and say, "My name is Michael Thomas O'Garity, b'God".

Before he settled on the Creek, according to Abbott Townsend, "Mickey Tom" had been stationed at the army post at Vancouver where he deserted and came to Centralia. Pursued, he ran through the orchard at the old George Washington place on what is now West Main Street. He was ordered to stop and when he failed to do so, was shot at, a rifle bullet piercing his hip. Ever after, "Mickey Tom" was lame.

Likely it was this experience, Rose Watt thinks, that caused him to endeavor to protect himself by an inventive device in his cabin after he settled on the Creek. "He rigged up his shotgun to the door latch by a string so that anyone entering his cabin would pull the trigger," she explained.

Stories by the score are related of his great thirst and his flow of profane-sounding words. Lloyd Beall recalls that "Mickey Tom" once burst in at a meeting of ministers at his Grandfather Elkanah Mills's house on the Chehalis River to excitedly tell of an encounter with a bear. "When the old fellow had ceased his explosive language and looked around, there wasn't a minister left in the room," he concluded.

Robert Ready used to tell that this thirsty Irishman was present at the accidental spilling of the contents of a keg in the Cottage Saloon, located at the site of the present Fox Theatre. "Quick as a flash," he said, "'Mickey Tom' got down on his hands and knees and it was a close draw between him and the floor boards as to which absorbed most of the contents of the keg."

The trail made along the bottoms by the Dixons and Bannisters continued to be Lincoln Creek's only egress to the outside world; but in the winter when the swollen waters of the creek didn't cover it entirely, the mud was "belly deep" to the horses that wallowed through it. Sufficient was the reason then that in early days the settlers packed in their supplies in the summer and ventured out only for the mail in the winter. Then, it was only once a month, for added to the hazards of the trail was the danger of fording the swift currents of the swollen Chehalis River, always a rather treacherous

crossing and more especially so during the winter months.

So once a month, a family took its turn going for the mail for the rest of the Creek. On these trips, my great-grandfather's boys rode their horses to the ford where they left them and crossed the Chehalis in an Indian canoe. They walked to the Halfway House on Fords Prairie where they secured the mail and then distributed it on their return trip.

"I well remember going for the mail when I was sixteen," recalls Amor Stephens, now 84. "It was my father's turn and he asked me to do it. The whole valley was a pond from shore to shore. It was raining and the wind was whipping the water up. I mounted my pony and started out on the trail along the hill as far as Judd's, an old bachelor's, and stayed all night with him. I left my pony there and the next morning I found an old log about two-thirds dug out to make a canoe and got in it. The river was just booming. I kept up that side as far as I could get dead water then I thrust my canoe out in the stream and held it in the current. I got the mail at the Halfway House and returned the same way. Just why my father sent me, I don't know. He didn't have to get the mail in weather like that. For if the current had ever got me, that dugout would have rolled over and over like a log and there would have been no more boy."

The settlers on the Creek not only wallowed through their muddy roads but even joked about them. Eustace Childers recalls how Henry Tilley would laugh when he'd tell this story. "'I was riding along up the Creek,' Hank Tilley would say, 'when I saw a hat. I picked it up and I said, 'That you under there?'" "Just wait a minute," the fellow says. "There's a mule yet under me".'"

"My how the horses did wallow in those mud holes," recalls Mrs. Watt. "They'd often fall in the big ones and almost break the harness and once our horse fell in against the shafts, broke the harness, and tipped over the wagon. 'Only the horses' ears show when they go through the mud holes,' was a popular saying on the Creek."

"You could tell a Lincoln Creeker wherever you saw one by just looking at his team and wagon—both covered with clay mud," said Mrs. Elgie Morris.

"When Dad would come home from town," said Frank Stephens' son, John, "Sealem and Nellie, his bay and brown team, would be so covered with mud that I'd wash them off by taking them out to swimming water in the Creek. The mare, Nellie, always swam along with just her ears sticking out and to get him to go to the Creek on her so that when he got to the middle of the stream, he'd have only his ears sticking out too."

In the late 1880's, the settlers contributed \$200 apiece for a road tax and took it out in labor. Even now this old road can be seen, scarcely wider than a trail, cut into the hill-sides high above the valley to ensure safety from high water. After a storm in winter, even this road was impassable for two weeks or so until the residents could clear away the trees that had fallen across it.

"In the spring after the crops were in," said Elgie Morris, "each farmer would take his team and begin to work on the road and, during the 80's, about the first of June the route would be passable with a team and we could make our first trip to town."

Narrow escapes from death at the ford in the Chehalis River during high water are recounted by many Lincoln Creek residents. Mrs. Amelia Mauermann tells of this experience at the time when she drove her children to Centralia to do her trading.

"The river rose suddenly while we were in town," Mrs. Mauermann began. "In my wagon were five of my children besides all of our provisions and upon reaching the center of the stream, the short-legged oxen were inclined to let the current wash them down. Like all of the other Lincoln Creek residents, I knew of the dangers of this ford. The water lifted the wagon box and floated it along. This meant that we would be carried past the landing place and into decided peril.

"The lives of my children were in my hands. There were, of course, no reins on the oxen and they responded only to 'gee' and 'haw'. But as the swift current bore them along, they refused to 'gee'. There was but one thing to do. I crawled out on the tongue and hit them on the side of their heads to make them face upstream. I shudder even now to think of how close I came to drowning my children. Thank heaven, I landed them safely. But a short time before the Dobson family and Tom Phelps had been drowned at that very place."

A ferry was operated across the ford by "Sunny" Ford about 1887 or 1888 at a charge of a dollar a wagon, but this arrangement was not entirely satisfactory.

The residents felt the need of another outlet, especially if the ford should be impassable due to high water and neither mail nor medical aid could get into the valley. Accordingly, Adam Morris and Amor Stephens blazed the trail over the hill and a road was built later approaching Centralia from the south and crossing the Chehalis River on the old Mellon Street Bridge.

Usually called the "New Road" or "Hill Road" by Creek residents, this route eliminated the ford; but it, according to Bob Waunch, was scarcely an improvement for its clay soil

soon became so worked up that a riding horse would mire to the saddle blanket.

In fact, the residents of the Creek disliked this road so much that in 1889 they objected to having it put into repair. That same year, however, twenty-nine Centralia business men contributed from \$1.00 to \$25 apiece for a construction fund for a road by way of the old ford. There is evidence that their plan must have succeeded for in October of the next year "The Centralia News" ran the item, "Ranchers from Lincoln Creek are hauling in grain and produce, availing themselves of the good roads."

In the spring of 1891, the contract was let for the construction of a bridge at the old ford. By 1896, however, this was washed out in the high water, according to Theodore Hoss, who ran a ferry at the old ford for the next two years until the completion of the present bridge, located a mile and a half above the first one.

In 1897 the road was planked from the mouth of the Creek to Adolph Mauermann's, the county furnishing the lumber and the farmers the labor.

The necessity of going for the mail was removed when regular carriers were put on. Henry Tilley and "Sunny" Ford were two of the earliest, according to Mrs. S. C. Davis, while Mrs. Frank Webster recalls that about 1886, Ira Wingard also delivered it.

My Great-Grandfather Ingalls was the first postmaster on the Creek, giving the name of Gleneden to the postoffice located in his own log house. At first, the mail was packed from Centralia every Friday and carried on to Willapa over what became known as the "Mail Trail." Later the mail came on Wednesday as well and was followed later by daily service from Rochester. An Indian on the Creek by the name of Jim Sanders helped deliver the local mail. He could neither read nor write, so my great-grandfather would tell him who the letters were for and he would put each in a certain pocket. He was never known to make a mistake. Later, a second postoffice known as Meadows was established by Nathan Bannister in his home.

The first school was held about 1872 or 1873 in the old John Stephens log cabin and was called the "Middle School." My father attended it many years later and he describes it as a crudely-made, one-room, log schoolhouse which stood at the foot of a hill and was surrounded by many trees. The desks were made of hollowed-out slabs of cedar. The pupils' hats and coats hung on pegs around the wall.

My Great-Aunt Mattie who later married Henry Tilley was the first teacher. Henry Shields taught a term followed

by my Great-Aunt Flo, now Mrs. Turvey, who was schoolmistress for several terms. "The chief thing I remember about teaching that school," she told me, "was that I got out and played town ball with the boys and we had a great time. I also recall how puzzled I was when some of the boys knelt on the ground near a rotten stump or log and placing their mouths near the ground said, 'Doodle, doodle, doodle,' repeating it again and again until one shouted excitedly, 'Look, here he comes!'. And sure enough a small bug crawled out, then hurriedly went back down the hole. It was the first time I'd ever seen doodle bugs called up from the ground."

The school term was during June, July, and August and the day began with the singing of a hymn and a bit of scripture read by the teacher, according to Bob Waunch who attended in the early eighties. "There were no songs, however, under a teacher named McCully," he told me. "McCully just herded us in to get it over with as soon as he could. When he punished us, he used to make us kneel on dried peas and he also rubbed something that he got from a bottle on our faces. This was terrible-smelling stuff and it smarted and made the tears roll down our cheeks. I have had this put on my face and some of the older girls did also.

"One day the school directors visited the school and saw how McCully had been punishing us. They had him fired immediately. We had a terrible time trying to get a little learning.

"Later, I went to the Upper School," Mr. Waunch observed, "and a fine building I thought it was with its split logs. One of the Duvall girls was my teacher and she was an awfully nice singer. Her three sisters went to her and they all sang good too. We really had music under Miss Duvall."

This new Upper School was the pride of the Creek. Great-Grandad Buck with his oxen, Star and Spar, aided by Hardin Duvall with his team, Bright and Broad, hauled the logs to build it. My Great-Grandad and Joseph Whaling hewed most of the logs. The other patrons aided by splitting the shakes for the roof and erecting the building. The teacher received \$20 a month and boarded round—a week with each pupil. Knowing there were no funds to pay the teacher, Bill Montier and Joseph Whaling advanced the money in gold pieces for her salary. Dora Dixon was the first teacher followed the next year by Mary Duvall. The school was in District 44 and, curiously enough, was known as the "Skadunk School," so-called, it is said, because many of the patrons were from the state of Maine.

Mrs. Mauermann remembers that her children, the Ames, Robinsons, and a few others attended the first school on the

Lower Creek in a log house just across the Robinson's fence on the Ames place.

Play times at noon hour and recess were much the same in each of the three schoolhouses on the Creek. There was wood tag, prisoner, black man, mumble peg, drop the handkerchief, and pass the button. Variations were offered by marbles, ball, and foot races. The scholars enjoyed the clapping of hands with a partner in the dual recitation of "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold," and the singing of "Skip to My Loo." Those who had the best voices tried "Oh Susannah" and "Sweet Betsy from Pike," each with its many verses their fathers and mothers had brought with them across the plains.

There was the lively "Pig in a Parlor," with one scholar in the center trying to get a partner and the others circling around him singing:

"We got a pig in the parlor, we got a pig in the parlor

We got a pig in the parlor, and he is Irish too."

Probably the scholars in the schools on Lincoln Creek learned more than just the words from their Towne Spellers and the adding of sums upon their slates.

Occasional church services on the Creek were held in the homes and at the schoolhouses. An item in "The Centralia News" of May 5, 1887, states that Mr. Morgan has been holding a protracted meeting in the lower district. While in January of that year the item was run that Mr. West of Chehalis had preached at the home of Will Robinson on the previous Sunday. Christmas observance on Lincoln Creek was noted in the issue of "The News" for January 8, 1891: "We had a Sunday school exhibition on Christmas at the schoolhouse and also a Christmas tree, both being a grand success."

The wife of Joseph Whaling was one of the most noted characters of the Creek. "Grandma" Whaling she was called and as soon as she heard of illness in a home, she went immediately to offer her services. She was present at the birth of most of the babies born in the Valley and whenever the settlers saw her ride by on her horse carrying her little black bag, they knew that someone was ill or there was to be a new baby on the Creek.

Funerals on the Creek were rather a community affair. Whenever there was a death, Joseph Whaling made the casket. "Every time I smell cedar," said Eustace Childers, "the picture comes back to me just as plain of my stepfather splitting out the cedar by hand and fitting it together for the caskets. He never charged for making them and right nice they turned out to be, the total cost of each one being not more than two or three dollars. One of the neighbors came into town to get

handles to put on it. The women draped the crude box with black material and lined it with white."

After the residents of the Creek who gathered at the grave sang hymns and read a bit of scripture, the homemade casket was lowered by means of harness lines. Early burials on the Creek were on a little knoll on the Mayes place.

The wild game which had been prized by the Indians who came up the Natcheles, as they called the Creek, for their summer hunting season continued to be plentiful for the early settlers also. Amor Stephens says that when he was a boy, pheasants in the crab apple bottoms were like chickens in the chicken yard. Without moving from one spot, he could shoot all he could carry away.

When the flood waters made a sea of the whole valley from the head of the Creek to its mouth, the wild ducks and geese came in thousands to feed on the grain that had been washed out of the flooded fields and was floating on top of the water. Mrs. Mauermann's daughter, Maude, remembers that this whole sea of water would be white with ducks and geese. "The boys," she said, "would hurry home from school to get the gun and go shoot geese, and I wouldn't be far behind." Mrs. Mauermann recalls that many of the hunters of the Creek shot their ducks from blinds by constructing small rafts, putting little fir trees on them, and floating them out into the stream.

Bob Waunch remembers when the ducks were so thick on the Creek that when they would fly up it sounded like thunder, and it looked as if one couldn't even shoot through them with a rifle. Also by the thousands, he recalls, the grouse, wild pigeons, and natives also came to the Valley.

"As late as the early 1880's," Mr. Waunch also observed, "I've seen my father stand in front of our kitchen door and kill a deer before breakfast. It was no trouble at all to shoot one whenever we wanted it."

But by the eighties, elk hunters, according to Mr. Waunch, in parties of four or five would pack back from the head of the Creek to the Willapa Range and stay for several days. After killing their game with their muzzle-loading rifles, they jerked the meat right in the woods Indian fashion over a hardwood fire, this being the only way they could pack out their meat.

During a hard winter in the 1890's, Ab Townsend recalls that 23 elk, driven down by the severe weather, gathered in the deep snow up a little side bottom beyond the Fogelsong place and made a "deer yard" or "pot hole." "Richold, the local taxidermist, Ben Sumerland, Ed Coombs, and two or three more went up there and just slaughtered them, killing

21 out of the 23, bringing out a little meat but for the most part just removing the capes and horns and teeth," added Mr. Townsend.

Lincoln Creek residents tell of many experiences hunting cougar. Bob Waunch says that one day when he was a small boy, he was returning from Gleneden with the mail. He saw something ahead of him in the bushes—some of the cattle he thought. Looking closer he saw it was a large cougar, the largest he had ever seen, waving its tail back and forth, back and forth. "It was then," recounted Mr. Waunch, "that I ran right out from under my hat scattering mail from there all the way home. Clear out of breath and scared plumb to death, I ran up to Father, but all I could gasp out was 'a deer—a deer.' Father took our dog and about three hundred yards away he treed the cougar. It measured eleven feet from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail."

Lest this seem too long for a cougar, let me say that those of Lincoln Creek grew large indeed. This fact is substantiated by Eustace Childers who says he often heard of the large one killed on his stepfather's place before his own arrival on the Creek. "It got after my stepfather's stock," he said, "so Fred and Theodore Ingalls, Bill Montier, and Hank Tilley all brought their dogs. They hunted it all day and that night it came back and killed one of my stepfather's hogs. After hunting it for two days more it was treed by the dogs and killed. It was a big one. I know what it measured because the fence rails on Lincoln Creek were all cut eleven feet and they laid it beside one of them and from tip to tip it was just the length of the rail—exactly eleven feet."

Elgie Morris, moreover, vouches for one eleven feet, three, shot with an old Ballard 44 rifle between Tom Brown's and Paul Manning's when his father, Tom Brown, and Joe Lavery went out to get it after it killed some of the Morris sheep.

Young lads in the Valley also brought in their share of large cougar. Such was the one that Amor Stephens and his brother killed after it was treed by their dog Bush. Not until the boys went the next day and carried the dead cougar home and set its stiff body up against the house would their parents believe their story. On the way to church the neighbors passed the large beast and marveled how the boys had killed it. It measured eight and a half feet from tip to tip.

"When we were boys, my brother Ernest and I heard our dogs after a cougar at daylight one morning," recalls Eustace Childers. "We each took a muzzle-loader with one charge in it and upon sighting the animal in a tree, shot it through the cheek with one shot and grazed the side of its face with the other. Then for three-quarters of an hour, the cougar and

I watched each other like a cat watches a mouse while Ernest went to Montier's and got a Sharp's rifle. He aimed for the animal's nose and the shot tore out its neck bone. We were till noon skinning it. But you never saw two hungrier or two prouder boys when we walked in with that skin which measured eight feet, three inches."

Cougars were so prevalent in the district that one section back of the Frank Webster place was picturesquely styled "Cougar Canyon." Mr. Webster, according to his wife, had frequent encounters with these animals. One night he was armed with only a pair of new boots which he was carrying home slung over his shoulder. "In the darkness," said Mrs. Webster, "he heard something land in front of him and give a big growl. Then he saw its two eyes glowing in the dark. It jumped aside but my husband continued to face it, backing off until he was at a safe distance. So by facing it out, so to speak, he didn't have to use his new boots after all."

"Until our old log house was burned down when I was a good big girl, the claw marks of a huge cougar could be plainly seen all down the logs," Mrs. Watt told me. "It happened before I was born. My mother was a good shot, but father had their only gun with him where he was working on the Chehalis. A male cougar was angered because some one had killed its mate. Mother was in the cabin alone with my baby brother. The huge animal would run its paw back under the wide opening at the bottom of the door. The hinges were of wood, the kind that lifted up. Mother was in mortal fear lest the animal might raise the door off its hinges. It would also jump on the stump next to the house, reach up with its paws, claw down the logs on the side of the house, and roar.

"When Father came home, he was so tired he went to bed and, contrary to his usual custom, slept very soundly. The bed was in what was called a 'bed sink,' a space just large enough for the bed partitioned off the living room. He didn't hear the cougar approach and stick its nose through the broken window pane just above his head. But when the animal roared till the window panes rattled, Father awoke with the sensation of having every one of his hairs standing on end. Later the large cat was treed and shot."

Hunting cougar must have been thrilling indeed to Great-Grandad Buck. My grandmother still has his gun, hunting knife, and revolver that he brought West with him for the special purpose of hunting cougar.

But once he attacked a cougar without any of these weapons for one day when he was going to the hayfields, he saw that a cougar had one of his calves by the throat and was choking it to death. He got a piece of cedar fence rail and

beat the animal off the calf while my Great-Grandma Buck ran for help through the woods. Hardin Duvall and my Grandfather Ingalls came with their dogs and the cougar was soon treed and killed.

Residents on the Creek had great rivalry over their dogs, both hunting and varmit. The former were used for deer and game and the latter for cougar, bear, and wildcats—varmits that preyed on the livestock of the valley. They also divided them into three classes—deer hounds, bear dogs, and cat dogs, the latter for cougar and wildcat.

"Each fall the bear came down from the hills to prey upon the pigs that were fattening in our barnyard," said Bob Waunch. "One day Dad heard the loud squealing of a pig. He looked out the window and saw a bear walking along as calmly as you please hugging a pig between his front paws and chewing on its neck. Dad grabbed his gun and shot the bear, but the pig had been crippled so he had to kill it too. Usually when we shot a bear on the Creek, we just let it be and didn't even skin it unless it was in the right season. The bears for the most part lived on dead fish and the meat had a strong fishy taste."

"My grandfather, David Ames, had a bear trap he'd made," Mrs. Watt remembers. "It was really a small log cabin into which the bear was lured by bait and the trap door sprung on him."

In the fall the settlers speared the salmon which came in big schools, one after another, and could be plainly seen swimming over the riffles. "We could also catch all of the trout we wanted," recalled Mr. Waunch. "For bait we used salmon eggs in the fall and earthworms in the spring.

"The choicest line I ever used was a homemade one of twisted horsehair," explained Mr. Waunch. "My stepmother discovered how to twist 12 or 14 horsehairs through goose quills to make it. It would last forever and had the strength of a 45-pound test line. When a boy, I could make 45 or 50 feet of it in a day."

Dances at my great-grandfather's formed the chief amusements of the settlers of the Upper Creek after they had packed in for the winter. In the main room of the log house, large enough for one set, the dancers, amusing themselves with the hop around type—mostly the polka, schottiche, and hornpipe with only an occasional waltz—needed no wax to slick the puncheon floor. Hardin Duvall and my great-uncle, Henry Tilley, usually made the fiddle music with tunes such as "Raccoon Up a Gum Stump" and "Sally's House." In the absence of both performers, Adam Morris and Stephen Mayes played; and Bob Waunch remembers that his father did also and then

passed the hat for just enough to keep himself in fiddle strings.

A delightful description of a dance on the Creek has been written for this story by Mrs. Maggie Van Eaton Trackwell, now 82 years old, of Oakland, California, at the request of her niece, Mrs. Pearl Fogelson. Her account follows:

"My first sight of the Lincoln Creek Valley was Christmas Eve, 1873. Frank Stephens went to my father's cabin (at the mouth of Independence Creek) with an extra horse and took me to a dance at his father's home. That was a happy Christmas party for me! What a jolly crowd! Every one living in the Valley was there if they could possibly get there. Your Papa [Smith Sponnenberg] was there and though he did not dance, he enjoyed playing cards with some of the other non-dancers.

"I remember the hornpipe or jig that Mr. Dixon danced while the younger ones were resting and the little babies that couldn't sleep all the time, and must have had a miserable time trying to sleep at all! Sometimes they were taken out on to the dance floor in someone's arms and carried during a quadrille! They liked that! Little May Stephens—four years old—was taught to dance. Hank Tilley and his wife Mattie had their six-month-old baby there with them, and I remember yet how sweet Mattie looked, and how proud and happy Hank looked.

"And once while all were resting someone asked me who I thought was the 'handsomest man' there (I suppose they thought I would say my partner) and I said 'Mr. Tilley,' and didn't that send the crowd off! Mr. and Mrs. Symons and all (probably) of their children and grandchildren were there too. Really I wonder how that old home held the crowd! The long table in the kitchen was spread all the night with lots of good food, the coffee was kept hot, and all through the long night till daylight the guests danced and ate and drank coffee."

Though the children on the Creek were taken to the dances and also had the excitement of Christmas and an occasional visit to town, their entertainment was largely connected with the performance of the simple tasks about the home and farm. They played with homemade toys—a wagon fashioned from a cracker box or a doll stuffed with bran—and they also invented games of their own.

Every Christmas Eve the Sponnenberg children hung their stockings at their fireplace, made of sandstone quarried on the Creek. Many times before daylight they'd steal out to see if Santa Claus had been down the stick and mud chimney yet with his gifts. And they always acted surprised at the contents of their stockings—the same each year—a polished

home grown winter apple, an orange, a stick of striped peppermint candy, a twisted doughnut they'd watched their mother make the day before, a new pair of black stockings and a game—dominoes, three-in-a-row, or checkers.

Attendance at the circus in Centralia by the Sponnengbergs necessitated a repetition of the trapeze performer's art so little Cora and Pearl discovered that a grove of young fir trees furnished the best substitute for the high swing. "We'd go to the top of a tree—about twenty feet from the ground," recalls Cora, now Dr. Getty, "and get the limber top part in motion swaying from side to side until we touched the next one. Then we'd jump into it and repeat the process. We were becoming quite adept when Pearl's tree broke with her, tearing her leg so badly that we had to make a full confession of our new sport to our parents."

"I'll never forget the young calves, Tom and Jerry, my sister Cora and I secretly broke for Papa," said Mrs. Pearl Fogelsong. "The hired man had made us a sled just like Papa's big one so we fashioned a rope yoke for the calves and tried to get them to pull our sled. When Papa went to work, we'd go down behind the barn and hitch up Tom and Jerry. One day we looked up and there stood Papa watching us. When he was very pleased he always chuckled. We surely were relieved that day when we heard the chuckle followed by, 'If you learn to drive 'em, I'll make you a neck yoke.' We were as tickled as if he'd offered us half the world. We soon satisfied the requirement and proudly hauled poles around on our sled drawn by Tom and Jerry with their small neck yoke. Then by the time the two animals were grown, they were already well-broken cattle."

"Crops on the Creek in the 90's," said Elgie Morris, "were principally hay, grain, cattle, and hogs. Most of the farmers depended chiefly on their hogs, however, and squared their bills just once a year, right after hog selling time. The buyers would come up the Valley and then the hog drives would begin. Starting at the head of the Creek each would add from 20 to 90—father always had as many as 80—until there would be a drove of 200 to 250 going on a four-day trip to Chehalis over the Hill Road, a distance of 20 miles from the Whaling place. A wagon would go ahead and toll them along with oats and then the drivers would follow, worrying the hogs along the road.

"Sometimes if one buyer didn't get all of them there'd be two or three drives. In 1890 there were three. H. H. Tilley bought for Galvin and a man by the name of Pinkus, for a Portland firm."

Eustace Childers, however, recalls that as late as 1887

his stepfather, Joe Whaling, didn't drive his hogs to market but cured the meat on his own place. "He'd kill 20 or more hogs," said Mr. Childers, "and salt the hams, sides, and shoulders laying them on boards in the smoke house and rubbing them with salt and putting saltpeter around the joints of the hams. In eight days he'd resalt them and let them lay there about three weeks until they were cured. Then he'd hang them up in three tiers in the smoke house and for a month off and on he'd keep a fire of hard maple going under them. After that he'd rub them over with olive oil to give them a gloss and exclude the air. Then you sure had something good to eat.

"We selected what we'd want for our own use and gave the neighbors what they wanted, in exchange for work mostly, and brought the rest to town to trade—usually at the rate of eight cents a pound—for groceries.

"Some folks stored their hams down in their grain bins to keep them from molding and keep the flies off them, but we always put ours in a box and in fly time we'd cover them with the leaves of the blue elderberry and the flies would never touch them."

In addition to hams and bacons, the Smith Sponnenbergs, like most of the other settlers on the Creek, prepared many other kinds of cured meats each fall after the weather got cool—enough to last the family through the year.

"We made our own sausage when we killed our hogs. We chopped the meat, seasoned it with sage, salt, and pepper and then stuffed it in casings," said Mrs. Fogelsong. "The casings of course were the entrails turned inside out in one long strip and thoroughly washed and scraped. We'd tie one end, insert a tin funnel in the other, and push the sausage meat in with a plunger. Then we'd work it back, twisting it every five or six inches to form the links of the yards and yards of sausage in one skin. When completed, we'd loop the strings of sausage around and around the sticks placed between the rafters in the smokehouse. There, looking much like coils of heavy rope, the sausage, along with the hams and bacon, was smoked above an alderwood fire.

"We also made headcheese and pickled pigs' feet; and, after we killed our beef, we put down our corn beef and pickled tripe."

Wild life also added to the food stores put up for the winter. "We speared salmon in the Chehalis River and salted them down—barrels and barrels of them" recalls Mrs. Rose Watt. "We put our venison in brine, too, then cut it in strips and dried it on lines across the kitchen."

The only mill ever planned to be actually built up the Creek was one started by a Mr. Hardsock, father-in-law of my Uncle "Wall" Ingalls. In the early eighties he built the dam but it's thought he discontinued the project when he discovered that the stream didn't have sufficient fall for the impounding of the necessary amount of water. So the mill was never completed and the saying was current on the Creek. "We have a dam by the mill site; but we haven't a mill—by a dam site."

About 1888, William Parks built a shingle mill at the mouth of Lincoln Creek and the residents began to drive out shingle bolts. Soon after the nineties, logging began in earnest and it grieved the settlers indeed to think of the prime logs, four and six feet in diameter, that they had recklessly burned while clearing their land. "If we'd have known then that all we'd had to do was just sit and keep our timber until the mills came, we'd all have been wealthy," said Mrs. Mauermann.

The hard times of the next decade checked logging operations on the Creek, but after 1900 they began again in earnest. Then timber as well as fertile farms assured prosperity to Lincoln Creek, the beautiful valley first settled in 1869 by my great-grandparents, Joseph and Delilah Ingalls, and their six children.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE UPPER HANAFORD

BY MARY ADAIR D'AUBUCHON

An elderly woman in a sunbonnet and calico dress was picking blackberries in a little clearing in the dense timber. Suddenly a twig snapped. She turned around and faced a large black bear. She took off her sunbonnet and fanned it in the animal's face. The startled bear grunted. Then he turned, and loped away. The woman watched him disappear. Then she put on her sunbonnet and finished her berrypicking.

This calm resourcefulness was no more than was to be expected of Lucy Hapgood, the wife of Theophilus Green Hanaford; for more than a decade earlier in 1867, she, her husband, and three children had pushed through the far stretches of dense timber to become the first settlers on the Upper Hanaford.

"Grandma" Hanaford and "Grandpa" Hanaford she and her husband were called by those who came later to take claims in the thick stands of virgin fir and cedar. And many did so by right of relationship for during the next twenty years, more than a score of their grandchildren lived around the old couple on the upper stretches of what came to be known as Hanaford Creek—the stream which had become a swamp as it worried along for ten miles through a network of beaver dams to empty its dark waters into the Skookumchuck River three miles northeast of the present city of Centralia.

There for centuries the beavers had gnawed down trees, many as large around as a woman's body, and cemented them with mud into the solid masonry of their dams. In the 1840's, however, the French-Canadian trappers of the Hudson Bay Company pushed through the thickets of hardhack, wild crab, willow, and ash to set their beaver traps and secure the valuable pelts for their trade. Simon Plomondon was one of those in the employ of the company and he told Austin Zenkner, a later settler on the Lower Hanaford, that he himself had packed out seven pony loads of beaver skins.

Early government surveyors had merely designated the region as "Swamp" and so it appears on the first maps. But after the settlement at the head of the creek, the whole valley became known as "Hanaford Swamp." And so it was called

until Robert Gibson, who took up land there in 1878, insisted that this beautiful and productive area be called Hanaford Valley, the name given it today; though local residents usually speak of it as "The Hannaford," adding a second "n" for good measure.

While residing on the Reuben Crowder place on Frost Prairie, Theophilus and his twenty-five-year-old son Sidney searched for suitable land with a sufficient water supply. They found it off in the wilderness miles from the nearest settlers and nearly fourteen miles from the future site of Centerville, later Centralia.

Accordingly, preparation for a settlement were made and in a short time Theophilus, or "Thof" as he was called, with the help of his son Sidney, and perhaps Reuben Crowder also, had chosen a route that went north of the present site of Bucoda and skirted Ticknor Prairie. After clearing a trail through the thick timber by felling the trees and rolling them aside, they pushed in with their ox carts. In this way "Thof" Hanaford arrived on his claim with his son Sidney, his wife Lucy, small son Ed, and young daughter Ella.

But the land was so densely forested no opening could be found even large enough upon which to build a small shelter. So father and son cleared a space sufficient for a one-room structure and felled the cedar and split it to make the sides and roof of their little dwelling. Hard-packed dirt formed the floor, and openings with no glass served as the windows. Before two years had passed they had two more rooms and it was then that little six-year-old May Webster went with her mother and her father, Aaron Webster, along the trail-like road to visit the Hanafords.

" 'I'll go up Saturday night and stay over a day and help 'Thof' put the windows in,' Dad said," recalls May, now Mrs. Charlie Jackson of Tenino. "The Hanafords' three-room house," she continued, "was made of rough upright split cedar boards with battens of the same over the cracks to keep the wind out. Such a dwelling, of course, is not as warm or substantial as a log house but is much easier and quicker to build. Until Dad set in the sash, with eight little panes in each one, the windows were just holes in the wall with boards that slid back and forth to give protection in stormy weather.

"I remember I got a whipping during that visit for being so inquisitive," Mrs. Jackson went on, "because I spent most of my time sweeping the kitchen floor—the earth of which was packed as solid and hard as a board one—trying to sweep loose some of the dirt. I used a homemade broom of peeled willow made by selecting the wood when it was just right, binding it to the handle with wire, peeling both bark and

wood above and below the encasing wire then turning the upper portion down and fastening it all around again.

"Later the neighbors came in, for by that time there were other settlers also, and helped lay the board floor in the kitchen," May Jackson added.

"Grandpa Hanaford's second house," recalls Sidney's daughter Grace (now Mrs. Guy Wall of Centralia) "was of boards made by hand by Grandpa and Dad who split slabs of cedar and planed them into boards. Part of this second dwelling is still standing. Both houses were furnished with chairs, tables, stools, and beds Dad and Grandpa made. Dad could whittle almost anything out of wood and he tanned deer hides and laced the seats of his chairs with buckskin."

Three members of the Yantis family were also early settlers in the valley. Alexander Nathaniel (Soney) took a claim adjoining Sidney Hanaford's on the west; and William, one next to "Soney's". Their sister, Eliza Benetta, usually called Etta, became their neighbor when she married Sidney Hanaford.

The Yantis family (originally coming from Germany about 1800 under the name spelled Yandes) settled in Kentucky when it was still a part of Virginia. In 1854 Alexander Scott Yantis, his wife, and nine children came to the region of the upper Skookumchuck. William and "Soney" were born in Kentucky and it was there the latter received his nickname. His old Negro mammy used the long sound when she tried to say "Sonny", so "Soney" he became to his family and friends all the rest of his life. The Yantis family lived at Fort Henness during the Indian wars and it was there that Etta was born January 2, 1856.

A union took place between the Yantis and Hanaford families when about 1870, William Yantis married Ella Hanaford. A second marriage joined the two families when Etta Yantis became the bride of Sidney Hanaford November 9, 1872.

Sidney had been proving up on a timber claim adjoining his father's on the west. After his marriage he built a one-room cabin of rough logs where he and his bride lived while he erected the three-room hewed-log house where their three children, Grace, Lewis, and Mary, were born.

Prominent among the furniture that Sidney made for his home was a four-poster bed with large round balls he'd whittled out at the top of each post, and to push under it, a trundle bed with sideboards a foot high for his two little daughters.

It seems likely that when the Hanafords went to Frost Prairie to the Reuben Crowder place to prepare to utilize their discovery of the new valley, that the owner also decided to ac-

company them. If not, Reuben Crowder followed soon after, for before 1878 he had proved up and returned to Frost Prairie. He was a bachelor at this time, not marrying until many years later and, according to the census of 1860, was born in 1830. His claim was east of "Grandpa" Hanaford's.

Two miles below William Yantis, Charlie Hoveland, a bachelor, settled and adjoining him to the west was Andrew Jackson who, about 1882, with his wife and son Charlie, came up from the Cowlitz and took a claim that had a three-room cabin built by a previous owner. He also purchased the old Davis homestead farther down the valley and gave it to his son shortly before his marriage to May Webster in 1885.

"In preparation for our marriage," recalls May Jackson, "Charlie was improving the Davis cabin. One morning he was approaching the house in the fog and when he arrived at its location, there was no house there. It had burned during the night. He then built a frame house of lumber hauled from Brown and Derickson's mill at Seatco (now Bucoda). This five-room story-and-a-half dwelling is still standing. The brick for the fireplace was brought from Centralia."

William Packwood, Sr., a native of Virginia, travelled West in 1844 with his wife Rhoda and four children. In 1847 he first staked a squatter's claim on the present site of Centralia at a location opposite the northwest corner of the City Park, but he soon left it for donation rights in the Nisqually Valley. In 1869, he took up land to the southeast of the Hanafords.

The country must have been to his liking for May Jackson describes him as a regular old trapper and hunter. "He'd be gone for months and his family never knew whether he was dead or alive. Then he'd come in with his old mule loaded with skins," she recalls.

He also took a homestead at the lower end of the valley. His son Rufus settled three miles over the hills back of the Andrew Jackson place. Another son, Elisha, lived south of Rufus on what was called Packwood Creek. He stayed there only a short time, however, and then moved to Bucoda. A son, A. J., and a daughter, Maude (Mrs. John Brotherson), now make their home in Centralia.

"The McMurdos also settled over behind the Rufus Packwoods, and the Moons were on a hill south of Father Jackson's," recalls May Jackson. "The rather elderly brothers—Pasco and William Morgan—were one mile below my husband's place."

Joseph Snider took a claim about a half mile northeast of the Hanafords on Snider Creek and in 1879 Casper Wolf, and his wife ("Grandpa" Hanaford's daughter Alice), and their three children, Clara, Martin, and Ida, moved to his place.

Later they lived with "Grandpa" Hanaford.

About 1888, "Sunny" Ford lived on a pre-emption above the Snider place, selling his interest to a timber company for \$500 at the end of a year.

Robert Gibson, a Civil War veteran and a printer by trade, arrived from Illinois in 1878 with his wife, five children, and five dollars in cash. With a borrowed ox team and twelve cattle that belonged to his landlord, he moved to the little shack fourteen feet square on the Ogle farm, south of "Grandpa" Hanaford's that he rented for sixty dollars a year. The family had no furniture, only a cast-iron stove, some bedding, and dishes and hay from the barn for beds. Mr. Gibson went out to earn his rent money by teaching school over on the Skookumchuck where he boarded around, walking home each Friday and starting out before daylight at four o'clock on Monday morning to walk back.

His wife was left to run the farm with the help of her five children, Frank, the oldest, being a boy of eleven. The others were Joe (who now lives in Centralia), Bert, Cora, and May. (Milton and Zella were born later.) In that wilderness with her five small children and a mile from her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Gibson heroically stayed on the farm—there was a small chance of going anywhere else. The family had neither an ox nor a horse—only their feet to carry them. But soon she did well with her chickens and with half of the increase of the stock each year, she built up a dairy herd, made butter, and sold as much as fifty pounds a week in Bucoda. In 1883 Mr. Gibson borrowed nearly \$400 at twelve per cent interest and purchased the south eighty acres of the farm. With a team borrowed from Reuben Crowder, he and his boys hauled in lumber from the little Hickland mill above the present Bucoda and built the first sawed lumber house in the valley.

About 1883 Theophilus' daughter Emma, her husband, Christopher Columbus Thompson, and their seven children, moved from Mound Prairie to the Crowder homestead which they purchased for \$800. The Thompson children were Minnie, Andy, Ed, Sidney, Fred, and Bessie. Minnie (Mrs. Frank Rector), Sidney, and Ed now live in Centralia.

Four miles southeast of "Grandpa" Hanaford, Charlie York settled about 1883, erecting a hunter's shack on his place. Three years later, his claim was taken over by the Samuel M. Sutherland and the Abraham Jeffries families who had traveled from the Choctaw Nation, now Oklahoma, in a freight car setting up housekeeping quarters in one half and transporting their furniture and personal belongings in the other. They stayed only one year in this isolated clearing in the timber,

however, for they were literally starved out. "It was awful wilderness," Leonard Sutherland, the oldest son, who now resides in Centralia, remembers. "There was no land cleared, and no place to raise any food stuff. The Jeffries lost six head of nice cows. There was just nothing to feed them. There were so many rats in that hunter's shack where we lived that our parents kept a light burning all night to watch so that they wouldn't harm us children. When the puncheon floor was taken up, the rats disappeared. We stayed there only a year then both families moved to the William Yantis place where we lived in separate houses about a half mile apart. Mattie, Olar, and I lived on the York claim. Nellie (Mrs. Fred Buchanan of Centralia), Guy, and Robert were born on the Yantis place.

Ed Hanaford married Emma Spencer and the couple lived with his mother and father. Their children born on the Hanaford were Cora, Mertie, and Maude.

Such was the little community at the head of the stream which came to be known as Hanaford Creek, a tight little settlement bound for the most part by ties of blood and common experiences. Each family cleared land in the summer and fall and, in early days, packed in for the winter, and then isolated from the rest of the world, traded work and amused one another with apple peelings and dances in "Soney" Yantis' hop shed.

The use of the first trail-like road was discontinued in the early seventies for one that went by the Sumner place, now Tono, and was known as the Sumner Road. By the early eighties, a "kind of road" was cut through along one edge of the valley to connect with the lower road to Centralia; but it was a good team indeed that could pull a ton load to town over it.

"It was so rough," declared May Jackson, "that until we left the valley in 1891, a trip to town along that road never failed to give me a sick headache. The jolting also produced the same results as sailing on a rough sea. I can surely remember one Fourth of July when three of us were lined up beside the wagon as soon as we reached Father Jackson's, giving up all we had and not even a cup of Mother Jackson's delicious tea would stay down."

"The roads were so bad we found riding horseback the safest way to get there. Then we didn't feel the jolts so much," explained Minnie Rector. "When riding in a wagon it was a common thing to be pitched clear out when one wheel sank down in a chuck hole the same time the opposite one went up over a root."

This very thing happened to Mrs. Gibson, a member of her family recalls, one Fourth of July on the Sumner Road

when she was jolted from the seat clear to the end of the wagon so that she hung over the back by her knees, her head almost trailing on the ground.

The neighbors helped one another clear up the swamp by chopping through the beaver dams with axes, and draining off the water and slashing and burning the bottom land. Then it was a swamp no longer but a wonderfully fertile valley where the soil produced fine crops of timothy hay, wheat, oats, hops, mammoth strawberries, and almost any kind of garden truck.

Those who raised cattle didn't milk their cows in the winter and turned them into the timber where there was but little forage, some slough or saw grass at the best. But on the twenty cleared acres of the Crowder homestead grew a fine stand of red and white clover, an excellent pasture for the Gibson cattle which probably was the reason this family milked their cows all the year.

"Not much money changed hands among valley residents," recalls Leonard Sutherland. "They just didn't have it." But the neighbors all helped each other with their butchering and several would gather to spend the day raising a new house or barn. At harvest time, which many a settler remembers as being more exciting than the Fourth of July, there were chicken dinners topped by pumpkin and apple pie to reward those who helped to thresh the wheat and oats with the tread power machine that went from farm to farm and belonged to Levi Prince from over on the Skookumchuck. Grace Wall recalls she felt sorry for the horses who walked on and on up the little incline turning the logs that turned the belt that turned the machine.

Sidney Hanaford's neighbors took their grain to the little fanning mill he built. It was a yard square and four feet high. It's still in use on the Thompson place, and works as good as ever, his daughter Grace found out the other day when she turned the handle which shakes the kernels through three successive screens, the mesh of each finer than the last, and that also turns the fan that blows the chaff away from the grain. The pulleys that ran the two belts of home-tanned leather, Sidney Hanaford fashioned from the hardwood of the curly knots that grew on the maple trees.

The neighbors also used the hay press "Grandpa" Hanaford made which compressed the dried timothy into 200, 250, and 300-pound bales, fastened with baling rope.

When the Indians came to harvest the crop in "Soney" Yantis' hop yard, they brought a picturesque touch to life in the valley. Sidney and "Soney" made all of the coffins for the settlers, and also for the latter's Indian workers. Once, Sidney's daughter Grace remembers, he made one for an In-

dian woman; and recognizing the customs of her race, he made it two feet longer than usual. But by the time her friends and relatives had packed in clothes and blankets around the body, there was no room for the legs of the deceased, and her knees had to be pressed down before the lid could be fastened.

On these occasions all of the Indians left the hop fields and beat on every conceivable utensil to drive away the evil spirits. And Grace has never forgotten the bedlam of noise surrounding the attempts of the tribesmen to cure a little Indian girl who was so ill she had to be helped up on a log where her relatives supported her while her friends made a clamorous appeal, almost drowned at times by the child's own shrieks.

One day just as ten-year-old Ida Wolfe was leaving her uncle's house to go home, she came back and said in a rather complaining tone, "Uncle Sidney, there's a big cat up in a tree and he's slapping his tail at me!" Needless to say, Sidney grabbed his gun and went out to kill the cougar.

Bill Yantis was the chief hunter of the valley and Leonard Sutherland remembers that a cougar attacked him one day when he was returning with a deer. He took refuge in a tree, carrying the deer's carcass with him. "Then he cut it up with his hunting knife," continued Mr. Sutherland, "and dropped it bit by bit to the waiting cougar which, when it had eaten its fill, slunk away, leaving Bill Yantis to climb down from the tree and go home empty-handed."

But the loss of a deer wouldn't trouble Bill Yantis for these animals were so plentiful they often came to the fields to feed and the Gibsons recall that Mr. Yantis practically kept their family in wild meat. As many as three deer he'd shot would be hanging in their shed at one time.

The women going about their housework would often glance out the door of their cabin and see bear prowling around the yard. Often these animals carried off pigs. Leonard Sutherland recalls that one evening just at dusk, when he was a small child, his family heard a pig squealing. Rushing out the door, they saw a bear carrying off their white one. Their neighbors, the Jeffries, heard it also and rushed out with their guns. Little Leonard was too small to keep up, so his older sister Maggie carried him "piggy-back" style, riding him on her bustle as she dashed out to join the chase to rescue the squealing pig. They killed the bear, he recalls, but the pig was so badly cut to pieces it died.

Sam Sutherland is ninety-three, but he still remembers the day that he thought his dog had followed him fishing. It was while he was living up in the timber on the York place. When he left, he told his big black dog to stay home; but as he sat out on an uprooted tree that had fallen across the creek watch-

ing the trout swim near his bait in the clear water, he sensed something approaching him along the fallen tree. His dog had followed him after all, he thought as he intently watched the biggest of the fish smell at his bait. Suddenly he felt the nearness of an unfamiliar presence. He looked up, his nose almost touching the snout of a big black bear which let out a loud snort right in his face. Then Sam Sutherland just dropped fish pole, bait can, and all and dived into the creek. He scrambled up the opposite bank, and ran till he was out of breath. When he stopped, he heard the bear making as much noise as a whole herd of cattle as it tore through the timber in the other direction.

The men trapped beaver; and their wives often baked beaver tails after skinning them, dipping them in boiling water, and then removing the backbones. These unusual bits of delicacy tasted much like halibut. Deer meat often hung above the stove—left there to dry and to season. "Jerked" venison was very popular with the settlers of Hanaford Valley.

Also over the kitchen stoves of the valley were wooden strips nailed to the ceiling from which hung the drying strings of round apple slices; or sagging down in a mosquito netting tacked to the ceiling were halved peaches, plums, berries, or other fruits also drying for winter pies and sauces. Drying saved preserving and containers were rare. Fortunate indeed was the housewife who had a sufficient number of small wooden kegs to hold her blackberry jam, pear preserves, and apple butter.

"My mother," Grace Wall remembers, "used to fill a five-gallon coal oil can with blackberry preserves. It never molded for she tied a cloth over the top that had been dipped in brandy. If we were fortunate enough to get a bottle, we tied a yarn string saturated in coal oil around it, set fire to the yarn, and dipped the bottle in cold water. We usually got quite a clean break that way and could then fill the bottom with preserves and seal it over the top with wax."

In the Hanaford household were united the New England cooking brought from their native Vermont and the southern cuisine of Sidney's wife, Etta. A memorable recipe of the former was bean pie—a pioneer dessert devised by Yankee ingenuity to substitute for pumpkin or squash. For, after the dried beans were boiled and the hulls removed in a sieve, the same recipe was followed as for pumpkin pie. And, according to Grace, the bean pie of the Hanaford household was a delicacy indeed.

From Kentucky evidently came the idea of having pie even when no fruit was to be had for Etta Yantis brought with her a recipe for vinegar pie when she married Sidney Hana-

ford—a confection made of flour, sugar, vinegar, cinnamon, and water that Grace asserts to as good as lemon pie any day.

To aid one another in preparing the strings of dried apples, the neighbors gathered at different houses in turn for what the valley residents called “apple peelings.” Fortunes told with the parings were especially interesting to the young people and many a girl peeled her apple in one long piece, swung it over her head, threw it over her left shoulder, and blushed when she was teased about the letter it formed. For that was supposed to be the initial of her future husband.

The Hanafords and Packwoods played their homemade instruments for the dances at “Soney” Yantis’ hop shed. Sidney beat the snare drum and his daughter Grace, the bass one, scarcely taller than herself. “Grandpa” Hanaford played the flute; his grandson Martin Wolfe, the fife; and Rufus and Elisha Packwood, the violins.

“Grandpa” Hanaford and his son Sidney made the violins. They also made the drums, curving vine maple to form the sides and lacing them with rawhide thongs to hold tight the drum heads of home cured and tanned deer hide. “Grandpa Hanaford made the fife and I wouldn’t say but I think he also made the flute,” recalls his granddaughter, Minnie Rector.

The popular tunes were the “Black Hawk Waltz,” “The Devil’s Dream,” “The Fishers’ Hornpipe,” and “Haste to the Wedding” as old and young of the valley enjoyed the polkas, schottishes, waltzes, and square dances on the twenty-four-by-sixty-foot floor of the hop shed or, in fact, at any home that was big enough.

“We knew all of the dances from the time we could walk,” said Grace. “My parents took me when I was a very small baby and I can’t remember when my father didn’t pick me up on the dance floor and do a few steps with me and then carry me along as he went through the figures.”

When croquet became the popular amusement of the little community, Sidney Hanaford fashioned the mallets for his children; but perhaps they were a bit surprised when they heard him sawing in the bedroom and realized that he was sacrificing the wooden balls that topped the four-poster bed.

The Hanaford children had for their pets—cats, both tame and wild. Grace remembers both kinds. Her father put holes in the kitchen door for the tame ones to come in and out of the house. A large one he made for the big cat, a small one for the kittens. He also cut a large cat hole under the stairs. Into this Grace inquisitively stuck her head to see what was behind it. Her ears, which lay close to her head on the way in, stuck out like hooks on each side and prevented her from drawing it out. She was held there, like a Puritan maiden in the stocks, staring into the darkness ahead. But there wasn’t

anything Puritanical in her yells and screams that continued until her father got the keyhole saw and sawed her out.

A little striped cat with a bushy tail came through the hole in the door each evening and slept with the cats on the kitchen sofa. When it heard Sidney arising in the morning, the small skunk stretched itself and leisurely walked across the floor with a peck, peck, peck, peck, sounding as if it had on tiny wooden shoes.

Robert Gibson brought a cultural and intellectual interest to the head of the Hanaford Creek when in 1880 he organized the first school district and became the first teacher. The neighbors got together and felled the firs in a space sixty by a hundred and fifty feet on the hill above the William Yantis place, leaving the logs lie almost as they fell, just piling them aside for a one-room school of hewed cedar. Each patron furnished a homemade desk and one scholar recalled that there weren't two alike, each varying in style and craftsmanship with the skill of its maker.

Robert Gibson wasn't skilled with tools so his five children sat on an unplanned split cedar board supported by four legs stuck into the rounded lower portion and placed their books and wrote on a crude sort of table. Two years later Sidney Hanaford made new seats for the little school—all of one pattern. In one corner of the room was a bench for the water pail and dipper and it was the job of the schoolmaster's young son, Joe, to bring the water from the spring two hundred yards away and to supply the wood for the sheet-iron stove.

There was no room for a playground in the little clearing almost filled with fir logs, but by going six hundred feet down by William Yantis', the scholars might play ball in his barnyard or in "Soney" Yantis' field, these two places being the very few in the whole valley where one could see the sky without looking straight up.

When the children of the valley attended the little log schoolhouse, they were not afraid as they walked along through the dense timber of often boasting that they could run faster any day than the wild animals of Hanaford Creek. Rather more they feared being caught whispering at school and having to sit for a quarter of an hour upon a small platform with their feet and every part of their legs touching the floor and the wall, one of the chief punishments of the little schoolhouse.

"Mr. Gibson always opened school with scripture and we had hymns also," recalls Minnie Rector. "My how I still love the ones we sang—'Work for the Night Is Coming,' 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus,' and 'Rescue the Perishing.' Mr. Gibson himself sang a song that went:

Dare to be a Daniel  
Dare to stand alone  
Dare to have a purpose fine  
Dare to make it known.

He also drew the 'G' clef and 'C' clef on the board and tried to teach us music, but mother needed me at home about that time so I quit school for good."

May Jackson became the schoolmistress in 1883 and she believes herself to be the second to have charge of the little school. She was followed by Schuyler Davis, then by Robert Gibson who taught a second time. Emma Stewart and Lucy Collins were also early teachers on the Hanaford.

London Bridge, ante-over, poison, dare base, and town ball were popular games at noon and recess. "I used to play ball with the scholars," said May Jackson, "and it was the time when I almost fell while running for a base, that I met my husband. We were playing down in 'Soney' Yantis' field and Charlie Jackson was watching. I'd never met him. When I was running from one base to the other, I started to fall. He caught me. I looked at him and laughed. 'You almost gave yourself a tumble,' he said. Then he started coming to the literary society evenings at the school and in about a year we were married."

It should be said that when May Webster, as she was then called, started the literary society or lyceum which met once a month at the school, she certainly added variety to the social life of the valley. "The old folks and young folks all took part in the program and games," she recalled. "I can see Will Yantis yet sitting there with the thumb and finger of one hand resting on his knee, a characteristic pose with him, and sing 'Three Blind Mice.' Bob Wardell's number was 'Old Dan Tucker' and the whole group would sing 'Little Brown Jug,' 'When You and I Were Young Maggie,' 'Nellie Gray,' 'Do They Miss Me at Home?' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.' 'Juanita' was my solo—and like all the rest was without instrumental accompaniment.

"Dialogues were also well received, the folks often coming clear from on the Skookumchuck to our programs. One of our dialogues was so especially good they asked us to go to the school over on Ticknor's Prairie to give it there. At our meetings we also played the usual games such as hide the thimble or drop the handkerchief."

On Sunday, the women and girls of the valley put on the best they had—their calico dresses and the sunbonnets, which the girls usually wore hanging down their backs by the strings tied long around their necks, and went again to the little log

schoolhouse. There Robert Gibson had charge of the Sunday school as well, and handed out reward of merit cards for faithful attendance. The program, one of his sons recalls, consisted of a few hymns, a prayer, and the reading of the scripture.

Often Mr. Gibson also preached at the church service that followed; though circuit riders came to the Upper Hanaford about once a month and usually stayed with the Gibson family. One of them, a young fellow by the name of Williams, was known rather as a "circuit walker," for he was said to have made his rounds on foot, wading the streams and often swimming the deeper ones.

Later, preachers from Bucoda and Centralia also held services in the valley. Baptisms were in the Skookumchuck near the Mize farm and took place during the warm summer months, those participating wearing ordinary clothing selected for its adaptability to be serviceable again after being immersed in the river water.

Coal lay exposed on many of the homesteads of the valley. And many dug coal for their own use. "My father used to dig his at the foot of the hill behind his house, but it was rather dirty as I recall it," said Grace Wall.

"Everybody who wanted any, used to go to the Hoveland place and dig their own. We always had plenty of good coal to burn from there," asserts May Jackson. It is also said that Rufus Packwood started to develop the coal on his claim and sold his place to a mining company.

Coal, in fact, was so plentiful that when many of the settlers dug their wells, the water, especially to a stranger, tasted so coaly it was thought scarcely fit to drink. "Grandpa Hanaford's tasted awful," recalls Minnie Rector.

For many years the Sidney Hanafords carried their water a quarter of a mile from the spring, balancing two pails at a time across their shoulders by means of a neck yoke. One day a man stopped at the hewed-log house. Taking a forked willow branch and holding the ends loosely in each of his hands, the water-witch walked around the yard. Slowly the branch turned until the fork was facing downward. "There is your water! Dig!" he said. The Hanafords dug and all the year round had clear cold water from that well, free from all taste of coal.

The severe shock of the midnight earthquake felt in the locality about 1883 gave the settlers of the valley quite a scare. Every evening "Grandma" Hanaford always washed her milk pans and turned them over in a row, each tilted against the other. "Maybe you think the shock didn't set up a racket among her milk pans," recalls Grace Wall. "They all thought the world had come to an end."

"Aunt Ella Yantis had a similar feeling," remembers Minnie Rector. "She was alone with her two children when the shock awakened her. Likely she thought she'd rather face the end in the presence of her father and mother for she grabbed up her baby, Ed, and dragged Willis along by the hand as, frightened almost to death, she rushed along the narrow muddy path through the dripping woods toward Grandpa Hanaford's. 'I wasn't afraid though,' little Willis said, 'but I was sure mama had gone crazy.'"

Not always was there such excitement as this to enliven the conversation of the valley where everyone was related to almost everybody else and knew everything about one another. "When they got together, they sat and it was just buzz, buzz, buzz about each other," recalls Minnie Rector. "To make it more interesting, they'd take turns staying away so the others could have something to talk about."

The nearest doctor was in Olympia, but the residents of the Hanaford Creek practiced their own first aid. When Sidney Hanaford's little four-year-old son Lewis grasped his hands up over the high end of their sofa and "skinned the cat," the little fellow fell and broke his arm so badly that a splinter of bone projected through the skin. But his father pounded a piece of lead flat and used it to weight the splintered bone into place and then put handmade splints on the child's arm. When "Soney" Yantis slashed open his leg above the knee with an ax, he asked his wife for a needle and a piece of black thread and calmly sat down and sewed the gaping wound together.

A new baby brought all of the women in to care for the mother and child and illness at a home about the creek made the feeling of neighbor for neighbor close indeed. When four of Ella Yantis' children contracted diphtheria, even Charlie Hoveland, the bachelor of the valley, came to nurse the ill ones and it's recalled he was as gentle as any woman. Ella had need of much help for Willis died. They fought hard for Ed; once they straightened out Lucy, thinking her dead. They both lived; but just as the family returned from burying little Ella, her small sister Blanche died. There was sadness later also when Mattie Sutherland died of "quick typhoid pneumonia" a short time before she was to be married to Charlie Betts.

Tragedy and affliction often visited the little settlement on the Upper Hanaford, but the residents always faced it with spirit. "We had to or we'd never have survived up there so far from the rest of the world," explained May Jackson.

"We always played little jokes on each other and made our own fun. After we'd been married fifty-five years, my husband would say to me, 'Sis, won't you ever learn to behave yourself?' But I never did, and every April First I always fooled him at least once; and if I hadn't all day, I would before he got into bed. He was quiet, but he loved fun and so did all the rest of us who worked and made a home on the Upper Hanaford."

The settlers began to leave the valley, almost in the order of their arrival there. First "Grandma" and "Grandpa" Hanaford, their daughter Alice, and sons Ed and Sidney, then "Sonny" Yantis followed by his brother William. Charlie Jackson left in 1891, the Sutherlands about 1895, and the Gibsons about the same time.

About 1882 "Grandma" Hanaford became ill and so that she might be near the care of a doctor, her daughter Alice moved to Tenino. When "Grandma" Hanaford died, the family moved to Olympia then back to the old place in the valley.

It is remembered by his neighbors that "Grandpa" Hanaford had a beard of startling snowy whiteness. A short time before he died, he visited the Gibson family and he was heard to remark, "Well, Mr. Gibson, when you came to this valley, my farm was in the best shape of any of them here. Now you and your boys have worked hard and cleared your land and yours is better than mine. I'm going to get to work." So he took his brush hook and axe and started to clean up his place and a short time later he dropped dead at his work. He passed away about 1890, and, like the other settlers of the valley, was buried in the Bucoda Cemetery.

Sidney Hanaford was injured in a log rolling on the creek, so about 1889 he sold his homestead to Ignatius Colvin, and moved to Bucoda where he engaged in business until his death in 1895. His wife, Benetta, however, survived him until 1938.

Of Sidney's children, Mary died when she was fourteen but Grace, now Mrs. Guy Wall, lives in Centralia; while Lewis, who married Lucinda Long, resides in California.

The Charlie Jacksons moved to Centralia after they left the Hanaford. Later they took a farm on Frost Prairie south of Tenino where Mrs. Jackson still resides. Her only surviving child, a daughter, Rena, the widow of Jack McDonald, lives with her. The other children, both born on the creek, were Pearl and Guy.

Robert Gibson left the Hanaford and moved to Centralia where his wife died in 1906 and he, characteristically enough, met his death in 1926 when hit by a street car in Portland while

on his way to a Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

Of the Gibson children, Joe, who married Laura Birkshire, resides in Centralia; Bert married Grace Knights; Cora, Val Best; May, Marion Ogle; Milton, Maude Packwood; and Zella, George Van Gilder.

In the late 1880's Ignatius Colvin, a prosperous land holder of Mound Prairie, bought the adjoining 160-acre farms of Sidney Hanaford, and "Soney" and William Yantis while his son, Ben Colvin, purchased the 320 acres of Theophilus Hanaford's. Up to this time, there had been small cleared patches surrounded by dense timber; but with the coming of the Colvins, dates the actual prosperity of the Upper Hanaford. They employed a crew of fifteen or twenty men who slashed all one summer, burned off the great piles of logs in the fall, and so cleared up large stretches of rich land for cultivation.

After Ed went to Tacoma, he and his wife, the former Emma Spencer, had a fourth child, Coleman, who died when quite small.

Of the Wolfe children, Ida married Hal Hickland; and Martin, Myrtle Hughes. Clara married Farley Johnson of Johnson Creek.

William Yantis, after selling to the Sutherland and Jeffries families, went with his wife Ella Hanaford and his family to Olympia, then to Oregon and on to California where several of his children were married. The six children were: Willis who died when he was about twenty; Ed who married in the eastern part of the state; Lucy who became the wife of Martin Ramser in California; Fannie and Blanche who died of diphtheria when little girls, and Minnie, who married Will Judson in California.

"Soney" Yantis, his wife, the former Eva Swain, and his family moved to Centralia after leaving the valley. Later they lived in eastern Washington. Their children were: Rose, who married Bert Ressler of Bucoda, Harry, Johnny, Wirt, and Lillie who married Bud Weston of Seattle.

After the Sutherland family moved to Bucoda, three children were born—Kathryn, Lily, and Clarence (who resides in Centralia). Olar Sutherland married Ed Rambo; Leonard, Marie Sorenson; Nellie, Fred Buchanan; Guy, Marie Fritz; Robert, Ethel Polson; Kathryn, Arthur Seehafer; Lily, Charlie Pennypacker; and Clarence, Maude Klein.

The Thompson children were Minnie (Mrs. Frank Rector of Centralia); Andy who married Lucretia Duffy; Edwin married Edith Hurn; Sidney married Myrtle Hurn; Fred married Millie Slyter; and Bessie (Mrs. John Williams). Annie died when a child and Bert when twenty-one. Ed and Sidney now reside in Centralia.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### HOMESTEADS ON THE LOWER HANAFORD

#### I. THE CHARLES PERRY ANDERSONS

BY MARY ADAIR D'AUBUCHON

Almost a hundred years old is the little chair of young hickory wood made by Charles Perry Anderson in 1848. Its lattice back and rawhide seat are still sturdy—as sturdy as those two pioneers, Charles Perry Anderson and his wife, Mary Ann, who brought it across the plains from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Oregon Territory in 1852. Worn down to its first rung, the little chair is still in use in the home of their granddaughter, Violet Patnode.

That day in 1852, the rawhide seat of the little chair pressed its diamond-shaped pattern upon the full calico skirt of Mary Ann Anderson. The heat was stifling under the low arch of canvas. The jolting motion of the wagon upon the rough prairie made it difficult for her to hold her feverish child.

Night came. Then morning. Mary Ann Anderson was again seated in the lattice-back chair. But she held no small form close to her bosom. The wagon carried her farther and farther away from the still body of her infant son lying in the rough casket her husband had made for it out of a board from their wagon bed. She had seen it being covered with prairie soil. She had seen the wagons one by one being driven over the loose dirt of the road way. At least the Indians would not molest her little James! No, and his burial place would never be found, for soon 10,000 wagons were to pass westward over the little grave. Chimney Rock itself was her child's monument. Her husband had taken the bucket of tar used for wagon grease and had written on the base of its towering spire—

James Anderson  
Age Six Months.

On the crisp morning of November 16, 1852, the train of wagons arrived at the group of buildings forming the small settlement of Portland, Oregon. The Andersons had decided to settle fifteen miles west in Washington County.

The little chair was in constant use in the farm home and

soon beside it there was a cradle, also fashioned by Charles Perry Anderson on a little water-power lathe he'd installed. In it were rocked John, Albert, Andrew Jackson, Charles, George, and two daughters, Eliza and Minnie, who were born during the seventeen years the Andersons resided in Oregon. Mary Ann Anderson sang her children no lullabies—a few motions of the length-wise rockers and they were asleep in the home-made cradle.

Not far from her doorway grew the tall blue flowers of the flax. From it she wove her linens. One of her bed spreads she used for thirty-five years. And she also had sheep. She would take a ten-pound fleece and, after it was washed, spread it out on the floor, card it, dye it, and weave her children clothes.

The sister of Mary Ann Anderson, Jane Remley, lived in Lewis County, Washington Territory. She had often urged the Andersons to join her. Finally they prepared to do so and arrived at Waunch Prairie, north of the present city of Centralia, during the winter of 1869. There they camped until spring.

In the early summer Charles Perry Anderson built a split cedar house on his homestead on the Little Hanaford Creek. Then six months later, assisted by his older sons, he felled the cedars for the walls of a hewed log house. He was very good at hewing, so good that he delighted in asking his young son George, "Put your thumb down on that log, son, and let me trim the nail for you." George never would. He'd seen his father swing his eight-pound ax with its blade so sharp he could shave himself with it. He knew his father could come so close that "there'd be no foolin'." "Father could hew two pieces out of a log so smooth you'd think they'd been planed," boasted George Anderson when he was a man of eighty.

So the Andersons split and hewed the cedar logs five inches thick and twenty-four inches wide and twenty or thirty feet in length. They dove-tailed the corners, doing all the ax work on the ground, and numbering each piece according to the place it was to lie in the walls of the new house. Then they were ready for the house raising. The neighbors came, principally "Uncle" Billy Packwood, as the Andersons called him, Uncle Joe Remley, and an Irishman by the name of Malice from Grand Mound.

After the walls had gone up a bit, the hewed logs were tied to ropes and pushed and pulled on skids. One of the two men standing on each end of the wall handling the ropes so the logs couldn't slip would shout, "Up with the other end." And the two pushing up with pikes would yell, "Stop that till we get up with you." "Three or four good men like we

had in those days could handle quite a stick that way," George Anderson recalls in describing the house raising. "And so the crew raised the cedar logs, laying as they'd go, and the walls rose to a height of eight feet, ready for the ceiling joists."

Meanwhile, Al Anderson had yoked up Tom and Jerry, his two-year-old steers, and had driven with George to Tumwater for a thousand feet of rough lumber. Charles Perry Anderson and his sons planed the boards by hand and laid the floors and made the rest into cupboards for the kitchen.

And with the help of his sons, Charles Perry Anderson cut the tall firs of the valley, used the logs to fill up the low places, and so connected the Hanaford with the road on Waunch Prairie.

Charles Perry Anderson loved to work with wood. He loved the twang the axe made when it bit into the trunks of the fir and ash. He loved the smell of the freshly-cut cedar branches. He lived to create things of wood, fashioning them out of logs he had hewed himself. He could make anything in wood. He had a little workshop by the road. Here he made furniture for the other settlers—beds, tables, spinning wheels—wood-brothers of the little chair and cradle. In 1869, Charles Perry Anderson cut down an oak on Waunch Prairie and made the handles and beam of the huge Borst plow, which even now stands in Borst Park. In fact, he spent so much time at his work that it was really his wife and sons who ran the farm.

"He had a little foot-power lathe," George recalls, "and I'd put my foot on one side and he'd put his on the other. And with my right and his left foot working it, we'd turn out a hundred chair rounds a day. He used dogwood for the rounds and ash for the backs while the cross pieces were maple mortised in. He used no glue nor pins yet the rounds of his chairs fit so tight you'd have to split up the posts with an axe to get them out. He did it this way. He'd kiln dry the rounds on a rack above a small, slow fire in the woodshed. Then he steamed the chair legs and backs in a vat till they were so hot you couldn't touch them. The posts he'd keep dry. Then he'd pound in the hot rounds on which he'd made two little tenants or ridges and when they'd stayed there two or three days you couldn't knock them apart with a maul."

This love of working with wood was inherited by Charles Perry Anderson's youngest son, George. The boy often watched his father. He watched the native wood workers of Hanaford Creek, too. Good mechanics he thought them. They'd carry mud on their flat tails to plaster up their houses built on a little knoll on the bank. They would fell willow trees as big as six inches in diameter, going chop, chop, chop, with their

four teeth and sounding like a small boy chopping with a toy hatchet. Five or six would be working on one dam; carrying mud they'd be, and swimming in the water. They'd use their tails up and down, up and down, and then turn suddenly sideways as they gave a wheel about. Their tails were also their steering apparatus. One animal always stood guard. At the slightest unaccounted-for noise—splash! And they were in the water, with a sound like an empty barrel being rolled over the bank and into the stream.

Five or six dams there'd be at once across the Hanaford. George would go with his father and brothers, and cut through the willow sticks, and shovel the mud away. In two or three days the dams would be built back again. Persistent fellows, the beaver, and good mechanics!

George Anderson thought, as he stirred the big kettle of mush, "Middlin makes the finest kind." And so did the other Anderson boys, when they ate it every night for supper. That is, until they got so big that they were ashamed of it. It was George also who parched the peas. They made good coffee when the supply from Tumwater ran low. It was George again who scaled the beaver tails to help his mother make beaver tail soup, or chopped deer meat to fill the twenty-four gallon mincemeat jar. For Mary Ann Anderson's three other sons were too old and her three girls too young to do "woman's work."

And it's to be wondered if Mary Ann Anderson blamed herself or the mincemeat jar for the death of her stoutest son, Andrew Jackson, who died of consumption before he was seventeen and a half. It was in the fall of 1871, after hog killing time, that he had danced all night at a party at the Elkanah Mills's house on the Chehalis River. When he came home in the morning, his mother pointed to the mincemeat jar. She said, "Jack", (everybody called him Jack, even though his name was Andrew Jackson) "Jack", she said, "If I had one more deer, I could fill the mincemeat jar." Jack went out and soon killed a young buck on the little fringe of timber across the creek. He dressed it and carried it home on his shoulders. The cold he caught was the death of him. Six months later the Anderson's gentlest oxen carried his body to the burial grounds on Fords Prairie.

Shortly after George was ten; his father turned over two calves to him for the boy to break in at the ox-yoke. He named them Turk and Lion. The fall George was twelve, the calves had become well-broken steers. After threshing was over, Charles Perry Anderson told him to yoke up the cattle and set out for the mill with the grist. By starting out at three o'clock in the morning, the boy was able to reach Tumwater

by dark. The mill ground all night. Mr. Gilbough, the owner, would say, "I'll have it ready for you at daylight, son." Money was scarce in the Anderson family, so Mary Ann Anderson put up several lunches for her son, enough to last him until he reached home; and George slept in his wagon under the mill shed with Turk and Lion tied to the wheels.

When the first public school, in what was to be Center-ville, was built, Charles Perry Anderson nailed the one by sixes, hauled from Tumwater, to form the walls of its "box" construction. George stayed with his Aunt Jane Remley, and crossed the foot log over the Skookumchuck River with his cousins, Anna and Julia, on the way to his first school.

When Mary Ann Anderson sat in the little lattice-back chair and held her youngest daughter, Lucy Ann, the only child born upon the Hanaford, she sang "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," with its bit of sadness and its touch of sentiment. It was her favorite. Her son George still remembers the sweet sound his mother's voice made as it resounded through the log house:

Jenny, my own true loved one,  
I'm going far from thee,  
Out on the bounding billows  
Out on the dark blue sea.  
How I will miss you, my darling,  
There, when the storm is raging high,—  
Jenny, my own true lov'd one,  
Wait till the clouds roll by.

Charles Perry Anderson, a man of medium height, watched his sons grow taller than himself. And his youngest son seemed to have taken the tall firs of Hanaford Creek for his model. When George was ten, he weighed fifty-four pounds, but by the time he was fourteen, he weighed 180 and had almost attained his full height of six feet two.

And by the time he was sixteen, he was big enough to take his hand spike and help the men lift up at log rollings on the Hanaford. In April, May, and June, of that year the Andersons had cleared thirty acres, slashing the brush and small trees, felling the larger ones and chopping off the limbs and branches. These dried till the twentieth of August. Then before the first rain, they burned them off with an immense slashing fire that licked up the dry branches. "There was a fire, no foolin'," recalls George Anderson. "The flames leaped up fifty feet high and you could read a newspaper a quarter of a mile away."

Then a short time later came the log rolling when fifty men went to the Anderson's, divided into two squads and chose captains. "Fred Gibson's father, Joe, the leader of one, was

one of the best," George explained. "Joe Remley, the other captain, could get more work out of the boys than most anyone else just by setting an example. Then the two squads set to work to see which could lift the most and make the biggest pile. Old man Gibson would holler out, 'Roll, boys, roll! One time more, boys—roll, boys, roll!' And you could hear old man Remley a quarter of a mile, 'Up boys! Up with the other end over there.' And Uncle Joe used other words too that flowed out smooth and easy like a bull puncher's. I'll tell you that man swore by note.

"Twenty, thirty, forty dry logs they'd roll in a pile. Using skids, maybe a dozen stout men would raise a log, lifting up with hand spikes. When the piles were finished, then we'd take a brand from one to the other. It caught right away. We didn't have to stop to blow our breath on it," said George. "Then the smoke sure rolled up from the great stacks of closely-piled, dry, hardwood logs placed solid and close together side by side so all of them would burn up.

"In the meantime, the women were with my mother at the house getting the dinner ready," continued George. "She had everything good to eat you can imagine. She was a good cook and she'd baked eighteen wild blackberry pies. Way ahead she'd gone from one neighbor to the other borrowing dishes and she set up an eighteen-foot table. After dinner we had a dance at the house and Elisha Packwood, who was a natural born musician, played for us."

George trained himself in other feats of strength as well. He could take two fifty-pound sacks of flour, grasp a little ear at the top of each between a thumb and finger then hold both sacks out at arm's length—just as easy.

"Monster men of Hanaford Swamp" his fellow loggers called George Anderson, and his cousin, John Remley, who hand-logged together on the Skookumchuck. George made the money driving an eight-ox team to build a new frame house for his folks—working four years on the Skookumchuck, two years on the Wishkah, and one year on Oyster Bay.

John Albert, known as Al, the oldest son of Charles Perry Anderson, was a natural born ox driver and was famous all over the Northwest. In 1869, after his father shaped the handles of the Borst plow, Al was one of the first to use it to clear Borst Prairie of the hazels and small oaks. Taking three yoke of the wild Borst steers, he would break them in at the plow by driving them with the three teams of well-broken cattle the Anderson family had brought from Oregon—Buck and Bright, Tom and Jerry, Pete and Dave. When the share stuck in the hazel or oak roots, he'd unyoke the leaders, Buck

and Bright, and attach them to the rear of the plow to pull it out.

All of the Andersons thought of Al as the hunter of the family. He always kept good dogs—dogs that could run down anything in the woods. Being the shot he was and with the rifle he had, if he saw any deer make two jumps in the brush he got it on the second jump. He was just that quick.

And the other Anderson boys must have been fair shots too. For they roamed the woods, hunting deer, bear, and cougar. Often they went to Jim Lum's cabin over against Davis Hill and sold him animal skins as well as lizards and snakes. They got fifty cents to a dollar apiece, and fifty cents looked like a full moon to them. When they looked at the specimens in his cabin, there was no need for Jim Lum to tell the Anderson boys one of the long stories he told the other children about the habits of the owl, pheasant, squirrel, or fox; they had learned them by experience in the woods.

With the exception of Albert, who died when a young man, one by one the sons and daughters of Mary Ann and Charles Perry Anderson married—George wedded Clara Ticknor. A daughter Bertha now lives in Calgary, Canada. By his second marriage to Amelia Sewell he had another daughter, Eunice. Lucy Ann became the bride of Hugh McElfresh. Their children are Floyd and Violet (Mrs. Jerry Patnode). Minnie married Reese Hecock and had a son, Edgar, who died before he was fifteen. Eliza made the trip to the altar twice—first marrying Anton Zenkner, and later Harley Johnson. Claude, a son, was the child of the first marriage, and Treasure, the daughter of the second. Charles Anderson went to Yakima when a young man and married a Miss Knox there.

George, now eighty, is the only one of the children living. Almost all of the household and worldly goods of Charles Perry Anderson and his wife Mary Ann are gone—all except George and the little chair of young hickory wood that is still in use in the home of their granddaughter, Violet Patnode.

## II. THE ZENKNERS AND SHIMEKS

BY MARCELLA MUIR

Anna Zenkner, wife of Augustine Zenkner, lived at the foot of high mountains in Bohemia. When she saw the neighbor children being made to string beads as soon as they could hold needles in their hands, she was determined to go to America where her three children—Austin, Anton, and Annie—would have better opportunities. Her determination only grew stronger when the thunder clouds gathered around the

mountains above their home and the crashes of thunder would shake the house. Her frightened little girl, Annie, would crawl under the feather beds in terror, and her little son, Anton, would run outside and shake his fist at the thunder and say, "You old thunder, you, scaring my Annie."

Anna Zenkner had made all preparations for their trip to America when her husband was killed. Temporarily, her plans were shattered. But three years later, she married Joseph Shimek, and after the birth of her two children, Antonia and Adolph (Oddie), once again she hoped to go to America.

For it was at this time that Joseph Mauermann returned to Bohemia from Washington Territory in America, to choose wives from his native country for his two sons. Mr. Mauermann selected the sister of Mr. Shimek as a prospective wife for one of his sons, so Mrs. Shimek decided that this was the long-awaited chance for her family to accompany him to America also. Although she was warned that the trip across the ocean would take twelve days, and that twelve days more would be necessary to cross the continent of America to Washington Territory, she was still determined to go.

The voyage across the ocean, as Austin Zenkner, now eighty-three years old, remembers it, was made in the steamship "Parthenia," later called the "Victoria" and used for Alaskan trips. Because the weather was particularly stormy, the whole family became extremely seasick, and it was impossible to stay in bed even though one braced one's self. The two boys, Anton and Austin, slept in the same bunk. When the ship tossed about, sometimes Anton was on top of Austin, and the remainder of the time Austin was on Anton. Austin remembers also that eleven whales were sighted and two of them chased the boat for two hours even though the vessel traveled at sixteen knots an hour.

At San Francisco, the family waited a few days for the ship north and the three-and-a-half-day trip to Portland. After crossing the Columbia River by boat, the party boarded a train on the newly-built railroad at Kalama and arrived at Saundersville (now Chehalis), Washington Territory, November 22, 1872. There, Joe Saunders met them at the train with a wagon and took them out toward Bawfaw. And then Anna Shimek, her husband, small children, Joseph Mauermann, and the prospective brides trudged by foot to the Mauermann homestead where the Shimek family stayed nearly a year while looking for a location.

Austin, the oldest of Anna Shimek's children by her first marriage, was a lad of fourteen so he immediately began earning his living at the trade he had learned in Bohemia, becoming the first traveling shoemaker in this locality. He recalls

that his first customers were the family of Charley White at Bawfaw who furnished the leather, board, and room for the young cobbler who made shoes for a dollar a pair, staying until he had made new foot covering for each member of the household.

The youth ripped up an old pair for a pattern, changed it to suit, then cut out the leather, and pegged in the heavy work with a mallet and the sharp wooden pegs he had made of native hardwood. With a hog bristle, caught through the split end of the hair and waxed to the hemp thread, he sewed the shoes, holding a bristle and thread in each hand.

When he completed his task at the White home, he moved to his next customer. Mrs. Mallie Ward, the daughter of Dr. James H. Roundtree, remembers when he visited at her father's farm on Bawfaw Prairie that winter and the odd conversations she and the young Bohemian lad had, each trying to talk to the other in a strange tongue, he knowing little English and she, little German.

"I especially recall the shoes he made for me too," said Mrs. Ward, who is now a woman of eighty. "Every time he would see me with them on, he'd get down and lace them a bit tighter. He explained to me in his broken English and the fewer German words I understood that I had a small foot and he wanted his handiwork to show off to advantage."

In the next year, 1873, when the Shimek family selected a homestead on the south side of Hanaford Creek not far from the outlet of that stream into the Skookumchuck, Austin had his shop there in the log house of his mother and stepfather. Until 1879, when he turned to logging, the young cobbler had a good business, competing with the custom-made shoes of the stores at Olympia that sold for as high as five dollars a pair.

After the Shimeks decided to take a homestead on the dark mucky soil of Hanaford Creek, they lived with the Oemler family while they built their first shelter, a log cabin of rough logs.

When the Shimek family began housekeeping on the homestead, one of the first things Anton Zenkner, now a man of eighty-one, remembers doing was that he and his mother went to Wingard's store, at that time the only building in what later became Centralia, and bought one sack of flour, one box of soap, and one dollar's worth of sugar, all of which the boy carried home on his back.

Austin also has a vivid memory of his early experiences in settling the homestead. One day, he recalls, his stepfather sent him to Olympia alone with the grist. He had to walk the distance up and back, beside the slow-travelling oxen, so the

trip took two days each way. When he returned home, the neighbors were all badly in need of flour, and borrowed all but one sack from him. The next day Mr. Shimek told Austin he would have to go to Olympia again. Thus the lad made two trips, a total of 120 miles—a long walk for a boy in his teens.

Soon Anna Shimek was making butter on her farm and her children walked to town to deliver it. Once, Anton recalls, when the weather was very hot, he and his sister Annie insured safe delivery of the order to a customer by placing the butter on his head, then covering it with his hat.

Austin Zenkner says that his and Anton's first thought upon reaching Washington Territory was to go hunting. The brothers remember many experiences, especially concerning bear and deer. The younger lad counted the number of deer he shot until he had tallied up 260, then he lost count.

One time when the two brothers were hunting deer, they frightened a bear away. The following Sunday they went back to see if the bear had returned. On their way, they came to a small ravine with a burned-out stump near the bottom of it. So, with a boy's curiosity, Anton crawled down the slope and felt inside the burned stump. "I sure made the charcoal fly in getting out of there," he exclaimed in telling of the incident. "For I had touched the bear's fur. I shot into the hole and decided to go in after the animal. 'If you go in there, there will be a mad Dutchman coming out with a bear hanging around his neck,' warned my brother. So I made a noose of a forked alder branch and pulled the bear out. Sure enough, the animal was only wounded, so we shot it again."

Austin tells this story about his half brother, "Oddie," with whom he was hunting one day. Spying a hole in a hollow tree about twenty feet from the ground, the younger boy climbed up and thrust his head in the hollow. Another head met his, and the frightened youngster lost no time in coming down. He merely relaxed his hold and let gravity take its course. What he had feared was a wild animal proved to be only a small tree owl.

The younger Shimek children became citizens of their adopted country when their father got his papers. "But my brother Anton and I took no chances; we took out our papers ourselves." The two brothers also filed on homesteads in the valley northeast of Waunch Prairie now known as Zenkner Valley. "In the spring 1880," recalls Austin, "my stepfather and I built a log cabin on my homestead, having first to do a lot of slashing to get an opening large enough for a cabin.

"Zenkner Valley was a swamp in those days. I petitioned both Thurston and Lewis counties for a draining ditch, paying

all preliminaries out of my own pocket. I next petitioned for a new road, the present one running in the valley.

"One day a Mrs. Matteson, teacher in the little valley school, wrote on the side of the building, 'Zenkner Valley Schoolhouse.' Since then this has been the name of the valley. I batched for fifteen years on that homestead. Finally I got so I couldn't eat my own cooking. I decided to sell out. The very next day a Mr. Fread came to my place and I sold to him."

Anton still lives on his homestead and each day just as he always has done for the last sixty years, he opens three gates as he drives his car down a trail-like road to take the milk out to the stand by the highway. For over sixty years he has opened those gates—no road ever has been cut through to his place. Anton's first wife was Eliza Anderson. They were separated and their one child, Claude, lives in Raymond. The child of Margaret Johnson, his second wife, died at birth, and after Margaret passed away, he married her sister, Emily. To her was born a daughter, Betty.

Three girls were born to Anna Shimek in her home on Hanaford Creek—Augusta, Emma, and Julia. And Anna Shimek herself was often present at the birth of the children of her neighbors for she was skilled in medical knowledge and she had a certificate stating her qualification that she'd been granted in her native Bohemia.

Anna Shimek had an efficiently run establishment at her farm. As regularly as Monday came, she delivered a two-pound pat of butter in town to George Dysart. Her sons and daughters might walk with other young folks of the valley to the dances at Bucoda, returning at daylight; but the morning chores would have to be done before she allowed them a wink of sleep. There might be pleasures for her children, but they were forced to learn that life went on largely as a result of work.

Long before the Fowler residence in town was famed for its running water and bathtub (for which the young scion of that family charged his boy playmates five cents a dip), Anna Shimek had hot and cold running water in her home—the new frame structure built of milled lumber.

Of a refined nature and admiring the more gracious and finer things, Anna Shimek still envied man his work and preferred vigorous outdoor labors to the less active home tasks. Her opportunity for this type of work came with the advent of the railroad and, incidentally, it provided a way to make actual money too. What was known as "ready money," real cash—not the trading of produce by a modified system of barter—was paid by the railroad for wood, at \$1.25 per cord. Mrs. Shimek and her twelve-year-old son, "Oddie," cut sev-

enty-two cords of wood one winter, and in the spring Mr. Shimek hauled it out and stacked it beside the railroad tracks. All clear profit it was. For no stumpage had to be paid in that day—cut where one would. The timber was something to be removed from the land so that wheat and oats might take its place.

The memory of Anna Shimek's skill with a saw has lived in the memory of the veteran woodsmen, who still say in an admiring tone, "I'll tell you, it sure took a mighty good man to be able to cut as much wood in a day as old lady Shimek." Little "Oddie," skilled even at the age of twelve, later became a superior woodsman, due possibly to his mother's training. But, at this early age he refused to cut wood, according to Austin, unless he had his hot coffee.

Anna Shimek's two older boys, as well, were known for their ability as fellers of trees and hewers of timber. Anton is recalled as having been one of the best woodsmen in this part of the country. "He could make an upper-cut with a broad axe that showed no stroke of the axe, and was so smooth you'd swear he'd used a jack plane," his former companions of the woods declare.

When Austin quit his shoemaking trade in 1879 he went to the woods, working in a logging camp near Olympia. By 1883 he started to run a camp of his own north of Centralia. "But times were hard in those years and for the five years I ran this camp I pulled out with only six hundred dollars ahead," he recalls. "We got the whole sum of \$3.50 a thousand delivered at the mill. We logged for Einsberger, now known as the Western Crossarm Company. Times were so hard then I couldn't pay ten cents on the dollar. It was so difficult to get any money to pay employees that frequently we had to take a due bill to get our groceries.

"I especially remember the Fourth of July in 1886," Austin Zenkner continued. "I wanted to pay the boys some money so they could have a good time on the Fourth. I borrowed two hundred dollars at the bank at eight per cent interest. Then so they would have a stake for the Fourth, I paid the married loggers twenty dollars apiece and the single men, ten dollars. I've never seen a more tickled lot of boys than they were. They'd never expected to get so much."

Austin Zenkner was also a skilled timber faller and he has many pictures, the relics of his woodsman days, showing him felling immense firs and cedars. In one, he is on the spring-board starting to fell a giant tree which measured eight feet, two inches in diameter inside the bark and thirty-eight feet, six inches in circumference. According to Mr. Zenkner, it took him only six hours to fell it.

In 1893 Austin Zenkner was elected to the state legislature where he served one term. He now lives at Silver Creek, Washington, with his wife, the former Edna Salzer. Earl, a son, and his family live with them. Two daughters, Viola (Mrs. Howard J. Lovejoy) and Ruth (Mrs. Fred Durrwachter) reside in Chehalis.

Joseph Shimek is well-remembered by those who used to pass him on the road and marvel that he reached home alive after a visit to town. For his horses would simply tear along the rutted roads as their driver would be complacently seated in his wagon, the reins around his waist, the only effort to guide them a tightening of the lines as he leaned back in the seat. Many residents also recall the good times they had at the jolly parties at "Shimek's Grove" on the old homestead.

The Zenkner and Shimek children tell, too, of their father's persistent refusal to leave his home when Hanaford Creek flooded his land. Although they and their mother fled to higher ground, he said he'd leave only if the swollen stream came into the house and washed the logs out of the fireplace. He proved to be a man of his word and stay he did until the flood waters quenched the fire and began to float away the blackened logs.

Floods also caused myriads of wild ducks to come to the valley to feed upon the grain floating on the swollen waters. "Those ducks were so thick they rose like a cloud of thunder when a hunter fired upon them," recalls "Oddie" Shimek.

Mrs. Maude Meyers remembers the story her mother, Mary Gibson Montgomery, used to tell about Julia's attempt to keep cool. "The rest of the family," Mrs. Meyers recounts, "were working in the fields one hot summer day. They sent Julia, the youngest, then a very little girl, to the well for water. When the child did not return, someone went to the house to find her. There by the well sat the very small Julia, wearing not a stitch of clothing and holding her sister Annie's lovely silk and lace parasol."

Annie, the oldest daughter, had other beautiful things also, and was considered one of the prettiest girls in the county. She taught in the little Packwood Schoolhouse her younger sisters attended. Later she married Caleb Berry and had four children—Evelyn, who died when a child; Alida (Mrs. Schuyler Davis of Centralia); Tate of Mossyrock; and Nell (Mrs. Hunnicut). She passed away in July, 1937.

The family still chuckles over the fear Augusta experienced when she heard that the local vigilante committee, following the example of other Northwest towns, was attempting to drive out the Chinamen who were encamped on China Creek. In terror, lest the fleeing Chinamen return to do some harm,

she refused to venture to town unless armed with the family butcher knife. All the way to Centralia she carried her weapon bared in her hand so that it might be ready for instant defense.

Augusta married Barb Shearer, and had three sons—Joe, William, and George. By a later marriage to Bluford Kirtley she had a daughter Alice (Mrs. Rex Woolery). She and her four children live at Buckley, Washington.

Emma first married Gustave Salzer, brother to Antonia's husband, and had one son, Adolph, who lives in Hanaford Valley. She later married Charles White. Her third husband is Ellsworth Garreon, and she now resides at Wapato, Washington. Julia, whose first husband was Walter Eshom, had one son, Ernest, who lived on the old Shimek homestead until his death last summer. His family still resides there. Julia's second marriage was to George Thompson. She is no longer living.

Antonia, who married Fred Salzer, had four boys, Eddie, Willie, Rolland, and Fred. She died at the age of thirty-seven and of her entire family, only one member is now living—a granddaughter, Marilyn Salzer of Wisconsin. Adolph, who lives on part of the old homestead up the Hanaford, is a bachelor.

When Anna Shimek passed away in 1905, she was buried from the little Catholic Church on North Gold and East Pine streets. She had succeeded in her task. She had reared her children in a land of huge forests—a land that made demands on their strength and courage, but offered them the opportunities she had crossed an ocean and a continent to help them secure.

### III. THE JAMES P. McELFRESH FAMILY

BY LELAND McELFRESH

When my great-grandfather, James P. McElfresh, then thirty-nine years of age, came across the plains from Iowa and settled a homestead on Little Hanaford Creek in May, 1873, he brought with him the traits of endurance and a desire for hard work which he had inherited from his Scottish ancestors. He erected a small split cedar shack on the homestead he had selected and sent for his wife, six sons, and two of his three daughters.

"Your great-grandfather was a tall, handsome man—taller and larger than any of his sons," my Aunt Violet Patnode told me. "I remember him as having a long white beard which had never been shaved and was as fine as silk. He used to take me on his lap when I was a little girl and hold me tight, 'I love you better than a mule kicks down hill,' he'd tell me.

'My,' I thought, 'that must be a lot.' For I'd heard about mules.

"He used to call me Charlotte," my aunt continued, "I don't know just why, and I thought it was the prettiest name I'd ever heard. I couldn't see why everybody didn't call me that too."

When he wasn't working, Great-Grandfather McElfresh spent his time reading, especially from history and the Bible, and he named his children accordingly. His six boys he called Jacob Josephus, James Peachy, Jr., Abner Lowe, Hugh Miller, Socrates Scipio Africanus, Jesse Christian, and his three girls—Paulina Josephine, Italy, and Margaret. He must also have had a Biblical name in mind when he chose his wife for her name was Rachel. His oldest daughter Josephine, furthermore, married Thomas Jefferson Armentrout.

The five older children were born in Indiana and were known as "Hoosiers"; the four younger ones, in Iowa, and were called "Hawk-eyes."

At the present time, five of the McElfresh children are living, all reside in Centralia, and all are past seventy. Josephine (Mrs. Joshua Zumwalt) is eighty-nine; S. S. (Crate) is eighty-six; Hugh, seventy-eight; Lowe, seventy-four; and Jesse, seventy-one.

Josephine had married in Iowa so she did not come West until 1882. My great-grandmother, however, came by train with her other children and my grandfather, Hugh, told me of the journey by saying, "No sleepers were available. The popular sport was to shoot from the car windows at anything along the way, from dogs to antelope. Once when a herd of antelope was seen coming toward the track, the engineer put on full speed ahead, but had to stop until the animals sped by."

After the family arrived on the homestead, Great-Grandfather and his six sons then constructed a large house of hewed logs and shakes. Good splitting cedar was to be had in large quantities, if one was willing to make it with a sledge and wedge—a hard task truly. But Great-Grandfather encouraged his six sons by his own example, never once turning down any hard work that had to be done.

My great-grandmother cooked for her family on a small stove she brought along with her from Iowa. Her husband and his boys, however, made a stick and mud fireplace to heat the living room. They built the form first, filling it with mud and adding a chimney of sticks crossed at the corners. After it was completed they built a fire in it, burning away the wooden form, and leaving only the hardened mud.

The family doubtless welcomed the heat it gave off; for the winters of those days, my Grandfather Hugh assures me, were very cold with at least two or two and half feet of snow,

"Always toil on" was Great-Grandfather's motto so he and his six sons started on the back-breaking task of clearing their land, grubbing it entirely by hand. "Hard work makes the man," said James McElfresh urging on his sons until only thirty acres remained in wilderness. They left the large stumps and plowed around them with a "jumping plow," so-called because when it hit a root it would jump over it and go right on plowing. Into the loose soil they then sowed the crops common to the valley—oats, wheat, and hay.

At harvest they cut the grain with the cradle, swinging it in a half-circle from their hips, raked it up, and bound it by hand. The threshing, however, was done by a tread power machine owned by Nat Mills and the Axtells of Mound Prairie. The strongest horses were selected to walk up and up an incline. Yet they never gained a yard, for at each step the log they trod upon turned, thus furnishing the power to separate the kernels of wheat from the straw.

Grandfather Hugh remembers that when he was eleven he had a notable adventure while driving his oxen, Dick and Darby, home from the mill at Centerville. It was then his father's words came to him, "There's no can't to things for my boys. Can is the word and you'll surely succeed." The young lad had to cross the ford of the Skookumchuck, just above the present Pearl Street Bridge, but the stream was high after the recent fall rains. So he put some fence rails across the top of the wagon and placed the flour upon them so it would be kept clean and dry. The oxen bellowed but he drove them on, slowly edging them into the stormy river, where, despite their struggling, the strong current carried them down and across the stream. Whipping them with all his might he yelled, "Faster, swim harder," as he urged on the straining team. At last, completely exhausted, the dripping oxen climbed up on the slippery bank.

But there was no time for driver or oxen to rest, for night was coming on and they must reach home before dark. This was the way my Grandfather Hugh, at the age of eleven, used his good sense and carried himself, the flour, and the oxen to safety.

George Anderson, my eighty-year-old great-uncle, told me that my grandfather surely had courage that day. "A short while after Hugh McElfresh reached the other bank, I made it across there too. But I lost two of the wheels on my wagon in doing it," said my great-uncle.

My great-grandfather's boys didn't hunt much, for my Great-Uncle "Crate" recalls that his father used to say, "Hard work makes the man, and anybody who goes hunting doesn't amount to much."

Barn-raising, house-raising, and log-rollings—seem like work to us, but they were the chief entertainments of my great-grandfather's boys. When they built their barn of hand-split cedar and handmade shakes, all the neighbors came to lend a hand using a block and tackle to help raise the rafters of poles or hand-hewed timbers into place. Then in the days that followed the boys split the cedar with a frow to make shakes for the sides and roof. But after the huge timbers were raised into place, my Grandfather Hugh remembers the dinner the women cooked and the yarns the men told.

My great-grandfather was a very religious man and no dances followed the barn raising on his place. However, my great-uncles recall the dances they attended at other homes in the valley where the lively square dances to fiddle music were the specialty and all joined hands in a circle and followed the directions of the caller when he sang out:

Honors all, right and wrong,  
Join your paddies and toodle along.  
Break and swing and promenade,  
First couple balance,  
And first couple swing,  
And first couple promenade  
The inside ring.  
Down the center,  
Anda cast off six,  
Lady to the right ,  
And gent to the left,  
Swing when you meet ,  
And the side four swing.  
Down the center  
Anda cast off four,  
And do it again  
As you done before.

Down the center  
Anda cast off two,  
And do it again,  
As you used to do.  
Everybody swing!  
Swing 'em on the corner  
Like a swingin' on the gate.  
And now your own,  
If you're not too late.  
All men left, right hand round,  
Right hand your partner,  
Right and left,  
The deuce of hearts,  
And the ace of spades,  
When you meet your partner,  
It's a promenade.

Then the caller ended with "You know where, and I don't care! Take your lady to a rocking chair!" A breathing space—then the fiddler started up with "Turkey in the Straw" or "Dem Golden Slippers" and two or four couples in each set enjoyed themselves as never before as they tripped again to the caller's rhythmic chant.

Josephus, usually called "Ceph," homesteaded across the valley of the Little Hanaford Creek from his father. He married Philine Packwood, daughter of a neighbor, William Packwood, Sr., and the couple had nine children—Victor, Joe, William, Gilbert, Frank, Leeta, Pearl, Joe, and Leon.

Italy, who became the wife of another neighbor, E. F. Pritchard, an Englishman, had two daughters, Annie and Laura (Mrs. Dan Wiley of Chehalis) and a boy, Edward F. Jr., who died at the age of sixteen.

Margaret (Maggie) also married into a family that set-

The Jasper Ogles also lived on the North Hanaford and above the McAllisters were the William Ogles, whose son, Harvey, married Mable Wardell, the adopted daughter of Rufus Packwood. Mrs. Ogle lives in Centralia.

Just between the Big Hanaford and my great-grandfather's was the Pritchard homestead.

Later, the original owners sold their land. In 1881, Henry Shields bought the Kratz place. A daughter Emma (Mrs. Schuyler Davis of Centralia) recalls that the cabin on the place had been used by a trapper who skinned the beavers and threw the carcasses under the puncheon floor. "We lived in the Packwood Schoolhouse while the house was being made tenantable," Mrs. Davis told me. Henry Shields was county commissioner while he lived on the Hanaford. In 1890 he sold and moved to Centralia where he was city marshal. John Christman, a bachelor, purchased part of the Shield's property in 1888.

Zaddock Null purchased land east of the Shimek's and his daughter and her husband, Nathan Dale, later owned it, renting it to tenants. A daughter Lily Dale (Mrs. John Fields) taught two terms in the Packwood Schoolhouse before she finished high school in 1896.

The Colvins of Grand Mound purchased a farm above the Shimek's; and the Troxels bought the property of my great-grandfather, James P. McElfresh.

With Hanaford Valley closes the period of the settlement of the prairies and valleys in the vicinity of Centralia. In a second volume, the story will be continued—telling of the forces that caused the little town of Centerville to grow into the city of Centralia which, even by the nineties, had earned the title it bears today—the Hub City of Southwest Washington.

THE END

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